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HOMER'S BATRACHOMYOMACHIA, 'HYMNS AND EPIGRAMS.

HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.

MUSÆUS' HERO AND LEANDER.

JUVENAL'S FIFTH SATIRE.

TRANSLATED

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.,

VICAR OF UPTON AND ASTON UPTHORPE, BERKS.

SECOND EDITION,

TO WHICH IS ADDED A GLOSSARIAL INDEX TO THE WHOLE OF CHAPMAN'S CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.
1888.



SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, ESQ., F.S.A.

THROUGH WHOSE LABOURS

THE EDITOR WAS INTRODUCED

TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF

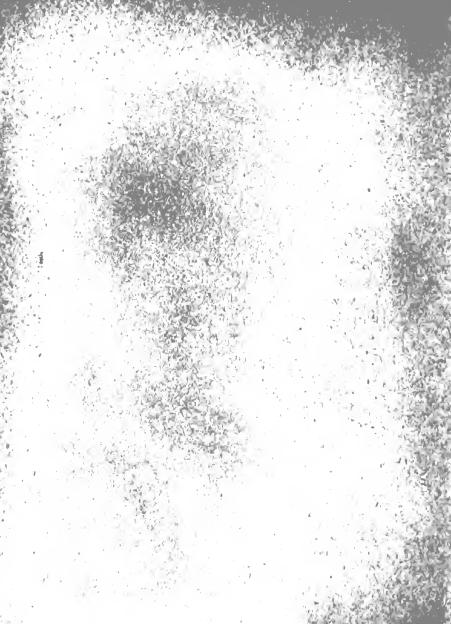
GEORGE CHAPMAN AND HIS WORKS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In accordance with a promise made in the Advertisement to the Second Edition of Chapman's Odyssey, the Editor here adds a Glossarial Index to the whole of Chapman's Classical Translations, which he trusts will give a valuable completeness to a set of volumes which appear to have established themselves in public favour.

UPTON, BERKS, May 12, 1888.





INTRODUCTION.

T length, reader, you have the fifth, and concluding, volume of George Chapman's Translations. Besides its literary value, it is a bibliographical curiosity; and I cannot permit it to appear without expressing my admiration of the spirit and enterprise of the Publisher. He has spared no expense in endeavouring to give to the world, for the first time, a complete collection of the labours of one of the greatest Translators of the Elizabethan period. Hitherto Chapman's Translations, from their rarity, were known to a few only, and were supposed by the multitude to be so antiquated—nay, obsolete—and obscure, as to be hardly worth the labour of search. I trust, now that they are within the reach of all, that it will be found that they are of genuine value; and amongst the noblest monuments of a pre-eminently great age. I am quite sensible of their many defectsnay, I am free to confess that they are frequently harsh and rugged; but at the same time, as I have carefully read through the originals with them, I am wonderfully struck with their many exquisite beauties. When I first saw the sentence of William Godwin, that "the

Translation of Homer, published by George Chapman in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth and K. James, is one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast," I confess I was inclined to demur; but when I attentively read it, and marked the spirit, the roughness and simplicity, the singular sweetness of the epithets, the richness of the language in many of the lines, the grandeur of many of the scenes, and when I compared these with Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby, and with the new translation by Professor F. W. Newman (whose metre, by the bye, however adapted for short passages, sadly wearies in a long perusal*), I could not but be impressed with the superiority of Chapman, and not only with his work as a representation of the Homeric mind, but as a most valuable contribution to our English poetry.

I am sometimes inclined to think that his readers are not apt to realize (to use a modern term) the metre of his Iliads, that it is in truth simply our common balladmetre. I am quite conscious that he has not a complete mastery over it—such, for instance, as Arthur Golding has in his "Ovid's Metamorphoses"—but still if we would read his long lines throughout as two—thus:

John Gilpin was a citizen, of credit and renown; A trained-band captain eke was he, of famous London town;

the measure would soon accustom itself to our ear, and we should see, with Lamb, that it is "capable of all sweetness and grandeur," and that "Chapman gallops off with you his own free pace, &c." That Chapman requires study, I consider one of his merits. So do all our best old writers. It is this study that makes them

^{*} Mr. Newman's version may be accurate and valuable, but we can hardly call it poetical.

valuable, that instils into us their nerve and vigour, that enables us to draw from them freshness and health in ideas and language. But it must not be supposed that I wish to offer an apology or defence for good old George. He is perfectly able to defend himself; and the reader must beware lest (as hearty Christopher North warns him) he rouse the ghost of Master Chapman, who will assuredly call him "a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition, and buzzing into every ear my detraction"-and again, "a castrill with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and, to devour all himself, discouraging all appetites to the fame of another."* But as I have spoken so much on this subject in the "Introductions" to the Iliad and Odyssey, it is time to return to the present volume.

It is a bibliographical curiosity, inasmuch as all the pieces in it are of more or less rarity. Chapman seems to have been determined to translate every possible, or probable, portion of Homer. Hence, having finished the Iliad and Odyssey, he published "The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the originall, by George Chapman. London. Printed by John Bill, his Maiestie's Printer."† This very rare volume is a thin folio, the contents of which are here presented to the reader. It has an exquisitely engraved title, by William Pass; of which we have endeavoured to give a

^{*} See Preface to Iliads, pp. LXVII-VIII.

[†] He considers it his destiny,—
"The work that I was born to do is done!"

facsimile. It is not necessary to inquire into the authenticity of the (so-styled) Homeric Hymns. It will be sufficient to inform the reader that Chapman is the *only* writer who has translated the *whole* of the works ascribed to Homer.

The original folio has been entirely followed in the present edition. Copies are now only to be purchased by those who can indulge in the luxuries of literature, if books of extreme rarity may be so called. folio, a LARGE PAPER copy is in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth; the only one I have seen. Messrs. Boone of Bond Street, whose collection of fine books is as well known as the liberality with which they communicate information on them, have permitted me to transcribe a dedication, in Chapman's autograph, from a beautiful copy in their possession (since sold). It is as follows:-"In love & honor of ye Righte virtuouse and worthie Gent : Mr Henry Reynolds, and to crowne all his deservings with eternall memorie, Geo, Chapman formes this Crowne & conclusion of all the Homericall meritts wth his accomplisht Improvements; advising that if at first sighte he seeme darcke or too fierie, He will yet holde him fast (like Proteus) till he appere in his propper similitude, and he will then shewe himselfe

> —vatem egregium, cui non cit publica vena, Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere; nec qui Communi feriat carmen triviale monetà."*

This book has been wrongly described in a former "Introduction," as having a presentation Sonnet. Chapman has with his pen made an alteration in his portrait, as possessing too much beard; and in the Preface, in

^{*} Juvenal, Sat. vii. 53.

the passage "all for devouring a mouse," he writes drowning; and in the final Poem (line 17) for

All is extuberance and excretion all,

he reads "and tumor all."

The date of the folio is probably about 1624. In the year 1818, my friend Mr. Singer* (to whom I dedicate this volume with the sincerest gratification) published an elegant edition of these Hymns, &c. at Chiswick. It contained two fine original poems by Chapman (first printed 1594) entitled "The Shadowe of Night: containing two poetical hymnes, devised by G. C. Gent." It formed one of Mr. Singer's series of "Select Early English Poets," and has long since been numbered amongst scarce books, as but a limited impression was given. The original edition of "The Shadowe of Night" is very rare.

The version of the "Georgics of Hesiod" was so difficult to find in Warton's time, that he doubted its existence, (see Hist. of English Poetry, III. 360. ed. 1840,) although he discovered its entry in the Stationers' Registers. It is a small 4to of 40 pp. As may be presumed from its extreme rarity, its price is usually very

^{*} I avail myself of this opportunity of congratulating this veteran in Elizabethan Literature on his having lived to see the day when all Chapman's Translations have been republished. His many reprints of early books (all testifying, by the eagerness with which they are sought, to his ability and accuracy) led the public to look back to our sterling old writers. Nor should we forget that Mr. Singer was the associate of Sir Egerton Brydges, Haslewood, and others, who loved these writers when they were comparatively unknown. Mr. Singer expressed a wish in the preface to the above-cited work, "that sufficient encouragement might be given to print Chapman's entire translation of Homer in a compressed and unostentatious portable form."

great. A good copy may be worth ten guineas; it has reached eighteen. The largest I have seen is that in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian. There is a fair one in the General Library of the British Museum; that in the Grenville (as has my own) has been much injured by the binder cutting into the notes, which are in the margin. Of this work, which is sadly misprinted in the original 4to., the present edition is the first reprint; and I have spared no pains to make it as accurate as possible. Its value as a Translation has been acknowledged by our best Translator of Hesiod, Elton. I trust, both from its rarity, and its intrinsic merits, it will be found an acceptable addition to the present volume. The title is a facsimile of the original edition.

The "Hero and Leanler" of Musæus is perhaps one of the rarest books in the whole range of English Literature. I have never heard of any copy but that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and I presume it to be unique. Dr. Bliss has given a full account of this very diminutive volume in vol. 11. col. 9. of his edition of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses." It is about two inches long, and one broad. I most carefully transcribed it, and twice visited Oxford to ensure the accuracy of this reprint. Chapman, it will be remembered, had continued Marlow's poem on the same subject; but this is a translation from the Greek of (the so-called) Musæus. The original edition being so extremely small, the lines are printed thus:—

"Goddess, relate
The witnesse-bearing light
Of loves, that would not beare
A human sight.

The sea-man
That transported marriages,
Shipt in the night,
His bosom ploughing the seas."

The title prefixed to this present edition is a facsimile (in a larger size) of the original.

The translation of the Fifth Satire of Juvenal is appended to "A Justification of a Strange action of Nero in burying with a solemne Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppæa; also a just Reproofe of a Romane Smellfeast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall." 4to. 1629. The Tract was not worth reprinting. The Juvenal has been given to complete Chapman's Classical Translations. It is very scarce, and fetches a high price.

Thus, reader, are you presented with this Chapmanni garland of rarities. In your hands I leave them.

S 200 200 20

By the usual kindness of J. Payne Collier, Esq. I am enabled to give a copy of the Sonnet to Sir Thomas Walsingham, prefixed to one or two copies of Chapman's "All Fools." (See Odyssey, p. xxII.) It is printed verbatim.

TO MY LONG LOU'D AND HONOURABLE FRIEND, SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

Should I expose to every common eye,
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;
And not entitle it perticulerly
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.
And though I am most loth to passe your sight
with any such light marke of vanitie,

Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight, and drownd in darke Death-vshering melancholy, Yet least by others stealth it be imprest, without my pasport, patcht with others wit, Of two enforst ills I elect the least; and so desire your loue will censure it; Though my old fortune keepe me still obscure, The light shall still bewray my ould loue sure.

The reader is requested to correct the following "Faults escaped," before perusing the volume.



FAULTS ESCAPED.

HYMN TO VENUS, l. 121, place comma after *past*, and destroy it after *beast* in next line. P. 136, l. 10, destroy comma after *nostrorum*.

HESIOD, p. 172, notes, l. 2, read partum; p. 178, l. 1, after hir'd place semicolon; p. 184, notes, l. 5, for bother r. brother; p. 186, l. 5, after Hellenians place semicolon; p. 188, l. 6, put comma after observing, and destroy it after remain; p. 189, l. 4, destroy comma after beds; p. 191, l. 4, r. seasons.

Musæus, in title put full-stop after originall; l. 29, then Love, is the true reading in the original, therefore destroy note; 198, r. earthly; 234, for should speed, r. shall; 244, r. "At last this sweet voice past, and out did break;" 259, for loose to scandal, r. friend; annotations, p. 235, last line but two, r. tam for jam.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA, line 100, for *thither* the true reading is doubtless *th' other*, notwithstanding the authority of the folio.

HYMN TO HERMES, 442, shrouds, i. e. recesses, see line 695. HESIOD. In consequence of Chapman's own notes being so numerous, I was unwilling to interpolate explanations of words (save here and there), but the following may be noted.

Drayton's Introd. Poem, line 1, fraught, i. e. freight. 5, I print travell, as it is in the original, as it may bear either meaning of travail or travel. Bk. I. 570, rode, I do not remember the word, but, if genuine, it would appear to mean supply. Bk. II. 111, clanges; the original 4to. has changes, but Chapman twice uses the word clanges for the cry of the crane, see Iliad, III. 5, x. 244. 310, horn'd house bearer—snail. 382, imp—add to, assist. A term in falconry, when a new feather is inserted in place of a broken one.

In Chapman's Iliad, v. 498-9, occur the words dites and diters in reference to winnowing. Nares gives them in his Glossary citing Chapman as the only authority. It will be found, however, that the word is nothing more than dights. See Hesiod, Georgics, Bk. II. 343, and Days, 67.





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CROWNE of all HOMER'SWORKES,

Batrachomyomachia;

OR,

The Battaile of Frogs and Mise.

HIS HYMNES AND EPIGRAMS.

Translated according to ye Originall

By George

Chapman.

London:

Printed by Iohn Bill, his MAIESTIE'S Printer.



TO MY EVER MOST-WORTHY-TO-BE-MOST HONOURED LORD,

THE EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.



OT forc'd by fortune, but since your free mind

(Made by affliction) rests in choice resign'd

5

10

15

To calm retreat, laid quite beneath the wind Of grace and glory, I well know, my Lord, You would not be entitled to a word That might a thought remove from your repose, To thunder and spit flames, as greatness does, For all the trumps that still tell where he goes. Of which trumps Dedication being one, Methinks I see you start to hear it blown.

But this is no such trump as summons lords 'Gainst Envy's steel to draw their leaden swords, Or 'gainst have-lipp'd Detraction, Contempt, All which from all resistance stand exempt, It being as hard to sever wrong from merit, As meat-indu'd from blood, or blood from spirit. Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul In bodies chaste, with more divine control,

Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,	
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace.	20
And therefore Truth itself, that had to bless	
The merit of it all, Almightiness,	
Would not protect it from the bane and ban	
Of all moods most distraught and Stygian;	
As counting it the crown of all desert,	25
Borne to heaven, to take of earth, no part	
Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,	
Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth.	
But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,	
Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,	30
With bitter frosts, and smarting hailstorms, forth.	
Fates love bees' labours; only Pain crown's Worth.	
This Dedication calls no greatness, then,	
To patron this greatness-creating pen,	
Nor you to add to your dead calm a breath,	35
For those arm'd angels, that in spite of death	
Inspir'd those flow'rs that wrought this Poet's wreath,	
Shall keep it ever, Poesy's sleepest star,	
As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold Car,	
From all the wilds of Neptune's wat'ry sphere,	40
For ever guards the Erymanthian bear.	
Since then your Lordship settles in your shade	
A life retir'd, and no retreat is made	
But to some strength, (for else 'tis no retreat,	
But rudely running from your battle's heat)	45
I give this as your strength; your strength, my Lord,	
In counsels and examples, that afford	
More guard than whole hosts of corporeal pow'r,	
And more deliverance teach the fatal hour.	
Turn not your med'cine then to your disease,	50

55

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By your too set and slight repulse of these, The adjuncts of your matchless Odysses; Since on that wisest mind of man relies Refuge from all life's infelicities.

Nor sing these such division from them,
But that these spin the thread of the same stream
From one self distaff's stuff; for Poesy's pen,
Through all themes, is t' inform the lives of men;
All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees;
Without which, had you even Herculean knees,
Your foes' fresh charges would at length prevail,
To leave your noblest suff'rance no least sail.
Strength then the object is of all retreats;
Strength needs no friends' trust; strength your foes
defeats.

Retire to strength, then, of eternal things, And y'are eternal; for our knowing springs Flow into those things that we truly know, Which being eternal, we are render'd so. And though your high-fix'd light pass infinite far Th' adviceful guide of my still-trembling star, Yet hear what my discharg'd piece must foretel, Standing your poor and perdue sentinel. Kings may perhaps wish even your beggar's-voice To their eternities, how scorn'd a choice Soever now it lies; and (dead) I may Extend your life to light's extremest ray. If not, your Homer yet past doubt shall make Immortal, like himself, your bounty's stake Put in my hands, to propagate your fame; Such virtue reigns in such united name. Retire to him then for advice, and skill,

XXIV THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To know things call'd worst, best; and best, most ill. Which known, truths best choose, and retire to still. And as our English general, (whose name Shall equal interest find in th' house of fame With all Earth's great'st commanders,) in retreat To Belgian Gant, stood all Spain's armies' heat By Parma led, though but one thousand strong: Three miles together thrusting through the throng Of th' enemy's horse, still pouring on their fall 'Twixt him and home, and thunder'd through them all: The Gallic Monsieur standing on the wall, And wond'ring at his dreadful discipline, Fir'd with a valour that spit spirit divine; 95 In five battallions ranging all his men, Bristl'd with pikes, and flank'd with flankers ten; Gave fire still in his rear; retir'd, and wrought Down to his fix'd strength still; retir'd and fought; All the battallions of the enemy's horse 100 Storming upon him still their fièriest force; Charge upon charge laid fresh; he, fresh as day, Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way Into the gates, that gasp'd, (as swoons for air,) And took their life in, with untouch'd repair :-105 So fight out, sweet Earl, your retreat in peace; No ope-war equals that where privy prease Of never-number'd odds of enemy, Arm'd all by envy, in blind ambush lie, To rush out like an opening threatning sky, 110 Broke all in meteors round about your ears.

⁸⁴ A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General Norris in his retreat before Gant, never before made sacred to memory.—Chapman.

'Gainst which, though far from hence, through all your rears,

Have fires prepar'd; wisdom with wisdom flank, And all your forces range in present rank; Retiring as you now fought in your strength, 115 From all the force laid, in time's utmost length, To charge, and basely come on you behind. The doctrine of all which you here shall find, And in the true glass of a human mind. Your Odysses, the body letting see 120 All his life past, through infelicity, And manage of it all. In which to friend, The full Muse brings you both the prime and end Of all arts ambient in the orb of man; Which never darkness most Cimmerian Can give eclipse, since, blind, he all things saw, 125 And to all ever since liv'd lord and law. And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise, Taste not poor Poesy's ingenuities, Being crusted with their covetous leprosies, But hold her pains worse than the spiders' work, 130 And lighter than the shadow of a cork, Yet th' ancient learn'd, heat with celestial fire, Affirms her flames so sacred and entire, That not without God's greatest grace she can Fall in the wid'st capacity of man. 135

If yet the vile soul of this verminous time Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime, Than this full sphere of poesy's sweetest prime, Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,

¹³⁵ Ut non sine maximo favore Dei comparari queat.
PLATONIS IN IONE.

xxvi THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

And rest your wings in his approv'd ascent That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell Into affections bought with things that sell, Being the sun's flow'r, and wrapt so in his sky He cannot yield to every candle's eye.

Whose most worthy discoveries, to your lordship's judicial perspective, in most subdue humility submitteth.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

NOTE.

On this Epistle Dedicatory, Coleridge remarks: "Chapman's identification of his fate with Homer's, and his complete forgetfulness of the distinction between Christianity and idolatry, under the general feeling of some religion, is very interesting. It is amusing to observe, how familiar Chapman's fancy has become with Homer, his life and circumstances, though the very existence of any such individual, at least with regard to the Iliad and Hymns, is more than problematic."



THE OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED CROWNE.

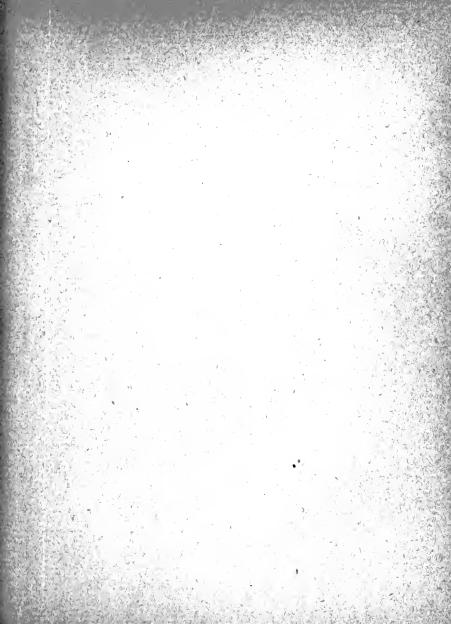
FTER this not only Prime of Poets, but Philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysseys; which (for their first lights born before all learning)

were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth; finding no compensation, he writ in contempt of men this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elecution not inferior to his heroes. which the Gods themselves, put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-forked flashes: and all for the drowning* of a mouse. After which slight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the Gods, in Hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdictions, and dignities; which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them; and whatsoever authentic Poesy he omitted in the episodes contained in his Iliads and Odysseys, he comprehends and concludes in his

^{*} This is Chapman's MS. correction for devouring in the folio.

Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the Gods, rather moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man verecundi ingenii (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death; and yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit, yea even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety, hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping, Master of the Muses, to his last accents, incomparably singing.







BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

NT'RING the fields, first let my vows call on

The Muses' whole quire out of Helicon Into my heart, for such a poem's sake,

As lately I did in my tables take,
And put into report upon my knees.
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees
Fit Mars himself, and his tumultuous hand,
Glorying to dart to th' ears of every land
Of all the voice-divided; and to show
How bravely did both Frogs and Mice bestow
In glorious fight their forces, even the deeds
Daring to imitate of Earth's Giant Seeds.
Thus then men talk'd; this seed the strife begat:

The Mouse once dry, and 'scaped the dangerous cat,
Drench'd in the neighbour lake her tender beard,

To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.

⁹ Intending men: being divided from all other creatures by the voice; μέροψ, being a periphrasis, signifying voce divisus, of μείρω (μείρωμω) divido, and δψ, δπόs, vox.—Chapman. The notes marked C. are Chapman's.

The far-famed Fen-affecter, seeing him, said: "Ho, stranger! What are you, and whence, that tread This shore of ours? Who brought you forth? Reply What truth may witness, lest I find you lie. If worth fruition of my love and me, I'll have thee home, and hospitality Of feast and gift, good and magnificent, Bestow on thee; for all this confluent Resounds my royalty; my name, the great 25 In blown-up-count'nances and looks of threat, ^a Physignathus, adored of all Frogs here All their days' durance, and the empire bear Of all their beings; mine own being begot By royal b Peleus, mix'd in nuptial knot 30 With fair c Hydromedusa, on the bounds Near which Eridanus his race resounds. And thee mine eye makes my conceit inclined To reckon powerful both in form and mind, A sceptre-bearer, and past others far 35 Advanc'd in all the fiery fights of war. Come then, thy race to my renown commend." The Mouse made answer: "Why inquires my friend? For what so well know men and Deities,

For what so well know men and Deities,
And all the wing'd affecters of the skies?

d Psicharpax I am call'd; e Troxartes' seed,
Surnamed the mighty-minded. She that freed
Mine eyes from darkness was f Lichomyle,

 ²⁷ a Φυσίγναθος, Genas et buccas inflans. C.
 ³⁰ b Πηλεύς, qui ex luto nascitur. C.
 ³¹ c Τόρομέδουσα. Aquarum regina. C.
 ³² The river Po, in Italy. C.
 ⁴¹ d Ψιχάρπαξ. Gather-crum, or ravish-crum. C.

⁴¹ e Shear-crust. C. 43 f Lick-mill. C.

King a Pternotroctes' daughter, showing me,	
Within an aged hovel, the young light,	45
Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height	
Of varied viands. But unfold the cause,	
Why, 'gainst similitude's most equal laws	
Observed in friendship, thou mak'st me thy friend?	
Thy life the waters only help t' extend;	50
Mine, whatsoever men are used to eat,	
Takes part with them at shore; their purest cheat,	
Thrice boulted, kneaded, and subdued in paste,	
In clean round kymnels, cannot be so fast	
From my approaches kept but in I eat;	55
Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,	
That crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies' trains;	
Liverings, white-skinn'd as ladies; nor the strains	
Of press'd milk, renneted; nor collops cut	
Fresh from the flitch; nor junkets, such as put	60
Palates divine in appetite; nor any	
Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many	
Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deckt	
With all the dainties all strange soils affect.	
Yet am I not so sensual to fly	65
Of fields embattled the most fiery cry,	

 $^{44}\,^{\rm a}\,{\rm Bacon\text{-}flitch\text{-}devourer},$ or gnawer. C. $^{52}\,{\it Cheat}{\rm -}{\rm the}$ second sort of wheaten bread, according to Halliwell, who has well illustrated the word. See also NARES.

54 Kymnels—household tubs. Chaucer has kemelin.

⁵⁷ Τανύπεπλος. Extenso et promisso peploamictus. A metaphor taken from ladies' veils, or trains, and therefore their names are here added. C.

58" Ηπατα λευκοχίτωνα. Livering puddings, white-skinn'd. C.

Livering, i. e. made of liver.

60 Junkets-cheese pressed on rushes. Ital. giuncata. See

Odyssev, Bk. vi. 107.

64 Παντοδαποισιν. Whose common exposition is only variis, when it properly signifies ex omni solo. C.

But rush out straight, and with the first in fight Mix in adventure. No man with affright Can daunt my forces, though his body be Of never so immense a quantity, 70 But making up, even to his bed, access, His fingers' ends dare with my teeth compress, His feet taint likewise, and so soft seize both They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth. 75 Sweet sleep shall hold his own in every eye Where my tooth takes his tartest liberty. But two there are, that always, far and near, Extremely still control my force with fear, The Cat, and Night-hawk, who much scathe confer SO On all the outrays where for food I err. Together with the straits-still-keeping trap, Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap. But most of all the Cat constrains my fear, Being ever apt t' assault me everywhere: For by that hole that hope says I shall 'scape, At that hole ever she commits my rape. The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grass, Nor radishes, nor coloquintidas, Nor still-green beets, nor parsley; which you make 90 Your dainties still, that live upon the lake." The Frog replied: "Stranger, your boasts creep all Upon their bellies; though to our lives fall Much more miraculous meats by lake and land, Jove tend'ring our lives with a twofold hand, 95 Enabling us to leap ashere for food,

 ⁷³ Taint.—i. e. touch, assault. See Iliad, Bk. III. 374.
 80 Ontrays—see Iliad, Bk. v. 793.

⁸¹ Στον δεσσαν, of στεν bs, angustus. C 88 Coloquintidas—pumpkins.

And hide us straight in our retreatful flood. Which, if you will serve, you may prove with ease. I'll take you on my shoulders; which fast seize, If safe arrival at my house v' intend." He stoop'd, and thither spritely did ascend, 100 Clasping his golden neck, that easy seat Gave to his sally; who was jocund yet, Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near, And he a swimmer so exempt from peer. But when he sunk into the purple wave, 105 He mourn'd extremely, and did much deprave Unprofitable penitence; his hair Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air With his feet fetch'd up to his belly close; His heart within him panted out repose, 110 For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand; Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land, Forced by the dire need of his freezing fear. First, on the waters he his tail did stere, Like to a stern; then drew it like an oar, 115 Still praying the Gods to set him safe ashore: Yet sunk he midst the red waves more and more, And laid a throat out to his utmost height; Yet in forced speech he made his peril slight, And thus his glory with his grievance strove: 120 "Not in such choice state was the charge of love Borne by the bull, when to the Cretan shore He swum Europa through the wavy roar, As this Frog ferries me, his pallid breast

115 Stern—rudder.

¹⁰⁶ Deprave—vilify, abuse. See Iliad, Bk. vi. 564.
114 Stere—this is the old orthography for stir in Chapman, but it may probably mean steer.

Bravely advancing, and his verdant crest 125 (Submitted to my seat) made my support, Through his white waters, to his royal court." But on the sudden did apparance make An horrid spectacle,—a Water-snake Thusting his freckled neck above the lake. Which seen to both, away Physignathus Dived to his deeps, as no way conscious Of whom he left to perish in his lake, But shunn'd black fate himself, and let him take 135 The blackest of it; who amidst the fen Swum with his breast up, hands held up in vain, Cried Peepe, and perish'd; sunk the waters oft, And often with his sprawlings came aloft, Yet no way kept down death's relentless force, 140 But, full of water, made an heavy corse. Before he perish'd yet, he threaten'd thus: "Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven, Physignathus, Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from thee, As from a rock, the shipwrack'd life of me, 145 Though thou thyself no better was than I, O worst of things, at any faculty, Wrastling or race. But, for thy perfidy In this my wrack, Jove bears a wreakful eye; And to the host of Mice thou pains shalt pay, Past all evasion." This his life let say, 150 And left him to the waters. Him beheld a Lichopinax, placed in the pleasing field, Who shriek'd extremely, ran and told the Mice: Who having heard his wat'ry destinies,

126 Submitted—see Iliad, Bk. XIX. 258.
152 a Lickdish. C.

Pernicious anger pierced the hearts of all, 155 And then their heralds forth they sent to call A council early, at Troxartes' house, Sad father of this fatal shipwrack'd Mouse; Whose dead corse upwards swum along the lake, Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforced to make 160 The shore his harbour, but the mid-main swum. When now, all haste made, with first morn did come All to set council; in which first rais'd head Troxartes, angry for his son, and said: "O friends, though I alone may seem to bear 165 All the infortune, yet may all met here Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am In chief unhappy, that a triple flame Of life feel put forth, in three famous sons: The first, the chief in our confusions, 170 The Cat, made rape of, caught without his hole: The second, Man, made with a cruel soul, Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight, And a most wooden engine of deceit, They term a Trap, mere murth'ress of our Mice. 175 The last, that in my love held special price, And his rare mother's, this Physignathus (With false pretext of wafting to his house) Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream. Come then, haste all, and issue out on them, 180 Our bodies deck'd in our Dædalean arms." This said, his words thrust all up in alarms,

¹⁶⁶ Infortune—Odyssey, Bk. xx. 119.

181 Dædalean—simply variegated, (δαιδαλέοισι.)

^{175 &#}x27;Ολέτειρα. Interfectrix, perditrix. C. Mere—see Odyssey, Bk. VIII. 115.

And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war. Made all in their appropriates circular. First on each leg the green shales of a bean 185 They closed for boots, that sat exceeding clean; The shales they broke ope, boothaling by night, And ate the beans; their jacks art exquisite Had shown in them, being cats' skins, everywhere Quilted with quills; their fenceful bucklers were 190 The middle rounds of can'sticks; but their spear A huge long needle was, that could not bear The brain of any but be Mars his own Mortal invention; their heads' arming crown Was vessel to the kernel of a nut. 195 And thus the Mice their powers in armour put. This the Frogs hearing, from the water all Issue to one place, and a council call Of wicked war; consulting what should be Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny. 200 While this was question'd, near them made his stand An herald with a sceptre in his hand, *Embasichytrus call'd, that fetch'd his kind From bTyroglyphus with the mighty mind. Denouncing ill-named war in these high terms: 205 "O Frogs! the Mice send threats to you of arms, 184 Appropriates—proper arms.

186 Εὐ τ' ἀσκήσαντες, ab ἀσκέω, elahoratè concinno. C.
 187 Boothaling—foraging for booty, plundering. Halliwell

187 Boothaling—foraging for booty, plundering. Halliwell has well explained it; but this is a good example. Probably Chapman meant a pun on boots and boot-haling: they foraged for booty to make boots.

188 Jacks-buff jerkins. See Chapman's Commentary on

Iliad, XIII. 637.

191 Can'sticks-candlesticks. See HALLIWELL.

²⁰³ a Enter-pot, or search-pot. C.

²⁰⁴ b Cheese-miner. Qui caseum rodendo cavat. C. (Tyro-glyphus.)

And bid me bid ye battle and fix'd fight; Their eyes all wounded with Psicharpax' sight Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd. 210 And therefore all prepare for force of field, You that are best born whosoever held." This said, he sever'd: his speech firing th' ears Of all the Mice, but freez'd the Frogs with fears, Themselves conceiting guilty; whom the king 215 Thus answer'd, rising, "Friends! I did not bring Psicharpax to his end; he, wantoning Upon our waters, practising to swim, Aped us, and drown'd without my sight of him. And yet these worst of vermin accuse me, 220 Though no way guilty. Come, consider we How we may ruin these deceitful Mice. For my part, I give voice to this advice, As seeming fittest to direct our deeds: Our bodies decking with our arming weeds, 225 Let all our pow'rs stand rais'd in steep'st repose Of all our shore; that, when they charge us close, We may the helms snatch off from all so deckt, Daring our onset, and them all deject Down to our waters; who, not knowing the sleight To dive our soft deeps, may be strangled straight, 230 And we triumphing may a trophy rear, Of all the Mice that we have slaughter'd here." These words put all in arms; and mallow leaves

These words put all in arms; and mallow leaves
They drew upon their legs, for arming greaves.
Their curets, broad green beets; their bucklers were
Good thick-leaved cabbage, proof 'gainst any spear;

²³⁴ Boots of War. C.

 ²¹⁸ Μιμούμενος. Aping, or imitating us. C.
 224 Weeds—i. e. garments; a very common word.

Their spears sharp bulrushes, of which were all Fitted with long ones; their parts capital They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows. And thus all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose 240 T' encamp themselves; where lance with lance they lined, And brandish'd bravely, each Frog full of mind.

Then Jove call'd all Gods in his flaming throne, And show'd all all this preparation For resolute war; these able soldiers, 245 Many, and great, all shaking lengthful spears, In show like Centaurs, or the Giants' host. When, sweetly smiling, he inquired who, most Of all th' Immortals, pleased to add their aid To Frogs or Mice; and thus to Pallas said: 250

"O Daughter! Must not your needs aid these Mice, That, with the odours and meat sacrifice Used in your temple, endless triumphs make, And serve you for your sacred victuals' sake?"

Pallas replied: "O Father, never I Will aid the Mice in any misery. So many mischiefs by them I have found, Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd, My lamps still haunting to devour the oil. But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil Made of a veil, that me in much did stand, On which bestowing an elaborate hand, A fine woof working of as pure a thread, Such holes therein their petulancies fed That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done,

238 Parts capital-heads.

The darner a most dear pay stood upon

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²⁶⁸ Στέμματα, Lanas, eo quod colus cinyant sen coronent. Which our learned sect translate eating the crowns that Pallas wore. C.

For his so dear pains, laid down instantly; Or, to forbear, exacted usury. So, borrowing from my fane the weed I wove, 270 I can by no means th' usurous darner move To let me have the mantle to restore. And this is it that rubs the angry sore Of my offence took at these petulant Mice. Nor will I yield the Frogs' wants my supplies, 275 . For their infirm minds that no confines keep; For I from war retired, and wanting sleep, All leap'd ashore in tumult, nor would stay Till one wink seized mine eyes, and so I lay Sleepless, and pain'd with headache, till first light 280-The cock had crow'd up. Therefore, to the fight Let no God go assistant, lest a lance Wound whosoever offers to advance, Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes, Should any God's access their spirits oppose. Sit we then pleased to see from heaven their fight." She said, and all Gods join'd in her delight. And now both hosts to one field drew the jar, Both heralds bearing the ostents of war. And then the wine-gnats, that shrill trumpets sound, Terribly rung out the encounter round;

Jove thund'red; all heaven sad war's sign resounded.

And first a Hypsiboas b Lichenor wounded,
Standing th' impression of the first in fight.
His lance did in his liver's midst alight,
Along his belly. Down he fell; his face

²⁶⁸ Tόκοs, Partus, et id quod partu edidit mater. Metaphic appellatur fænus quod ex usurå ad nos redit. C.
²⁸⁸ Κώνωψ. Culex vinarius. C.
²⁹² b Kitchen-vessel licker. C.

His fall on that part sway'd, and all the grace Of his soft hair fil'd with disgraceful dust.

Then a Troglodytes his thick javelin thrust In b Pelion's bosom, bearing him to ground, Whom sad death seized; his soul flew through his wound.

^c Seutlæus next Embasichytros slew, ³⁰¹
His heart through-thrusting. Then ^d Artophagus threw
His lance at ^e Polyphon, and struck him quite
Through his mid-belly; down he fell upright,
And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight. ³⁰⁵

f Linnocharis, beholding Polyphon Thus done to death, did, with as round a stone As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound, Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found: Whose eyes sad darkness seized. g Lichenor cast 310 A flying dart off, and his aim so placed Upon Linnocharis, that sure he thought The wound he wish'd him; nor untruly wrought The dire success, for through his liver flew The fatal lance; which when h Crambophagus knew, Down the deep waves near shore he, diving, fled; But fled not fate so; the stern enemy fed Death with his life in diving; never more The air he drew in; his vermilion gore Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore 320

²⁹⁸ a Hole-dweller. *Qui foramina subit.* C. Chapman, as is constantly the case, has altered the quantity of the word.

²⁰⁹ b Mud-born. C.

³⁰¹ © Beet-devourer. C.

³⁰² d The great bread-eater. C.

^{303 °} Πολύφωνον. The great-noise-maker, shrill or big-voiced. C.

³¹⁰ g Qui lambit culinaria vasa. C.

³¹² Τιτόσκομαι intentissime dirigo ut certum ictum inferam. C. 315 h The cabbage-eater. C.

He laid extended: his fat entrails lay (By his small gut's impulsion) breaking way a Limnisius near the shore Out at his wound. Destroy'd Tyroglyphus. Which frighted sore The soul of bCalaminth, seeing coming on, 325 For wreak, ^c Pternoglyphus; who got him gone With large leaps to the lake, his target thrown Into the waters. d Hydrocharis slew King e Pternophagus, at whose throat he threw A huge stone, strook it high, and beat his brain 330 Out at his nostrils. Earth blush'd with the stain His blood made on her bosom. For next prise. Lichopinax to death did sacrifice f Borborocœtes' faultless faculties; His lance enforced it; darkness closed his eyes. 335 On which when g Prassophagus cast his look. h Cnissodioctes by the heels he took, Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground, Then seized his throat, and soused him till he drown'd. But now Psicharpax wreaks his fellows' deaths, And in the bosom of i Pelusius sheaths, In centre of his liver, his bright lance. He fell before the author of the chance; His soul to hell fled. Which k Pelobates Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize 345 His hand's gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd 323 a Paludis incola. Lake-liver. C. ³²⁵ b Qui in calaminthà, herbd palustri, habitat. C. ³²⁶ c Bacon-eater. C. ³²⁸ d Qui aquis delectatur. C.

³²⁹ e Collup-devourer. C. Another of Chapman's false mantities.

329 the Mud-sleeper. C. quantities.

³³⁶ g Leek or scallion lover. C. A similar error.

³³⁷ h Kitchin-smell haunter, or hunter. C.

³⁴¹ i Fenstalk. C. 344 k Qui per lutum it. C.

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His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd
The light to him. Which certainly incensed
His fiery spleen; who with his wreak dispensed
No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand
A stone so massy it oppress'd the land,
And hurl'd it at him; when below the knee
It strook his right leg so impetuously
It piecemeal brake it; he the dust did seize,
Upwards everted. But a Craugasides
Revenged his death, and at his enemy
Discharged a dart that did his point imply
In his mid-belly. All the sharp-pil'd spear
Got after in, and did before it bear
His universal entrails to the earth,
Soon as his swoln hand gave his jav'lin birth.

b Sitonhagus, beholding the sad sight

b Sitophagus, beholding the sad sight, Set on the shore, went halting from the fight, Vex'd with his wounds extremely; and, to make Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake.

Troxartes strook, in th' instep's upper part,
Physignathus; who (privy to the smart
His wound imparted) with his utmost haste
Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast
His eye upon the foe that fell before,
And, seeing him half-lived, long'd again to gore
His gutless bosom; and, to kill him quite,
Ran fiercely at him. Which 'Prassæus' sight
Took instant note of, and the first in fight
Thrust desp'rate way through, casting his keen lance
Off at Troxartes; whose shield turn'd th' advance

³⁵⁵ a Vociferator. C. ³⁶² b Eat-corn. C. ³⁷³ ° Scallion-devourer. C.

The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance. Amongst the Mice fought an egregious Young springall, and a close-encount'ring Mouse, Pure aArtepibulus's dear descent; 380 A prince that Mars himself show'd where he went. (Call'd b Meridarpax,) of so huge a might, That only he still domineer'd in fight Of all the Mouse-host. He advancing close Up to the lake, past all the rest arose 385 In glorious object, and made vaunt that he Came to depopulate all the progeny Of Frogs, affected with the lance of war. And certainly he had put on as far As he advanced his vaunt, he was endu'd 390 With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude, Had not the Father both of Gods and men Instantly known it, and the Frogs, even then Given up to ruin, rescued with remorse. Who, his head moving, thus began discourse: 395 "No mean amaze affects me, to behold Prince Meridarpax rage so uncontroll'd, In thirst of Frog-blood, all along the lake. Come therefore still, and all addression make, Despatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars, 400 Down to the field, to make him leave the wars. How potently soever he be said Where he attempts once to uphold his head." Mars answer'd: "O Jove, neither She nor I, With both our aids, can keep depopulacy 405

³⁸⁰ a Bread-betrayer. C. (Artepibūlus.)

 ³⁸² b Scrap, or broken-meat-eater. C.
 402 Kρατερόs, validus seu potens in retinendo. C

From off the Frogs! And therefore arm we all, Even thy lance letting brandish to his call From off the field, that from the field withdrew The Titanois, the Titanois that slew. Though most exempt from match of all earth's Seeds. 411 So great and so inaccessible deeds It hath proclaim'd to men; bound hand and foot The vast Enceladus; and rac'd by th' root The race of upland Giants." This speech past, Saturnius a smoking lightning cast 415 Amongst the armies, thund'ring then so sore, That with a rapting circumflex he bore All huge heaven over. But the terrible ire Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire. (Which certainly his very finger was) 420 Amazed both Mice and Frogs. Yet soon let pass Was all this by the Mice, who much the more Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store Of all those lance-loved soldiers. Which had been, 425 If from Olympus Jove's eye had not seen The Frogs with pity, and with instant speed Sent them assistants. Who, ere any heed Was given to their approach, came crawling on With anvils on their backs, that, beat upon 430 Never so much, are never wearied yet; Crook-paw'd, and wrested on with foul cloven feet, Tongues in their mouths, brick-back'd, all over bone,

429 Νωτάκμονες. Incudes ferentes, or anvil-backed. "Ακμων. Incus, dicta per syncopen quasi nullis ictibus fatigetur. 432 Ψαλίδοοστμος. Forcipem in ore habens. C.

⁴¹⁴ Upland is constantly used in Chapman for rough, rude; up-land i. e. from the country, as distinguished from the civilization of the town.

Broad shoulder'd, whence a ruddy yellow shone,
Distorted, and small-thigh'd; had eyes that saw
Out at their bosoms; twice four feet did draw
About their bodies; strong-neck'd, whence did rise
Two heads; nor could to any hand be prise;
They call them lobsters; that ate from the Mice
Their tails, their feet, and hands, and wrested all
Their lances from them, so that cold appall
The wretches put in rout, past all return.
And now the Fount of Light forbore to burn
Above the earth; when, which men's laws commend,
Our battle in one day took absolute end.

THE END OF HOMER'S BATTLE OF FROGS AND MICE.





ALL THE HYMNS OF HOMER.

A HYMN TO APOLLO.



WILL remember and express the praise Of heaven's Far-darter, the fair King of days,

Whom even the Gods themselves fear when he goes

Through Jove's high house; and when his goodly bows
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,
And cluster near, t' admire his faculties.
Only Latona stirs not from her seat
Close by the Thund'rer, till her Son's retreat
From his dread archery; but then she goes,
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close,
And (having taken to her hand his bow,
From off his able shoulders) doth bestow
Upon a pin of gold the glorious tiller,
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar.

Then doth She to his throne his state uphold, Where his great Father, in a cup of gold, 15

25

45

Serves him with nectar, and shows all the grace Of his great son. Then th' other Gods take place; His gracious mother glorying to bear So great an archer, and a son so clear.

All hail, O blest Latona! to bring forth
An issue of such all-out-shining worth,
Royal Apollo, and the Queen that loves
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,
And he in cliffy Delos, leaning on
The lofty Oros, and being built upon
By Cynthus' prominent, that his head rears
Close to the palm that Inops' fluent cheers.

How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise,
O Phœbus? To whose worth the law of lays
In all kinds is ascrib'd, if feeding flocks
By continent or isle. All eminent'st rocks
Did sing for joy, hill-tops, and floods in song
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along
To serve the sea; the shores, the seas, and all
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall
Of blest Latona thee the joy of man.
Her child-bed made the mountain Cynthian
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle,
On whose all sides the black seas brake their pile,
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale

The singing winds did on their waves exhale.

Here born, all mortals live in thy commands,
Whoever Crete holds, Athens, or the strands
Of th' isle Ægina, or the famous land
For ships (Eubœa), or Eresia,
Or Peparethus bord'ring on the sea,

23 Viz. Diana.

Ægas, or Athos that doth Thrace divide And Macedon; or Pelion, with the pride Of his high forehead; or the Samian isle, That likewise lies near Thrace; or Scyrus' soil; Ida's steep tops; or all that Phocis fill: Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill; Or populous Imber; Lemnos without ports; Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts; And sacred soil of blest Æolion; Or Chios that exceeds comparison For fruitfulness; with all the isles that lie Embrac'd with seas; Mimas, with rocks so high; Or lofty-crown'd Corycius; or the bright GO Charos; or Æsagæus' dazzling height; Or watery Samos; Mycale, that bears Her brows even with the circles of the spheres: Miletus; Cous, that the city is Of voice-divided-choice humanities; 65 High Cnidus; Carpathus, still strook with wind; Naxos, and Paros; and the rocky-min'd Rugged Rhenæa. Yet through all these parts Latona, great-grown with the King of darts, Travell'd; and tried if any would become To her dear birth an hospitable home. All which extremely trembled, shook with fear, Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear In their free states, though, for it, they became Never so fruitful; till the reverend Dame Ascended Delos, and her soil did seize With these wing'd words: "O Delos! Wouldst thou please To be my son Apollo's native seat,

33 Autocanes,

And build a wealthy fane to one so great, 80 No one shall blame or question thy kind deed. Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed In any such store, or in vines exceed, Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants, Which often make the rich inhabitants Careless of Deity. If thou then shouldst rear 85 A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer Whole hecatombs of beeves for sacrifice, Still thronging hither; and to thee would rise Ever unmeasur'd odours, shouldst thou long Nourish thy King thus; and from foreign wrong The Gods would guard thee; which thine own address Can never compass for thy barrenness." She said, and Delos joy'd, replying thus: "Most happy sister of Saturnius! 95 I gladly would with all means entertain The King your son, being now despised of men, But should be honour'd with the greatest then. Yet this I fear, nor will conceal from thee: Your son, some say, will author misery 100 In many kinds, as being to sustain A mighty empire over Gods and men, Upon the holy-gift-giver the Earth. And bitterly I fear that, when his birth Gives him the sight of my so barren soil, 105 He will contemn, and give me up to spoil, Enforce the sea to me, that ever will Oppress my heart with many a wat'ry hill. And therefore let him choose some other land, Where he shall please, to build at his command 110 Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree.

For wretched polypuses breed in me Retiring chambers, and black sea-calves den In my poor soil, for penury of men. And yet, O Goddess, wouldst thou please to swear The Gods' great oath to me, before thou bear 115 Thy blessed son here, that thou wilt erect A fane to him, to render the effect Of men's demands to them before they fall. Then will thy son's renown be general, Men will his name in such variety call. 120 And I shall then be glad his birth to bear." This said, the Gods' great oath she thus did swear: "Know this, O Earth! broad heaven's inferior sphere. And of black Styx the most infernal lake, (Which is the gravest oath the Gods can take) 125 That here shall ever rise to Phœbus' name An odorous fane and altar; and thy fame Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd." Her oath thus took and ended, Delos joy'd In mighty measure that she should become 130 To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home. Latona then nine days and nights did fall In hopeless labour; at whose birth were all Heaven's most supreme and worthy Goddesses, Dione, Rhæa, and th' Exploratress 135 Themis, and Amphitrite that will be Pursu'd with sighs still; every Deity, Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove, Who held her moods aloft, and would not move: Only Lucina (to whose virtue vows 140 Each childbirth patient) heard not of her throes,

112 Den-i, e. make dens.

But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brows Of broad Olympus, wrapp'd in clouds of gold. Whom Jove's proud wife in envy did withhold, Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear 145 A son so faultless and in force so clear. The rest Thaumantia sent before, to bring Lucina to release the envied king, Assuring her, that they would straight confer 150 A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her, All woven with wires of gold. But charg'd her, then, To call apart from th' ivory-wristed Queen The childbirth-guiding Goddess, for just fear Lest, her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear, She, after, might dissuade her from descent. 155 When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th' intent Of th' other Goddesses, away she went, And instantly she pass'd the infinite space 'Twixt earth and heaven; when, coming to the place Where dwelt th' Immortals, straight without the gate 161 She gat Lucina, and did all relate The Goddesses commanded, and inclin'd To all that they demanded her dear mind. And on their way they went, like those two doves 165 That, walking highways, every shadow moves Up from the earth, forc'd with their natural fear. When ent'ring Delos, She, that is so dear To dames in labour, made Latona straight Prone to delivery, and to wield the weight 170 Of her dear burthen with a world of ease. When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize, And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees 147 Thaumantia - Iris.

Amidst the soft mead, that did smile beneath Her sacred labour; and the child did breathe The air in th' instant. 175 All the Goddesses Brake in kind tears and shrieks for her quick ease, And thee, O archer Phœbus, with waves clear Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere And spotless swathbands; and made then to flow About thy breast a mantle, white as snow, 180 Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold Thy mother for thy food her golden breast, But Themis, in supply of it, address'd Lovely Ambrosia, and drunk off to thee 185 A bowl of nectar, interchangeably With her immortal fingers serving thine. And when, O Phœbus, that eternal wine Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine, 190 No golden swathband longer could contain Thy panting bosom; all that would constrain Thy soon-eas'd Godhead, every feeble chain Of earthy child-rites, flew in sunder all. And then didst thou thus to the Deities call: 195 "Let there be given me my lov'd lute and bow, I'll prophesy to men, and make them know Jove's perfect counsels." This said, up did fly From broad-way'd Earth the unshorn Deity, Far-shot Apollo. All th' Immortals stood In steep amaze to see Latona's brood. 200 All Delos, looking on him, all with gold Was loaden straight, and joy'd to be extoll'd By great Latona so, that she decreed 178 Sincere-pure, unmixed; the true Latin sense.

Her barrenness should bear the fruitful'st seed Of all the isles and continents of earth, 205 And lov'd her from her heart so for her birth. For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood Crown'd with the flow'r of an abundant wood. And thou, O Phœbus, bearing in thy hand Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land, 210 Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will To visit islands, and the plumps of men. And many a temple, all ways, men ordain To thy bright Godhead; groves, made dark with trees, And never shorn, to hide the Deities, 216 All high-lov'd prospects, all the steepest brows Of far-seen hills, and every flood that flows Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee. But most of all thy mind's alacrity 220 Is rais'd with Delos; since, to fill thy fane, There flocks so many an Ionian. With ample gowns that flow down to their feet, With all their children, and the reverend sweet Of all their pious wives. And these are they 225 That (mindful of thee) even thy Deity Render more spritely with their champion fight, Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight. Once having publish'd, and proclaim'd their strife. And these are acted with such exquisite life 230 That one would say, "Now, the Ionian strains

²¹³ Plumps—crowds, collection. A common old word.
²²⁴ Sweet—so spelt in the folio; but the word is doubtlesssuite, attendance, retinue. Todd gives an examble of suite

from Sir Philip Sydney.

227 Champion fight—πυγμαχίη, boxing.

²³¹ Strains—families, descent. See Odyssey, Bk. 1. 344.

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Are turn'd Immortals, nor know what age means." His mind would take such pleasure from his eye, To see them serv'd by all mortality, Their men so human, women so well grac'd, Their ships so swift, their riches so increas'd, Since thy observance, who, being all before Thy opposites, were all despis'd and poor. And to all these this absolute wonder add, Whose praise shall render all posterities glad: The Delian virgins are thy handmaids all, And, since they serv'd Apollo, jointly fall Before Latona, and Diana too, In sacred service, and do therefore know How to make mention of the ancient trims Of men and women, in their well-made hymns, And soften barbarous nations with their songs, Being able all to speak the several tongues Of foreign nations, and to imitate Their musics there, with art so fortunate That one would say, there every one did speak, And all their tunes in natural accents break, Their songs so well compos'd are, and their art To answer all sounds is of such desert.

But come, Latona, and thou King of flames, With Phœbe, rect'ress of chaste thoughts in dames, Let me salute ye, and your graces call Hereafter to my just memorial.

And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace, When any stranger of our earthy race, Whose restless life affliction hath in chace, Shall hither come and question you, who is, To your chaste ears, of choicest faculties

In sacred poesy, and with most right Is author of your absolut'st delight, 265 Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can To answer for our name :-- "The sightless man Of stony Chios. All whose poems shall In all last ages stand for capital." 270 This for your own sakes I desire, for I Will propagate mine own precedency As far as earth shall well-built cities bear, Or human conversation is held dear. Not with my praise direct, but praises due, And men shall credit it, because 'tis true. 275 However, I'll not cease the praise I vow To far-shot Phœbus with the silver bow, Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light. O King! both Lycia is in rule thy right, Fair Moeony, and the maritimal 280 Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all. But chiefly Delos, girt with billows round, Thy most respected empire doth resound. Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there, As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear 285 Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds, Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds, And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon Thy hollow harp, that sounds to heaven set gone. Then to Olympus swift as thought he flew, 290

²⁸⁸ Fescue—the lexicographers give the derivation from the Latin festuca, a young shoot or stalk. It was generally used for a stick for pointing to the letters in teaching children to read. The word in this sense occurs in Dryden and Swift. Here it seems to be an instrument (the plectrum) with which Apollo touched the strings of his harp; a sense which does not seem to have been noted as occurring elsewhere.

305

To Jove's high house, and had a retinue
Of Gods t' attend him; and then straight did fall
To study of the harp, and harpsical,
All th' Immortals. To whom every Muse
With ravishing voices did their answers use,
Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity,
And from their hands what hells of misery
Poor humans suffer, living desperate quite,
And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,
Can make them manage any act aright,
Nor find, with all the soul they can engage,
A salve for death, or remedy for age.

But here the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours, Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' pow'rs, Danc'd, and each other's palm to palm did cling. And with these danc'd not a deformed thing, No forespoke dwarf, nor downward witherling, But all with wond'rous goodly forms were deckt, And mov'd with beauties of unpriz'd aspect.

Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred,
Danc'd likewise there; and Mars a march did tread
With that brave bevy. In whose consort fell
Argicides, th' ingenious sentinel.
Phœbus-Apollo touch'd his lute to them
Sweetly and softly, a most glorious beam
Casting about him, as he danc'd and play'd,
And even his feet were all with rays array'd;
His weed and all of a most curious trim
With no less lustre grac'd and circled him.
By these Latona, with a hair that shin'd

298 Humans-mortals,

³⁰⁷ Forespoke-see Iliad, Bk. xvi. 792; xvii. 32.

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Like burnish'd gold, and, with the mighty mind, Heaven's counsellor, Jove, sat with delightsome eyes, To see their son new rank'd with Deities.

How shall I praise thee, then, that art all praise?

Amongst the brides shall I thy Deity raise?

Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo
The virgin Aza, and didst overthrow
The even-with-Gods, Elation's mighty seed,
That had of goodly horse so brave a breed,
And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus,
Valiant Leucippus, and Ereutheus,
And Triopus himself with equal fall,
Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all?

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace

Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men? First from Olympus thou alightedst then Into Pieria, passing all the land Of fruitless Lesbos, chok'd with drifts of sand, The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhæbes; And to Iolcus variedst thy access, Cenæus' tops ascending, that their base Make bright Eubœa, being of ships the grace, And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field, That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove. Passing Euripus then, thou mad'st remove Up to Earth's ever-green and holiest hill. Yet swiftly thence, too, thou transcendedst still To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon Teumessus, apt to make green couches on,

And flowery field-beds. Then thy progress found

Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd. For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat, 355 And therefore were no paths nor highways beat On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat, But then she only wore on it a wood. From hence (even loth to part, because it stood Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove 360 To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove, Where new-tam'd horse, bred, nourish nerves so rare That still they frolic, though they travell'd are Never so sore, and hurry after them Most heavy coaches, but are so extreme (In usual travel) fiery and free, 365 That though their coachman ne'er so masterly Governs their courages, he sometimes must Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust, When after them their empty coach they draw, 370 Foaming, and neighing, quite exempt from awe. And if their coachman guide through any grove Unshorn, and vow'd to any Deity's love, The lords encoach'd leap out, and all their care Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair Stroking and trimming them, and in some queach, 375 Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach, Reining them up, invoke the deified King Of that unshorn and everlasting spring, And leave them then to her preserving hands, Who is the Fate that there the God commands. 380 And this was first the sacred fashion there. From hence thou went'st, O thou in shafts past peer,

²⁷⁵ Queach—bushy place. See note on Odyssey, Bk. XIX. 610. Hymn to Pan, 12.

And found'st Cephissus with thy all-seeing beams, Whose flood affects so many silver streams, And from Lilæus pours so bright a wave. 385 Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave The view of Ocale the rich in tow'rs; Then to Amartus that abounds in flow'rs, Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on, Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon: 390 And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn, And nourish woods whose shades should ne'er be shorn. Where this thou told'st her, standing to her close: "Delphusa, here I entertain suppose To build a far-fam'd temple, and ordain 395 An oracle t' inform the minds of men. Who shall for ever offer to my love Whole hecatombs; even all the men that move In rich Peloponnesus, and all those Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose, 400 Whom future search of acts and beings brings. To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things In that rich temple where my oracle sings." This said, the All-bounds-reacher, with his bow, The fane's divine foundations did foreshow; 405 Ample they were, and did huge length impart. With a continuate tenour, full of art. But when Delphusa look'd into his end, Her heart grew angry, and did thus extend Itself to Phœbus: "Phœbus, since thy mind 410 A far-fam'd fane hath in itself design'd To bear an oracle to men in me. That hecatombs may put in fire to thee, This let me tell thee, and impose for stay

Upon thy purpose: Th' inarticulate neigh	415
Of fire-hov'd horse will ever disobey	
Thy numerous ear, and mules will for their drink	
Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think	
That any of the human race had rather	
See here the hurries of rich coaches gather,	420
And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hov'd horse,	
Than in his pleasure's place convert recourse	
T' a mighty temple; and his wealth bestow	
On pieties, where his sports may freely flow,	
Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe.	425
And, therefore, wouldst thou hear my free advice,-	
Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise,	
O king, than I, thy pow'r being great'st of all	
In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall	
Of steep Parnassus,—let thy mind be given	480
To set thee up a fane, where never driven	
Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs	
Storm near thy well-built altars, but thy praise	
Let the fair race of pious humans bring	
Into thy fane, that Io-pæans sing.	435
And those gifts only let thy deified mind	
Be circularly pleas'd with, being the kind	
And fair burnt-offerings that true Deities bind."	
With this his mind she altered, though she spake	
Not for his good, but her own glory's sake.	440
From hence, O Phœbus, first thou mad'st retreat,	
And of the Phlegians reached the walled seat,	
Inhabited with contumelious men,	
Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings then	
Within a large cave, near Cephissus' lake.	445
425 Owe-own. Odyssey, Bk. II. 190.	

Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make Up to the tops intended, and the ground Of Crissa, under the-with-snow-still-crown'd Parnassus, reach'd, whose face affects the West; 450 Above which hangs a rock, that still seems prest To fall upon it, through whose breast doth run A rocky cave, near which the King the Sun Cast to contrive a temple to his mind, And said, "Now here stands my conceit inclin'd To build a famous fane, where still shall be 455 An oracle to men, that still to me Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well Those that in rich Peloponnesus dwell As those of Europe, and the isles that lie Wall'd with the sea, that all their pains apply 460 T' employ my counsels. To all which will I True secrets tell, by way of prophecy, In my rich temple, that shall ever be An oracle to all posterity." This said, the fane's form he did straight present. 465 Ample, and of a length of great extent; In which Trophonius and Agamede, Who of Erginus were the famous seed, Impos'd the stony entry, and the heart Of every God had for their excellent art. 470 About the temple dwelt of human name

About the temple dwelt of human name Unnumber'd nations, it acquired such fame, Being all of stone, built for eternal date.

And near it did a fountain propagate
A fair stream far away; when Jove's bright seed,
The King Apollo, with an arrow, freed

450 Prest-ready. Frequently used in the Odyssey.

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From his strong string, destroy'd the Dragoness That wonder nourish'd, being of such excess In size, and horridness of monstrous shape, That on the forc'd earth she wrought many a rape. 480 Many a spoil made on it, many an ill On crook-haunch'd herds brought, being impurpled still With blood of all sorts; having undergone The charge of Juno, with the golden throne, 485 To nourish Typhon, the abhorr'd affright And bane of mortals, whom into the light Saturnia brought forth, being incensed with Jove, Because the most renown'd fruit of his love (Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain. 490 For which majestic Juno did complain In this kind to the Bless'd Court of the skies: "Know all ye sex-distinguish'd Deities, That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng, Begins with me first, and affects with wrong My right in him, made by himself his wife, 495 That knows and does the honour'd marriage life All honest offices; and yet hath he Unduly got, without my company, Blue-eyed Minerva, who of all the sky 500 Of blest Immortals is the absolute grace; Where I have brought into the Heavenly Race A son, both taken in his feet and head, So ugly, and so far from worth my bed, That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw 505 Down to the vast sea his detested view; Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who her way With silver feet makes, and the fair array Of her bright sisters, saved, and took to guard.

But, would to heaven, another yet were spared 510 The like grace of his godhead! Crafty mate, What other scape canst thou excogitate? How could thy heart sustain to get alone The grey-eyed Goddess? Her conception Nor bringing forth had any hand of mine, And yet, know all the Gods, I go for thine 515 To such kind uses. But I'll now employ My brain to procreate a masculine joy, That 'mongst th' Immortals may as eminent shine, With shame affecting nor my bed nor thine. Nor will I ever touch at thine again, 520 But far fly it and thee; and yet will reign Amongst th' Immortals ever." This spleen spent (Still yet left angry) far away she went From all the Deathless, and yet pray'd to all, Advanced her hand, and, ere she let it fall, 525 Used these excitements: "Hear me now, O Earth! Broad Heaven above it, and beneath, your birth, The deified Titanois, that dwell about Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the rout 530 Of Men and Deities! Hear me all, I say, With all your forces, and give instant way T' a son of mine without Jove, who yet may Nothing inferior prove in force to him, But past him spring as far in able limb As he past Saturn." This pronounced, she strook 535 Life-bearing Earth so strongly, that she shook Beneath her numb'd hand. Which when she beheld. Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd. In hope all should to her desire extend. From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end.

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Grew round; yet all that time the bed of Jove She never touch'd at, never was her love Enflam'd to sit near his Dædalian throne, As she accustomed, to consult upon Counsels kept dark with many a secret skill, But kept her vow-frequented temple still, Pleas'd with her sacrifice; till now, the nights And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights In all her revolutions being expired, The hours and all run out that were required To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son, Like Gods or men in no condition. But a most dreadful and pernicious thing, Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring Conferr'd confusion. Which received to hand By Juno, instantly she gave command (Ill to ill adding) that the Dragoness Should bring it up; who took, and did oppress With many a misery (to maintain th' excess Of that inhuman monster) all the race Of men that were of all the world the grace, Till the far-working Phœbus at her sent A fiery arrow, that invoked event Of death gave to her execrable life. Before which yet she lay in bitter strife, With dying pains, grovelling on earth, and drew Extreme short respirations; for which flew A shout about the air, whence no man knew, But came by power divine. And then she lay Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way

⁵⁴³ Dædalian—variegated, πολυδαίδαλον. 554 Spring—race.

About her nasty nest, quite leaving then Her murderous life, embrued with deaths of men.

Then Phæbus gloried, saying: "Thyself now lie On men-sustaining earth, and putrefy, Who first of putrefaction was inform'd. 575 Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd, That storm'dst on men the earth-fed so much death, In envy of the offspring they made breathe Their lives out on my altars. Now from thee Not Typhon shall enforce the misery 580 Of merited death, nor She, whose name implies Such scathe (Chimæra), but black earth make prise To putrefaction thy immanities, And bright Hyperion, that light all eyes shows, Thine with a night of rottenness shall close." 585

Thus spake he glorying. And then seiz'd upon
Her horrid heap, with putrefaction,
Hyperion's lovely pow'rs; from whence her name
Took sound of Python, and heaven's Sovereign Flame
Was surnam'd Pythius, since the sharp-eyed Sun
Affected so with putrefaction
The hellish monster. And now Phœbus' mind
Gave him to know that falsehood had strook blind
Even his bright eye, because it could not find
The subtle Fountain's fraud; to whom he flew,
Enflamed with anger, and in th' instant drew
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow:

"Delphusa! you must look no longer now
To vent your frauds on me; for well I know
Your situation to be lovely, worth
A temple's imposition, it pours forth

⁵⁷⁵ Informed—made, formed out of. A common word.

So delicate a stream. But your renown	
Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own."	
This said, he thrust her promontory down,	
And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones,	605
A temple giving consecrations	
In woods adjoining. And in this fane all	
On him, by surname of Delphusius, call,	
Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame	
His wrath affected so, and hid in shame.	610
And then thought Phœbus what descent of men	
To be his ministers he should retain,	
To do in stony Pythos sacrifice.	
To which his mind contending, his quick eyes	
He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld	615
A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd,	
In which were men transferr'd, many and good,	
That in Minoian Cnossus ate their food,	
And were Cretensians; who now are those	
That all the sacrificing dues dispose,	620
And all the laws deliver to a word	
Of Day's great King, that wears the golden sword,	
And oracles (out of his Delphian tree	
That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity	
Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men.	625
These now his priests, that lived as merchants then,	
In traffics and pecuniary rates,	
For sandy Pylos and the Pylian states	
Were under sail. But now encounter'd them	
Phœbus-Apollo, who into the stream	630
Cast himself headlong, and the strange disguise	
Took of a dolphin of a goodly size.	
Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay	

As an ostent of infinite dismay. For none with any strife of mind could look 635 Into the omen, all the ship-masts shook, And silent all sat with the fear they took, Arm'd not, nor strook they sail, but as before Went on with full trim, and a foreright blore, Stiff, and from forth the south, the ship made fly. 640 When first they stripp'd the Malean promont'ry, Touch'd at Laconia's soil, in which a town Their ship arrived at, that the sea doth crown, Called Tenarus, a place of much delight To men that serve Heaven's Comforter of sight. 643 In which are fed the famous flocks that bear The wealthy fleeces, on a delicate lair Being fed and seated. Where the merchants fain Would have put in, that they might out again To tell the miracle that chanced to them, 650 And try if it would take the sacred stream, Rushing far forth, that he again might bear Those other fishes that abounded there Delighsome company, or still would stay Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey, 655 And for the rich Peloponnesian shore Steer'd her free sail; Apollo made the blore Directly guide it. That obeying still Reach'd dry Arena, and (what wish doth fill) Fair Argyphæa, and the populous height 660 Of Thryus, whose stream, siding her, doth wait

639 Blore—gale.

 ⁶⁴¹ Stripp'd—passed rapidly.
 645 Heaven's Comforter of sight—the Sun; τερψίμβροτου

⁶⁵⁵ It fail'd t' obey-i. e. the ship would not obey the rudder.

With safe pass on Alphæus, Pylos' sands, And Pylian dwellers; keeping by the strands On which th' inhabitants of Crunius dwell, And Helida set opposite to hell; 665 Chalcis and Dymes reach'd, and happily Made sail by Pheras; all being overjoy'd With that frank gale that Jove himself employ'd. And then amongst the clouds they might descry The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her Eve. 670 Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber graced. Shady Zacynthus. But when now they past Peloponnesus all, and then when show'd The infinite veil of Crissa, that doth shroud All rich Morea with her liberal breast. 675 So frank a gale there flew out of the West As all the sky discover'd; 'twas so great, And blew so from the very council seat Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send The ship through full seas to her journey's end. 680 From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the East,

And to the region where Light leaves his rest,
The Light himself being sacred pilot there,
And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near
The grapeful Crissa, where he rest doth take
Close to her port and sands. And then forth brake
The far-shot King, like to a star that strows
His glorious forehead where the mid-day glows,
That all in sparkles did his state attire,
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire.
He trod where no way oped, and pierced the place
That of his sacred tripods held the grace,

684 Arrive-i. e. cause to arrive.

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In which he lighted such a fluent flame As gilt all Crissa; in which every dame, And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries 695 At those fell fires of Phœbus' prodigies, That shaking fears through all their fancies threw. Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew Back to the ship, shaped like a youth in height 700 Of all his graces, shoulders broad and straight, And all his hair in golden curls enwrapp'd; And to the merchants thus his speech he shap'd: "Ho! Strangers! What are you? And from what seat Sail ye these ways that salt and water sweat? To traffic justly? Or use vagrant scapes 705 Void of all rule, conferring wrongs and rapes, Like pirates, on the men ye never saw, With minds project exempt from list or law? Why sit ye here so stupefied, nor take 710 Land while ye may, nor deposition make Of naval arms, when this the fashion is Of men industrious, who (their faculties Wearied at sea) leave ship, and use the land For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand?" This said, with bold minds he their breast supplied, 716 And thus made answer the Cretensian guide: "Stranger! Because you seem to us no seed Of any mortal, but celestial breed For parts and person, joy your steps ensue, And Gods make good the bliss we think your due. 720 Vouchsafe us true relation, on what land We here arrive, and what men here command. We were for well-known parts bound, and from Crete (Our vaunted country) to the Pylian seat

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Vow'd our whole voyage; 'yet arrive we here, Quite cross to those wills that our motions steer, Wishing to make return some other way, Some other course desirous to assay, To pay our lost pains. But some God hath fill'd Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd."

Apollo answer'd: "Strangers! Though before Ye dwelt in woody Cnossus, yet no more Ye must be made your own reciprocals To your loved city and fair severals Of wives and houses, but ye shall have here My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near Of many a nation; for myself am son To Jove himself, and of Apollo won The glorious title, who thus safely through The sea's vast billows still have held your plough, No ill intending, that will yet ye make My temple here your own, and honours take Upon yourselves, all that to me are given. And more, the counsels of the King of Heaven Yourselves shall know, and with his will receive Ever the honours that all men shall give. Do as I say then instantly, strike sail, Take down your tackling, and your vessel hale Up into land; your goods bring forth, and all The instruments that into sailing fall; Make on this shore an altar, fire entlame, And barley white cakes offer to my name; And then, environing the altar, pray, And call me (as ye saw me in the day When from the windy seas I brake swift way Into your ship) Delphinius, since I took

A dolphin's form then. And to every look That there shall seek it, that my altar shall Be made a Delphian memorial 760 From thence for ever. After this, ascend Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend Ingenuous offerings to the equal Gods That in celestial seats make blest abodes. When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting, Come all with me, and Io-peans sing 765 All the way's length, till you attain the state Where I your opulent fane have consecrate." To this they gave him passing diligent ear, And vow'd to his obedience all they were. First, striking sail, their tacklings then they losed, 770° And (with their gables stoop'd) their mast imposed Into the mast-room. Forth themselves then went, And from the sea into the continent Drew up their ship; which far up from the sand They rais'd with ample rafters. Then in hand 775 They took the altar, and inform'd it on The sea's near shore, imposing thereupon White cakes of barley, fire made, and did stand About it round, as Phœbus gave command, Submitting invocations to his will. 780 Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly hill Of pow'rful Godheads. After which they eat Aboard their ship, till with fit food replete They rose, nor to their temple used delay.

Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way

⁷⁶¹ Intend—See Odyssey, Bk. III. 648.

⁷⁷⁹ Informed—suprà, 575.

⁷⁸³ Food—the folio and Mr. Singer, foot.

His heavenly lute with art above admired, Gracefully leading them. When all were fired With zeal to him, and follow'd wond'ring all To Pythos; and upon his name did call With Io-pæans, such as Cretans use. And in their bosoms did the deified Muse Voices of honey-harmony infuse.

With never-weary feet their way they went,
And made with all alacrity ascent
Up to Parnassus, and that long'd-for place
Where they should live, and be of men the grace.
When, all the way, Apollo show'd them still
Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-topp'd hill,
Their famous fane, and all that all could raise
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.

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And then the Cretan captain thus inquired
Of King Apollo: "Since you have retired,
O sovereign, our sad lives so far from friends
And native soil (because so far extends
Your dear mind's pleasure) tell us how we shall
Live in your service? To which question call
Our provident minds, because we see not crown'd
This soil with store of vines, nor doth abound
In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,
As well as on men our attendance give."

He smiled, and said: "O men that nothing know,
And so are follow'd with a world of woe,
That needs will succour care and curious moan,
And pour out sighs without cessation,
Were all the riches of the earth your own!

S15
Without much business, I will render known

902 Retired—i. e. caused to retire.

To your simplicities an easy way To wealth enough: Let every man purvey A skeane, or slaught'ring steel, and his right hand, 820 Bravely bestowing, ever more see mann'd With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow From all far nations. On all which bestow Good observation, and all else they give To me make you your own all, and so live. 825 For all which watch before my temple well, And all my counsels, above all, conceal. If any give vain language, or to deeds, Yea or as far as injury, proceeds, Know that, at losers' hands, for those that gain, 830 It is the law of mortals to sustain. Besides, ye shall have princes to obey, Which still ye must, and (so ye gain) ye may. All now is said; give all thy memory's stay." And thus to thee, Jove and Latona's son, 835 Be given all grace of salutation! Both thee and others of th' Immortal State My song shall memorize to endless date.

819 Skeane—generally used as a sword. A Celtic word. See NARES.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO.



A HYMN TO HERMES.



ERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O Muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king,
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching
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In messages return'd with all his will. Whom glorious Maia, the nymph rich in hair, Mixing with Jove in amorous affair, Brought forth to him, sustaining a retreat From all th' Immortals of the blessed seat, And living in the same dark cave, where Jove Inform'd at midnight the effect of love, Unknown to either man or Deity, Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous eye Of Juno deck'd with wrists of ivory. But when great Jove's high mind was consummate, The tenth month had in heaven confined the date Of Maia's labour, and into the sight She brought in one birth labours infinite; For then she bore a son, that all tried ways Could turn and wind to wish'd events assays, A fair tongu'd, but false-hearted, counsellor, Rector of ox-stealers, and for all stealths bore 10 Inform'd-Hymn to Apollo, 575.

A varied finger; speeder of night's spies, And guide of all her dream's obscurities; Guard of door-guardians; and was born to be, Amongst th' Immortals, that wing'd Deity 25 That in an instant should do acts would ask The powers of others an eternal task. Born in the morn, he form'd his lute at noon, At night stole all the oxen of the Sun; And all this in his birth's first day was done. 30 Which was the fourth of the increasing moon. Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains, His sacred swath-bands must not be his chains, So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept, Found straight the high-roof'd cave where they were kept. And th' entry passing, he th' invention found Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound By that invention, since he first of all Was author of that engine musical, By this means moved to the ingenious work: 40 Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass, Leisurely moving; and this object was The motive to Jove's son (who could convert To profitablest uses all desert 45 That nature had in any work convey'd) To form the lute; when, smiling, thus he said: "Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use. Which thy ill form shall never so seduce T' avert the good to be inform'd by it. 50 In pliant force, of my form-forging wit." Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his mind. 41 Overture-hidden recess.

He thus saluted: "All joy to the kind Instinct of nature in thee, born to be The spiriter of dances, company 55 For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest For bearing light to all the interest Claim'd in this instrument! From whence shall spring Play fair and sweet, to which may Graces sing. A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here, 60 O Tortoise, while thy ill-bred vital sphere Confines thy fashion; but, surprised by me, I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be A profit to me; and yet nothing more 65 Will I contemn thee in my merited store. Goods with good parts got worth and honour gave, Left goods and honours every fool may have, And since thou first shall give me means to live, I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give To live at home with them enough content, 70 Where those that want such inward ornament Fly out for outward, their life made their load. 'Tis best to be at home, harm lurks abroad. And certainly thy virtue shall be known, 75 'Gainst great-ill-causing incantation To serve as for a lance or amulet. And where, in comfort of thy vital heat, Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd for song, Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong 80 Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command Song infinite sweeter." Thus with either hand He took it up, and instantly took flight Back to his cave with that his home delight. Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents 84 A Chapmannic periphrasis for killing the tortoise.

A HYMN TO HERMES.

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Of life and motion) with fit instruments 85 Forged of bright steel he straight inform'd a lute, Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit He made of splitted quills, in equal space Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins 90 T' extend and ease the string) he put in pins. Seven strings of several tunes he then applied, Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried, And throughly twisted. Next he did provide A case for all, made of an ox's hide, 95 Out of his counsels to preserve as well As to create. And all this action fell Into an instant consequence. His word And work had individual accord, All being as swiftly to perfection brought 100 As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought. Whose mind care cuts in an infinity Of varied parts or passions instantly, Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye. And thus his house-delight given absolute end, 105 He touch'd it, and did every string extend (With an exploratory spirit assay'd) To all the parts that could on it be play'd. It sounded dreadfully; to which he sung, 110

As if from thence the first and true force sprung
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing.
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,
Yet, but as an extemporal assay,
Of what show it would make being the first way,

It tried his hand; or a tumultuous noise,
Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys

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Pour out in mutual contumelies still, As little squaring with his curious will, Or was as wanton and untaught a store. 120 Of Jove, and Maia that rich shoes still wore, He sung; who suffer'd ill reports before, And foul stains under her fair titles bore. But Hermes sung her nation, and her name Did iterate ever; all her high-flown fame Of being Jove's mistress; celebrating all 125 Her train of servants, and collateral Sumpture of houses; all her tripods there, And caldrons huge, increasing every year. All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd sung. But now he in his sacred cradle laid His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd Himself up to a watch-tow'r forth his house, Rich, and divinely odoriferous, 135 A lofty wile at work in his conceit, Thirsting the practice of his empire's height. And where impostors rule (since sable night Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right. For now the never-resting Sun was turn'd 140 For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd His coach and coursers; when th' ingenious spy Pieria's shady hill had in his eye, Where the immortal oxen of the Gods In air's flood solaced their select abodes, And earth's sweet green flow'r, that was never shorn, Fed ever down. And these the witty-born, Argicides, set serious spy upon, Severing from all the rest, and setting gone

Full fifty of the violent bellowers.	
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse	150
(His birth's-craft straight rememb'ring) all their how	es,
And then transpos'd in opposite removes,	
The fore behind set, the behind before,	
T' employ the eyes of such as should explore.	
And he himself, as sly-pac'd, cast away	155
His sandals on the sea sands; past display	
And unexcogitable thoughts in act	
Putting, to shun of his stol'n steps the tract,	
Mixing both tamrisk and like-tamrisk sprays	
In a most rare confusion, to raise	160
His footsteps up from earth. Of which sprays he	
(His armful gathering fresh from off the tree)	
Made for his sandals ties, both leaves and ties	
Holding together; and then fear'd no eyes	
That could affect his feet's discoveries.	165
The tamrisk boughs he gather'd, making way	
Back from Pieria, but as to convey	
Provision in them for his journey fit,	
It being long and, therefore, needing it.	
An old man, now at labour near the field	170
Of green Onchestus, knew the verdant yield	
Of his fair armful; whom th' ingenious son	
Of Maia, therefore, salutation	
Did thus begin to: "Ho, old man! that now	
Art crooked grown with making plants to grow,	175
Thy nerves will far be spent, when these boughs sh	\mathbf{all}
To these their leaves confer me fruit and all.	
But see not thou whatever thou dost see,	
Nor hear though hear, but all as touching me	
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee."	180

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This, and no more, he said, and on drave still His broad-brow'd oxen. Many a shady hill, And many an echoing valley, many a field Pleasant and wishful, did his passage yield Their safe transcension. But now the divine And black-brow'd Night, his mistress, did decline Exceeding swiftly; Day's most early light Fast hasting to her first point, to excite Worldlings to work; and in her watch-tow'r shone King Pallas-Megamedes' seed (the Moon); When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd (Whose necks the lab'ring yoke had never sphered) Drave swiftly on; and then into a stall (Hilly, yet pass'd to through an humble vale And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead) He gather'd all, and them divinely fed With odorous cypress, and the ravishing tree That makes his eaters lose the memory Of name and country. Then he brought withal Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall The art of making fire; which thus he tried: He took a branch of laurel, amplified Past others both in beauty and in size, Yet lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise A warm fume from it; steel being that did raise (As agent) the attenuated bays So that Hermes found To that hot vapour. Both fire first, and of it the seed close bound In other substances; and then the seed He multiplied, of sere-wood making feed 198 The lotus.

The apt heat of it, in a pile combined Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shined, And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky, All the dry parts so fervent were, and high 215 In their combustion. And how long the force Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course, So long was he in dragging from their stall Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal, And raged for fear, t'approach the sacred fire, 220 To which did all his dreadful pow'rs aspire. When, blust'ring forth their breath, he on the soil Cast both at length, though with a world of toil, For long he was in getting them to ground 225 After their through-thrust and most mortal wound. But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut, Cover'd with fat, and, on treen broches put, In pieces roasted; but in th' intestines The black blood, and the honorary chines, 230 Together with the carcases, lay there, Cast on the cold earth, as no Deities' cheer; The hides upon a rugged rock he spread. And thus were these now all in pieces shred. And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd, Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd, 235 And now must ever live in dead event. But Hermes, here hence having his content, Cared for no more, but drew to places even The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven Their capital ends, though stol'n, and therefore were 240 In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice Deities' cheer, By this devotion. To all which he gave

227 Treen broches—branches of trees.

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Their several honours, and did wish to have His equal part thereof, as free and well As th' other Deities; but the fatty smell Afflicted him, though he Immortal were, Playing mortal parts, and being like mortals here: Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd For being a God himself, and his own aid Having to cause his due, and though in heart He highly wish'd it; but the weaker part Subdued the stronger, and went on in ill. Even heavenly pow'r had rather have his will Than have his right; and will's the worst of all, When but in least sort it is criminal. One taint being author of a number still. And thus, resolved to leave his hallow'd hill, First both the fat parts and the fleshy all Taking away, at the steep-entried stall He laid all, all the feet and heads entire, And all the sere-wood, making clear with fire. And now, he leaving there then all things done, And finish'd in their fit perfection, The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown From all discovery by the lovely light The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night, He straight assumed a novel voice's note, And in the whirl-pit-eating flood affoat He set his sandals. When now, once again The that-morn-born Cyllenius did attain His home's divine height; all the far-stretch'd way No one bless'd God encount'ring his assay, Nor mortal man; nor any dog durst spend His born-to-bark mouth at him; till in th' end

He reach'd his cave, and at the gate went in 275 Crooked, and wrapt into a fold so thin That no eye could discover his repair, But as a darkness of th' autumnal air. When, going on fore-right, he straight arrived 230 At his rich fane; his soft feet quite deprived Of all least noise of one that trod the earth, They trod so swift to reach his room of birth. Where, in his swath-bands he his shoulders wrapt, And (like an infant, newly having scap't 285 The teeming straits) as in the palms he lay Yet instantly would play Of his loved nurse. (Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth About his knees wrapt, and straight (loosing both His right and left hand) with his left he caught 290 His most-loved lute. His mother yet was taught His wanton wiles, nor could a God's wit lie Hid from a Goddess, who did therefore try His answer thus: "Why, thou made-all-of-sleight, And whence arriv'st thou in this rest of night? 295 Improvident inpudent! In my conceit Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate. With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state, (In merit of th' inevitable bands To be impos'd by vex'd Latona's hands, 300 Justly incens'd for her Apollo's harms) Than lie thus wrapt, as ready for her arms, To take thee up and kiss thee. Would to heaven, In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given Up to perdition, ere poor mortals bear 305 Those black banes, that thy Father Thunderer Hath planted thee of purpose to confer

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On them and Deities!" He returned reply: "As master of the feats of policy. Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me. As if I were a son that infancy Could keep from all the skill that age can teach, Or had in cheating but a childish reach, And of a mother's mandates fear'd the breach? I mount that art at first, that will be best When all times consummate their cunningest. Able to counsel now myself and thee, In all things best, to all eternity. We cannot live like Gods here without gifts, No, nor without corruption and shifts, And, much less, without eating; as we must In keeping thy rules, and in being just, Of which we cannot undergo the loads. 'Tis better here to imitate the Gods, And wine or wench out all time's periods. To that end growing rich in ready heaps, Stored with revenues, being in corn-field reaps Of infinite acres, than to live enclosed In caves, to all earth's sweetest air exposed. I as much honour hold as Phæbus does; And if my Father please not to dispose Possessions to me, I myself will see If I can force them in; for I can be Prince of all thieves. And, if Latona's son Make after my stealth indignation, I'll have a scape as well as he a search, And overtake him with a greater lurch; For I can post to Pythos, and break through 336 Lurch-deceit, falsehood.

His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough, Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold, Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold. 340 All which will I at pleasure own, and thou Shalt see all, wilt thou but thy sight bestow." Thus changed great words the Goat-hide-wearer's son, And Maia of majestic fashion. 345 And now the air-begot Aurora rose From out the Ocean great-in-ebbs-and-flows, When, at the never-shorn pure-and-fair grove (Onchestus) consecrated to the love Of round-and-long-neck'd Neptune, Phœbus found A man whom heavy years had press'd half round, 350 And yet at work in plashing of a fence About a vineyard, that had residence Hard by the highway; whom Latona's son Made it not strange, but first did question, And first saluted: "Ho you! aged sire, 355 That here are hewing from the vine the briar, For certain oxen I come here t' inquire Out of Pieria; females all, and rear'd All with horns wreath'd, unlike the common herd; A coal-black bull fed by them all alone; 360 And all observ'd, for preservation, Through all their foody and delicious fen With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men. These left their dogs and bull (which I admire) And, when was near set day's eternal fire, 365

343 Goat-hide-wearer—Jupiter.

364 Which I admire—which I am astonished at.

³⁵¹ Plashing—to plash a fence is still used for half-cutting down the saplings and loftier branches of a hedge, and entwining them horizontally.

From their fierce guardians, from their delicate fare, Made clear departure. To me then declare, O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray Hath any man seen making stealthful way With all those oxen." Th' old man made reply: 370 "'Tis hard, O friend, to render readily Account of all that may invade mine eye, For many a traveller this highway treads, Some in much ills search, some in noble threads, Leading their lives out; but I this young day, 375 Even from her first point, have made good display Of all men passing this abundant hill Planted with vines, and no such stealthful ill Her light hath shown me; but last evening, late, I saw a thing that show'd of childish state 350 To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursued A herd of oxen with brave heads endued. Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod; Who wearily both this and that way trod, His head still backwards turn'd." This th' old man spake: 386 Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake Into his pursuit with abundant wing, That strook but one plain, ere he knew the thing That was the thief to be th' impostor born; 390 Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn. In study and with ardour then the King (Jove's dazzling son) placed his exploring wing On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd, His ample shoulders in a cloud enspher'd 395 Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found Of his stol'n herd, and said: "Strange sights confound 368 Ray-vision, eve.

My apprehensive powers, for here I see The tracks of oxen, but aversively Converted towards the Pierian hills, As treading to their mead of daffodils: 400 But nor mine eye men's feet nor women's draws, Nor hoary wolves', nor bears', nor lions', paws, Nor thick-neck'd bulls, they show. But he that does These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes 405 Hath pass'd from that hour hither, but from hence His foul course may meet fouler consequence." With this took Phœbus wing; and Hermes still, For all his threats, secure lay in his hill Wall'd with a wood; and more, a rock, beside, Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied 410 In blinding shadows, and where th' endless Bride Bore to Saturnius his ingenious son; An odour, worth a heart's desire, being thrown Along the heaven-sweet hill, on whose herb fed Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread 415-Their horny pasterns. There the Light of men (Jove's son, Apollo) straight descended then The marble pavement, in that gloomy den. On whom when Jove and Maia's son set eye, Wroth for his oxen, on then, instantly, 420 His odorous swath-bands flew; in which as close Th' impostor lay, as in the cool repose Of cast-on ashes hearths of burning coals Lie in the woods hid, under the controls Of skilful colliers; even so close did lie 425 Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye, Contracting his great Godhead to a small 411 Endless-immortal, νύμφη άμβροσίη.

And infant likeness, feet, hands, head, and all. And as a hunter hath been often view'd, From chase retired, with both his hands embrued 430 In his game's blood, and doth for water call To cleanse his hands, and to provoke withal Delightsome sleep, new-wash'd and laid to rest; So now lay Hermes in the close-compress'd Chace of his oxen, his new-found-out lute 435 Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit But that prise, and the virtue of his play, His heart affected. But to Phœbus lay His close heart open; and he likewise knew The brave hill-nymph there, and her dear son, new-441 Born, and as well wrapt in his wiles as weeds. All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds, In all the cave he knew; and with his key He open'd three of them, in which there lay 445 Silver and gold-heaps, nectar infinite store, And dear ambrosia; and of weeds she wore, Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shined, Fit for the bless'd states of Pow'rs so divined. All which discover'd, thus to Mercury He offer'd conference: "Infant! You that lie 450 Wrapt so in swath-bands, instantly unfold In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold My oxen stol'n by you; or straight we shall Jar, as beseems not Pow'rs Celestial. For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps 455 Of dismal Tartarus, where ill Death keeps His gloomy and inextricable fates, And to no eye that light illuminates 435 Chace-enclosure for cattle, like the Latin saltus.

Mother nor Father shall return thee free,
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee,
And few repute thee their superior."

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On him replied craft's subtlest Counsellor: "What cruel speech hath passed Latona's care! Seeks he his stol'n wild-cows where Deities are? I have nor seen nor heard, nor can report 465 From others' mouths one word of their resort To any stranger. Nor will I, to gain A base reward, a false relation feign. Nor would I, could I tell. Resemble I An ox-thief, or a man? Especially 470 A man of such a courage, such a force As to that labour goes, that violent course? No infant's work is that. My pow'rs aspire To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire With mother's milk, and, 'gainst cold shades, to arm With cradle-cloths my shoulders, and baths warm, 476 That no man may conceive the war you threat Can spring in cause from my so peaceful heat. And, even amongst th' Immortals it would bear Event of absolute miracle, to hear 480 A new-born infant's forces should transcend The limits of his doors; much less contend With untam'd oxen. This speech nothing seems To sayour the decorum of the beams Cast round about the air Apollo breaks, 485 Where his divine mind her intention speaks. I brake but yesterday the blessed womb, My feet are tender, and the common tomb Of men (the Earth) lies sharp beneath their tread. But, if you please, even by my Father's head 490

I'll take the great oath, that nor I protest	
Myself to author on your interest	
Any such usurpation, nor have I	
Seen any other that feloniously	
Hath forced your oxen. Strange thing! What are th	nose
Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? Knows	496
My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch	
At their renown, and hear that there are such."	
This speech he pass'd; and, ever as he spake,	
Beams from the hair about his eyelids brake,	500
His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye	
Every way look'd askance and carelessly,	
And he into a lofty whistling fell,	
As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.	
Apollo, gently smiling, made reply:	505
"O thou impostor, whose thoughts ever lie	
In labour with deceit! For certain, I	
Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)	
Hast ransack'd many a house, and not in one	
Night's-work alone, nor in one country neither,	510
Hast been besieging house and man together,	
Rigging and rifling always, and no noise	
Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys.	
Soft, therefore, well, and tender, thou may'st call	
The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal,	515
For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still)	
Hast thou made drown the caverns of the hill,	
Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears,	
When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears,	
And thou encount'rest either flocks of sheep,	520
Or herds of oxen! Up then! Do not sleep	
512 Rigging-tricking.	

Thy last nap in thy cradle, but come down, Companion of black night, and, for this crown Of thy young rapines, bear from all the state 525 And style of Prince Thief, into endless date." This said, he took the infant in his arms, And with him the remembrance of his harms, This presage utt'ring, lifting him aloft: "Be evermore the miserably-soft Slave of the belly, pursuivant of all, 530 And author of all mischiefs capital." He scorn'd his prophecy, so he sneezed in's face Most forcibly; which hearing, his embrace He loathed and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground; yet still Took seat before him, though, with all the ill He bore by him, he would have left full fain That hewer of his heart so into twain. Yet salv'd all thus: "Come, you so-swaddled thing! Issue of Maia, and the Thunder's King! Be confident, I shall hereafter find 540 My broad-brow'd oxen, my prophetic mind So far from blaming this thy course, that I Foresee thee in it to posterity The guide of all men, always, to their ends." 545 This spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends, Starting aloft, and as in study went, Wrapping himself in his integument, And thus ask'd Phœbus: "Whither force you me, Far-shot, and far most powerful Deity? 550 I know, for all your feigning, you're still wroth About your oxen, and suspect my troth. O Jupiter! I wish the general race

Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.

I steal your oxen! I again profess	
That neither I have stol'n them, nor can guess	55
Who else should steal them. What strange beasts	ar
these	
Your so-loved oxen? I must say, to please	
Your humour thus far, that even my few hours	
Have heard their fame. But be the sentence yours	
Of the debate betwixt us, or to Jove	50
(For more indifferency) the cause remove."	
Thus when the solitude-affecting God,	
And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad	
All things betwixt them; though not yet agreed,	
Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed	56
Nothing unjustly, to charge Mercury	
With stealing of the cows he does deny.	
But his profession was, with filed speech,	
And craft's fair compliments, to overreach	
All, and even Phœbus. Who because he knew	57
His trade of subtlety, he still at view	
Hunted his foe through all the sandy way	
Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray	
From out his sight, but kept behind him still.	
And now they reach'd the odorif'rous hill	57
Of high Olympus, to their father Jove,	
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.	
Where, before both, talents of justice were	
Propos'd for him whom Jove should sentence clear,	
In cause of their contention. And now	586
About Olympus, ever crown'd with snow,	
The rumour of their controversy flew.	
All the Incorruptible, to their view,	

568 Filed speech—see Odyssey, Bk. vi. 219.

On Heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair.	
Hermes, and He that light hurls through the air,	585
Before the Thund'rer's knees stood; who begun	
To question thus far his illustrious Son:	
"Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here	
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?	
This new-born infant, that the place supplies	590
Of Herald yet to all the Deities?	
This serious business, you may witness, draws	
The Deities' whole Court to discuss the cause."	
Phœbus replied: "And not unworthy is	
The cause of all the Court of Deities,	595
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the weight	
Of devastation, and the very height	
Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights.	
Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,	
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here	600
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer	
In rapes and robb'ries. Finding out his place,	
After my measure of an infinite space,	
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one	
In all the art of opprobration,	605
As not in all the Deities I have seen,	
Nor in th' oblivion-mark'd whole race of men.	
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,	
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas,	
From out the road-way quite; the steps of them	610
So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beam	
Of any mind's eye, being so infinite much	
Involv'd in doubt, as show'd a deified touch	
Went to the work's performance; all the way,	
Through which my cross-hoved cowe he did convey	615

Had dust so darkly-hard to search, and he
So past all measure wrapt in subtilty.
For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,
In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps,
But used another counsel to keep hid
His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid
On oak or other boughs, that swept out still
The footsteps of his oxen, and did fill
Their prints up ever, to the daffodill
(Or dainty-feeding meadow) as they trod,
Driven by this cautelous and infant God.
A mortal man, yet, saw him driving on

His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done, And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire, 630 In peace, and freely (though to his desire, Not to the Gods, he offer'd part of these My ravish'd oxen) he retires, and lies, Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den, All hid in darkness; and in clouts again 635 Wrapp'd him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye Of your own eagle could not see him lie. For with his hands the air he rarified (This way, and that moved) till bright gleams did glide About his being, that, if any eye 640 Should dare the darkness, light appos'd so nigh Might blind it quite with her antipathy. Which wile he wove, in curious care t'illude Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude. On which relying, he outrageously 645 (When I accus'd him) trebled his reply: 'I did not see, I did not hear, nor I

⁶²⁵ Cautelous—artful. A common word.
645 Trebled—whined, spoke in a whining tone.

Will tell at all, that any other stole Your broad-brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's soul Would soon have done, and any author fain 650 Of purpose only a reward to gain.' And thus he colour'd truth in every lie." This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury The Gods' Commander pleased with this reply: "Father! I'll tell thee truth (for I am true, 655 And far from art to lie): He did pursue Even to my cave his oxen this self day, The sun new-raising his illustrious ray; But brought with him none of the Bliss-endued, Nor any ocular witness, to conclude His bare assertion; but his own command 660 Laid on with strong and necessary hand, To show his oxen; using threats to cast My poor and infant powers into the vast Of ghastly Tartarus; because he bears Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years, 66 And I but yesterday produced to light. By which it fell into his own free sight, That I in no similitude appear'd Of power to be the forcer of a herd. 670 And credit me, O Father, since the grace Of that name, in your style, you please to place, I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest Past mine own threshold; for 'tis manifest. I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall, 675 Love you, observe the least; and 'tis most clear In your own knowledge, that my merits bear No least guilt of his blame. To all which I

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Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by All these so well-built entries of the Blest.

And therefore when I saw myself so prest
With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd
In my pure gall, and harsh reply return'd.

Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fixt in Phœbus' jealousy."

This said he wink'd upon his Sire; and still His swathbands held beneath his arm; no will Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown.

Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious Son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought;
Commanding both to bear atoned minds
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he binds
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge exil'd) the shrowd to which he won
His fair-eyed oxen; then his forehead bow'd
For sign it must be so; and Hermes show'd
His free obedience; so soon he inclined
To his persuasion and command his mind.

Now, then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer stood, But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood Reach'd instantly, and made as quick a fall On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall Where Phæbus' oxen Hermes safely kept, Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept Up to the stony cave, and into light Drave forth the oxen. Phæbus at first sight Knew them the same, and saw apart dispread

⁶⁹⁵ Shrowd-den, caves underground. The crypt of a church sometimes so called.

Upon a high-rais'd rock the hides new flead	
Of th' oxen sacrific'd. Then Phœbus said:	710
"O thou in crafty counsels undisplaid!	
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth	
Two such huge oxen, being so young a birth,	
And a mere infant? I admire thy force,	
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course	715
Of growing into strength thou hadst not need	
Continue any long date, O thou Seed	
Of honour'd Maia!" Hermes (to show how	
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow	
Strong osiers in soft folds, and strappled straight	720
One of his hugest oxen, all his weight	
Lay'ng prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet,	
All his four cloven hoves eas'ly made to greet	
Each other upwards, all together brought.	
In all which bands yet all the beast's powers wrought	
To rise, and stand; when all the herd about	726
The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out	
Their fellow from his fetters. Phæbus' view	
Of all this up to admiration drew	
Even his high forces; and stern looks he threw	730
At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place	
To which he had retir'd them, being in grace	
And fruitful riches of it so entire;	
All which set all his force on envious fire.	
All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames,	735
Which fain he would have hid, to hide the shames	
Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease	
Hermes could calm them, and his humours please	
Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great	
In force and fortitude, and high in heat.	740

In all which he his lute took, and assay'd A song upon him, and so strangely play'd, That from his hand a ravishing horror flew. Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew Pleasant past measure: tunes so artful clear 745 Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind made hear. His lute so powerful was in forcing love, As his hand rul'd it, that from him it drove All fear of Phœbus; yet he gave him still The upper hand; and, to advance his skill 750 To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes Single awhile; in which, when all the climes Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the Sun Admire enough, O then his voice would run Such points upon his play, and did so move, They took Apollo prisoner to his love. And now the deathless Gods and deathful Earth He sung, beginning at their either's birth To full extent of all their empery. And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne, 760 The Muses' mother, of all Goddess states He gave; even forced to't by the equal fates. And then (as it did in priority fall Of age and birth) he celebrated all. And with such elegance and order sung 765 (His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue) That Phœbus' heart with infinite love he eat. Who, therefore, thus did his deserts entreat: "Master of sacrifice! Chief soul of feast! Patient of all pains! Artizan so blest. 770 That all things thou eanst do in any one!

Worth fifty oxen is th' invention

Of this one lute. We both shall now, I hope, In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope. Inform me (thou that every way canst wind, 775 And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind) Together with thy birth came all thy skill? Or did some God, or God-like man, instill This heavenly song to thee? Methinks I hear A new voice, such as never yet came near 780 The breast of any, either man or God, Till in thee it had prime and period. What art, what Muse that med'cine can produce For cares most cureless, what inveterate use Or practice of a virtue so profuse 785 (Which three do all the contribution keep That Joy or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep,) Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all? I of the Muses am the capital Consort, or follower; and to these belong 790 The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song, And ever-flourishing verse, the delicate set And sound of instruments. But never vet Did anything so much affect my mind With joy and care to compass, as this kind 795 Of song and play, that for the spritely feast Of flourishing assemblies are the best And aptest works that ever worth gave act. My powers with admiration stand distract, To hear with what a hand to make in love 800 Thou rul'st thy lute. And (though thy yong'st hours move At full art in old councils) here I vow (Even by this cornel dart I use to throw) To thee, and to thy mother, I'll make thee

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Amongst the Gods of glorious degree, Guide of men's ways and theirs; and will impart To thee the mighty imperatory art, Bestow rich gifts on thee, and in the end Never deceive thee." Hermes (as a friend That wrought on all advantage, and made gain His capital object) thus did entertain Phæbus Apollo: "Do thy dignities, Far-working God and circularly wise, Demand my virtues? Without envy I Will teach thee to ascend my faculty. And this day thou shalt reach it; finding me, In acts and counsels, all ways kind to thee, As one that all things knows, and first tak'st seat Amongst th' Immortals, being good and great, And therefore to Jove's love mak'st free access, Even out of his accomplisht holiness. Great gifts he likewise gives thee; who, fame says, Hast won thy greatness by his will, his ways, By him know'st all the powers prophetical, O thou far-worker, and the fates of all! Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn, And even thy wish dost but discern and earn. And since thy soul so burns to know the way So play and sing as I do, sing, and play; Play, and perfection in thy play employ; And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy. Take thou my lute (my love) and give thou me The glory of so great a faculty. This sweet-tuned consort, held but in thy hand, Sing, and perfection in thy song command. For thou already hast the way to speak

Fairly and elegantly, and to break All eloquence into thy utter'd mind. One gift from heaven found may another find. Use then securely this thy gift, and go 840 To feasts and dances that enamour so, And to that covetous sport of getting glory, That day nor night will suffer to be sory. Whoever does but say in verse, sings still; Which he that can of any other skill 845 Is capable, so he be taught by art And wisdom, and can speak at every part Things pleasing to an understanding mind: And such a one that seeks this lute shall find. Him still it teaches eas'ly, though he plays 850 Soft voluntaries only, and assays As wanton as the sports of children are, And (even when he aspires to singular In all the mast'ries he shall play or sing) Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing, 855 He, I say, sure shall of this lute be king. But he, whoever rudely sets upon Of this lute's skill th' inquest or question Never so ardently and angrily, Without the aptness and ability 860 Of art, and nature fitting, never shall Aspire to this, but utter trivial And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud, And never so commended of the crowd. But thee I know, O eminent Son of Jove, 865 The fiery learner of whatever Love Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve. And thee I give this lute. Let us now live

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Feeding upon the hill and horse-fed earth
Our never-handled oxen; whose dear birth
Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow
In store enough hereafter; nor must you
(However cunning-hearted your wits are)
Boil in your gall a grudge too circular."

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embrac'd, And gave again a goad, whose bright head cast Beams like the light forth; leaving to his care His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare, He took on him. The lute Apollo took Into his left hand, and aloft he shook Delightsome sounds up, to which God did sing.

Then were the oxen to their endless spring
Turn'd; and Jove's two illustrous Offsprings flew
Up to Olympus where it ever snew,
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way.
Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay
Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date
Hermes gave Phæbus an eternal state
In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign
His lute was, and the doctrine so divine
Jointly conferr'd on him; which well might be
True symbol of his love's simplicity.
On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end
Of his vow'd friendship; and (for further meed)
Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed.

For all these forms of friendship, Phœbus yet Fear'd that both form and substance where not met In Mercury's intentions; and, in plain,

854 Snew—past tense of snow; still a provincialism.

900 Said (since he saw him born to craft and gain, And that Jove's will had him the honour done To change at his will the possession Of others' goods) he fear'd his breach of vows In stealing both his lute and cunning bows, 905 And therefore wish'd that what the Gods affect Himself would witness, and to his request His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood Of Styx that of his whole possessions not a good He would diminish, but therein maintain The full content in which his mind did reign. 910 And then did Maia's son his forehead bow, Making, by all that he desired, his vow Never to prey more upon anything In just possession of the far-shot King, Nor ever to come near a house of his. 915 Latonian Phœbus bow'd his brow to this. With his like promise, saying: "Not any one Of all the Gods, nor any man, that son Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me, More trusted, nor more honour'd is than thee. 920 Which yet with greater gifts of Deity In future I'll confirm, and give thy state

Three-leaved, and full of all felicities.

And this shall be thy guardian, this shall give
The Gods to thee in all the truth they live,

Nor leave the bearer thrall to death, or fate,

And, finally, shall this the tut'ress be

A rod that riches shall accumulate,

Or any sickness. All of gold it is,

⁹⁰³ Goods—the folio, followed by Mr. Singer, has Gods, but it is obviously a misprint; unless we read other Gods. It is an interpolation of Chapman's.

Of all the words and works informing me 930 From Jove's high counsels, making known to thee All my instructions. But to prophesy, O best of Jove's beloved, and that high skill Which to obtain lies burning in thy will, 985 Nor thee, nor any God, will Fate let learn. Only Jove's mind hath insight to discern What that importeth; yet am I allow'd (My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow'd, Our great oath taken, to resolve to none 940 Of all th' Immortals the restriction Of that deep knowledge) of it all the mind. Since then it sits in such fast bounds confin'd, O brother, when the golden rod is held In thy strong hand, seek not to have reveal'd 945 Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal'd. For no man shall, by knowing, prevent his fate; And therefore will I hold in my free state The pow'r to hurt and help what man I will, Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill, 950 That walk within the circle of mine eye, In all the tribes and sexes it shall try. Yet, truly, any man shall have his will To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill, Whoever seeks it by the voice or wing Of birds, born truly such events to sing. Nor will I falsely, nor with fallacies, Infringe the truth on which his faith relies, But he that truths in chattering plumes would find, Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind, And learn by natural forgers of vain lies The more-than-ever-certain Deities.

That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts, And false or no guide find for all his facts. And yet will I his gifts accept as well As his to whom the simple truth I tell. 965 One other thing to thee I'll yet make known, Maia's exceedingly renowned son, And Jove's, and of the Gods' whole session The most ingenious genius: There dwell Within a crooked cranny, in a dell 970 Beneath Parnassus, certain Sisters born, Call'd Parcæ, whom extreme swift wings adorn, Their number three, that have upon their heads White barley-flour still sprinkled, and are maids; And these are schoolmistresses of things to come, 975 Without the gift of prophecy. Of whom (Being but a boy, and keeping oxen near) I learn'd their skill, though my great Father were Careless of it, or them. These flying from home To others' roofs, and fed with honeycomb, 980 Command all skill, and (being enraged then) Will freely tell the truths of things to men. But if they give them not that Gods' sweet meat, They then are apt to utter their deceit. And lead men from their way. And these will I 985 Give thee hereafter, when their scrutiny And truth thou hast both made and learn'd; and then Please thyself with them, and the race of men (Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear, Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear, 990 And hear it often if it prove sincere. Take these, O Maia's son, and in thy care Be horse and oxen, all such men as are

Patient of labour, lions, white-tooth'd boars,

Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flow'ry shores,
And every four-foot beast; all which shall stand
In awe of thy high imperatory hand.
Be thou to Dis, too, sole Ambassador,
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one."

Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son
With all the rites of friendship; all whose love
Had imposition from the will of Jove.
And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes lived,
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceived
With an undifferencing respect, and made

Vain words and false persuasions his trade.

His deeds were all associates of the night,

In which his close wrongs cared for no man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due,

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Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO HERMES.



A HYMN TO VENUS.



HE force, O Muse, and functions now unfold Of Cyprian Venus, grac'd with mines of gold;

Who even in Deities lights love's sweet desire,

And all Death's kinds of men makes kiss her fire, All air's wing'd nation, all the belluine, 5 That or the earth feeds, or the seas confine. To all which appertain the love and care Of well-crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there are Whose minds She neither can deceive nor move: Pallas, the Seed of Ægis-bearing Jove, 10 Who still lives indevirginate, her eyes Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies, Whom all the gold of Venus never can Tempt to affect her facts with God or man. She, loving strife, and Mars's working banes, 15 Pitch'd fields and fights, and famous artizans, Taught earthy men first all the arts that are, Chariots, and all the frames vehicular, Chiefly with brass arm'd, and adorn'd for war. Where Venus only soft-skinn'd wenches fills 20

²⁰ Wenches—See Odyssey, Bk. iv. 977.

With wanton house-works, and suggests those skills Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither. That bears the golden distaff, and together Calls horns, and hollows, and the cries of hounds, And owns the epithet of loving sounds For their sakes, springing from such spritely sports. Can catch with her kind lures; but hill resorts To wild-beasts, slaughters, accents far-off heard Of harps and dances, and of woods unshear'd The sacred shades she loves, yet likes as well Cities where good men and their offspring dwell. The third, whom her kind passions nothing please, Is virgin Vesta; whom Saturnides Made reverend with his counsels, when his Sire. That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire Had kindled in her, being his last-begot. Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot Of honour'd nuptials, and Apollo too; Which with much vehemence she refused to do. And stern repulses put upon them both, Adding to all her vows the Gods' great oath. And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate All vows so bound, that she would hold her state, And be th' invincible Maid of Deities Through all her days' dates. For Saturnides Gave her a fair gift in her nuptials' stead, To sit in midst of his house, and be fed With all the free and richest feast of heaven. In all the temples of the Gods being given The prize of honour. Not a mortal man,

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Hollows—shouts; or, as Mr. Singer prints, halloos.
 See Iliad, Bk. 1. 481.

(That either, of the Pow'rs Olympian His half-birth having, may be said to be A mortal of the Gods, or else that he, Deities' wills doing, is of Deity) But gives her honour of the amplest kind. 55 Of all these three can Venus not a mind Deceive, or set on forces to reflect. Of all Pow'rs else yet, not a sex, nor sect, Flies Venus; either of the blessed Gods, Or men confin'd in mortal periods. 60 But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce. That chides with thunder so her lawless use In human creatures, and by lot is given Of all most honour, both in earth and heaven. And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind 65 She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind, And mix with mortal dames his Deity, Conceal'd at all parts from the jealous eye Of Juno, who was both his sister born, And made his wife; whom beauty did adorn 70 Past all the bevy of Immortal Dames, And whose so chiefly-glorified flames Cross-counsell'd Saturn got, and Rhæa bore, And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror) His wife made of his sister. Ay, and more, 75 Cast such an amorous fire into her mind As made her (like him) with the mortal kind Meet in unmeet bed; using utmost haste, Lest she should know that he lived so unchaste, Before herself felt that fault in her heart, 80 And gave her tongue too just edge of desert 71 Bevy-See Odyssey, Bk. vi. 115.

To tax his lightness. With this end, beside, Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride The Gods more than the Goddesses, and say That she the Gods commix'd in amorous play With mortal dames, begetting mortal seed T' immortal sires, and not make Goddesses breed The like with mortal fathers. But, t' acquite Both Gods and Goddesses of her despite. Jove took (even in herself) on him her pow'r. And made her with a mortal paramour Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest; Kindling a kind affection in her breast To God-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept, On Ida's top-on-top-to-heaven's-pole-heapt, Amongst the many fountains there, his herd. For, after his brave person had appear'd To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire, And to amaze she burn'd in his desire. Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane 100 And altars, that the people Paphian Advanced to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she The shining gates shut; and the Graces three Wash'd, and with oils of everlasting scent Bathed, as became, her deathless lineament. 105 Then her ambrosian mantle she assum'd, With rich and odoriferous airs perfum'd. Which being put on, and all her trims beside Fair, and with all allurements amplified, 110 The all-of-gold-made laughter-loving Dame Left odorous Cyprus, and for Troy became

^{93 &#}x27;Aκροπόλοs. Altissimum habens verticem, cujus summitas ipsum polum attingit.—CHAPMAN.

140

A swift contendress, her pass cutting all Along the clouds, and made her instant fall On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts Gives to the preyful brood of savage beasts. 115 And through the hill she went the ready way T' Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play About her blessed feet wolves grisly-gray, Terrible lions, many a mankind bear, And lybberds swift, insatiate of red deer. 120 Whose sight so pleas'd, that, ever as she past Through every beast, a kindly love she cast, That, in their dens obscured with shadows deep, Made all, distinguish'd in kind couples, sleep. And now she reach'd the rich pavilion 125 Of the heroë, in whom heavens had shown A fair and goodly composition, And whom she in his oxstall found, alone, His oxen feeding in fat pastures by, He walking up and down, sounds clear and high 130 From his harp striking. Then before him she Stood like a virgin, that invincibly Had borne her beauties; yet alluringly Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye Should chance t' affect him with a stupid fear. 135

Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds. For, for a veil, she shin'd in an attire

That cast a radiance past the ray of fire. Beneath which wore she, girt to her, a gown

Anchises seeing her, all his senses were With wonder stricken, and high-taken heeds

119 Mankind—masculine, ferocious.
120 Lubberds—leopards.

Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine. Such as taught Thetis' silver feet to shine. Her soft white neck rich carquenets embraced, 145 Bright, and with gold in all variety graced. That to her breasts let down lay there and shone. As, at her joyful full, the rising Moon. Her sight show'd miracles. Anchises' heart Love took into his hand, and made him part 150 With these high salutations: "Joy, O Queen! Whoever of the Blest thy beauties been That light these entries; or the Deity That darts affecteth; or that gave the Eve Of heaven his heat and lustre; or that moves 155 The hearts of all with all-commanding loves; Or generous Themis; or the blue-eved Maid: Or of the Graces any that are laid With all the Gods in comparable scales, And whom fame up to immortality calls: 160 Or any of the Nymphs, that unshorn groves, Or that this fair hill-habitation, loves. Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods, Or fountains pouring forth eternal floods! Say, which of all thou art, that in some place 165 Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace, I may an altar build, and to thy pow'rs Make sacred all the year's devoted hours, With consecrations sweet and opulent. 170 Assur'd whereof, be thy benign mind bent

145 Carquenets—sometimes spelt carcanets and carknets.
153 The Deity, &c.—Diana; that gave the eye, &c.—Latona,
mother of Apollo; that moves the hearts—Venus; the blueeyed Maid—Minerva.

To these wish'd blessings of me: Give me parts Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts; And, after, give me the refulgency Of most renown'd and rich posterity; Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as long; The people's blessings, and a health so strong 176 That no disease it let my life engage, Till th' utmost limit of a human age." To this Jove's Seed this answer gave again: "Anchises! Happiest of the human strain! 180 I am no Goddess! Why, a thrall to death Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe? A woman brought me forth; my father's name Was Otreiis, if ever his high fame Thine ears have witness'd, for he govern'd all 185 The Phrygian state, whose every town a wall Impregnable embrac'd. Your tongue, you hear, I speak so well, that in my natural sphere (As I pretend) it must have taken prime. 190 A woman, likewise, of the Trojan clime Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care From my dear mother's bosom; and thus are My words of equal accent with your own. How here I come, to make the reason known, Argicides, that bears the golden rod, 195 Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode Made with the maiden train of Her that joys In golden shafts, and loves so well the noise Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living Pow'r) Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dow'r 200 Chaste sports employ'd, all circled with a crown 197 Diana.

Of infinite multitude, to see so shown Our maiden pastimes. Yet, from all the fair Of this so forceful concourse, up in air The golden-rod-sustaining Argus'-Guide 205 Rapt me in sight of all, and made me ride Along the clouds with him, enforcing me Through many a labour of mortality, Through many an unbuilt region, and a rude. Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and crude. And would not let my fears take one foot's tread On Her by whom are all lives comforted. But said my maiden state must grace the bed Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee Issue as fair as of divine degree. 215 Which said, and showing me thy moving grace, Away flew he up to th' Immortal Race. And thus came I to thee; Necessity, With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply To her high pow'r my will. But you must I 220 Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due To your dear parents, who, in bearing you, Can bear no mean sail, lead me home to them An untouch'd maid, being brought up in th' extreme Of much too cold simplicity to know The fiery cunnings that in Venus glow. Show me to them then, and thy brothers born, I shall appear none that parts disadorn, But such as well may serve a brother's wife, And show them now, even to my future life, If such or no my present will extend. To horse-breed-vary'ng Phrygia likewise send, 212 The Earth.

T' inform my sire and mother of my state, That live for me extreme disconsolate; 235 Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds, will give. All whose rich gifts in my amends receive. All this perform'd, add celebration then Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men Are held in reverence." All this while she said, Into his bosom jointly she convey'd 240 The fires of love; when, all-enamour'd, he In these terms answer'd: "If mortality Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were Mother to those attractions that appear 245 In thy admir'd form, thy great father given High name of Otreus; and the Spy of heaven (Immortal Mercury) th' enforceful cause That made thee lose the prize of that applause That modesty immaculate virgins gives, My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our lives. Nor shall the pow'rs of men nor Gods withhold My fiery resolution to enfold Thy bosom in mine arms; which here I vow To firm performance, past delay, and now. Nor, should Apollo with his silver bow 255 Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear To do a deed so full of cause so dear. For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie, Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die." This said, he took her hand, and she took way With him, her bright eyes casting round; whose stay She stuck upon a bed, that was before Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore. On which bears' hides and big-voic'd lions' lay,

Whose preyful lives the king had made his prey, 265 Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed when they Had both ascended, first he took from her The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear; Unbutton'd her next rosy robe; and loos'd 270 The girdle that her slender waist enclos'd: Unlac'd her buskins; all her jewelry Took from her neek and breasts, and all laid by Upon a golden-studded chair of state. Th' amaze of all which being remov'd, even Fate And council of the equal Gods gave way To this, that with a deathless Goddess lay A deathful man; since, what his love assum'd, Not with his conscious knowledge was presum'd. Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all, Turn'd from their flow'ry pasture to their stall, 280 With all their oxen, fat and frolic sheep, Venus into Anchises cast a sleep, Sweet and profound; while with her own hands now With her rich weeds she did herself endow; But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know 285 His happy glories; then (to her desire Her heavenly person put in trims entire) She by the bed stood of the well-built stall, Advanc'd her head to state celestial. And in her cheeks arose the radiant hue 290 Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view. And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said: "Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed. What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep 295 Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep? Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee

Like her that first thine eyes conceited me."

This started him from sleep, though deep and dear, And passing promptly he enjoy'd his ear. 300 But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes, Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise Of any other, down his own eyes fell, Which pallid fear did from her view repell, And made him, with a main respect beside, 305 Turn his whole person from her state, and hide (With his rich weed appos'd) his royal face, These wing'd words using: "When, at first, thy grace Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew Thy state was deified; but thou told'st not true; 310 And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love Born to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove) That thou wilt never let me live to be An abject, after so divine degree Taken in fortune, but take ruth on me. 315 For any man that with a Goddess lies, Of interest in immortalities. Is never long-liv'd." She replied: "Forbear, O happiest of mortal men, this fear, And rest assured, that (not for me, at least) Thy least ills fear fits; no, nor for the rest 320 Of all the Blessed, for thou art their friend; And so far from sustaining instant end, That to thy long-enlarg'd life there shall spring Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king, 325 To whom shall many a son, and son's son, rise In everlasting great posterities; His name Æneas; therein keeping life,

For ever, in my much-conceited grief,

That I, immortal, fell into the bed Of one whose blood mortality must shed. 330 But rest thou comforted, and all the race That Troy shall propagate, in this high grace: That, past all races else, the Gods stand near Your glorious nation, for the forms ve bear, And natures so ingenuous and sincere. 335 For which, the great-in-counsels (Jupiter) Your gold-lock'd Ganemedes did transfer (In rapture far from men's depressed fates) To make him consort with our Deified States, And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies, 340 He was so mere a marvel in their eves. And therefore from a bowl of gold he fills Red nectar, that the rude distension kills Of winds that in your human stomach breed. But then did languor on the liver feed 345 Of Tros, his father, that was king of Troy. And ever did his memory employ With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven, Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven. But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given Good compensation, sending by Heaven's Spy White-swift-hov'd horse, that Immortality Had made firm-spirited; and had, beside, Hermes to see his ambassy supplied 355 With this vow'd bounty (using all at large That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge) That he himself should immortality breathe, Expert of age and woe as well as death.

²⁴⁷ άληστος. Cujus memoria erit perpetua.—Charman.
²⁵⁸ Expert—in the classical sense, free from, unaccompanied by-

"This ambassy express'd, he mourn'd no more, But up with all his inmost mind he bore, 360 Joying that he, upon his swift-hov'd horse, Should be sustain'd in an eternal course. "So did the golden-throned Aurora raise, Into her lap, another that the praise 365 Of an immortal fashion had in fame, And of your nation bore the noble name, (His title Tithon) who, not pleased with her, As she his lovely person did transfer, To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove The gift of an Immortal for her love. 370 Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow, Performing to the utmost point his vow. Fool that she was, that would her love engage, And not as long ask from the bane of age 375 The sweet exception, and youth's endless flow'r! Of which as long as both the grace and pow'r His person entertain'd, she loved the man, And (at the fluents of the ocean Near Earth's extreme bounds) dwelt with him; but when 380 (According to the course of aged men) On his fair head, and honourable beard, His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear'd, She left his bed, yet gave him still for food The Gods' ambrosia, and attire as good. Till even the hate of age came on so fast 385 That not a lineament of his was grac'd With pow'r of motion, nor did still sustain, Much less, the vigour had t'advance a vein, The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,

That at his wish before would answer him; 390 All pow'rs so quite decay'd, that when he spake His voice no perceptible accent brake. Her counsel then thought best to strive no more, But lay him in his bed and lock his door. Such an Immortal would not I wish thee, 395 T' extend all days so to eternity. But if, as now, thou couldst perform thy course In grace of form, and all corporeal force, To an eternal date, thou then should'st bear My husband's worthy name, and not a tear Should I need rain, for thy deserts declin'd, From my all-clouded bitterness of mind. But now the stern storm of relentless age Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage 405 All men alike, even loathsomeness, and bane Attending with it, every human wane, Which even the Gods hate. Such a penance lies Impos'd on flesh and blood's infirmities! Which I myself must taste in great degree, And date as endless, for consorting thee. 410 All the Immortals with my opprobry Are full by this time; on their hearts so lie (Even to the sting of fear) my cunnings us'd, And wiving conversations infus'd Into the bosoms of the best of them 415 With women, that the frail and mortal stream Doth daily ravish. All this long since done. Which now no more, but with effusion Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name, I have so forfeited in this my fame, 420 And am impos'd pain of so great a kind

For so much erring from a Goddess' mind. For I have put beneath my girdle here A son, whose sire the human mortal sphere Gives circumscription. But, when first the light 425 His eyes shall comfort, Nymphs that haunt the height Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt, Shall be his nurses; who inhabit now A hill of so vast and divine a brow, As man nor God can come at their retreats; 430 Who live long lives, and eat immortal meats, And with Immortals in the exercise Of comely dances dare contend, and rise Into high question which deserves the prize. The light Sileni mix in love with these, 435 And, of all Spies the Prince, Argicides; In well-trimm'd caves their secret meetings made. And with the lives of these doth life invade Or odorous fir-trees, or high-foreheaded oaks. Together taking their begetting strokes, 440 And have their lives and deaths of equal dates. Trees bearing lovely and delightsome states, Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates. On her high hills she doth their states sustain, And they their own heights raise as high again. 445 Their growths together made, Nymphs call their groves Vow'd to th' Immortals services and loves: Which men's steels therefore touch not, but let grow. But when wise Fates times for their fadings know, The fair trees still before the fair Nymphs die, 450 The bark about them grown corrupt and dry, And all their boughts fall'n yield to Earth her right: And then the Nymphs' lives leave the lovely night.

"And these Nymphs in their caves shall nurse my son. Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun) The Nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee, And show thee what a birth thou hast by me. And, sure as now I tell thee all these things, When Earth hath cloth'd her plants in five fair springs, Myself will make return to this retreat. And bring that flow'r of thy enamour'd heat: Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eves, He shall so well present the Deities. And then into thine own care take thy son From his calm seat to windy Ilion. 465 Where, if strict question be upon the past, Asking what mother bore beneath her waist So dear a son, answer, as I afford Fit admonition, nor forget a word: They say a Nymph, call'd Calucopides, 470 That is with others an inhabitress On this thy wood-crown'd hill, acknowledges That she his life gave. But, if thou declare The secret's truth, and art so mad to dare (In glory of thy fortunes) to approve 475 That rich-crown'd Venus mix'd with thee in love. Jove, fired with my aspersion so dispread, Will with a wreakful lightning dart thee dead. "All now is told thee, comprehend it all. Be master of thyself, and do not call 480 My name in question; but with reverence vow To Deities' angers all the awe ye owe."

This said, She reach'd heaven, where airs ever flow.

And so, O Goddess, ever honour'd be, In thy so odorous Cyprian empery!

My Muse, affecting first thy fame to raise,
Shall make transcension now to other's praise.

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMN TO VENUS.

TO THE SAME.

HE reverend, rich-crown'd, and fair Queen I sing. Venus, that owes in fate the fortressing Of all maritimal Cyprus; where the force Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer'd her course Along the waves of the resounding sea, While, vet unborn, in that soft foam she lay That brought her forth; whom those fair Hours that bear The golden bridles joyfully stood near. Took up into their arms, and put on her Weeds of a never-corruptible wear. 10 On her immortal head a crown they plac'd, Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac'd That gold could give it; of a weight so great. That, to impose and take off, it had set Three handles on it, made, for endless hold, 15 Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold. Her soft neck all with carquenets was grac'd, That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embrac'd. Which even the Hours themselves wear in resort To Deities' dances, and her Father's court. 20

Grac'd at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces;
Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces,
Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing all
To wear her maiden flow'r in festival
Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home;
All, to all admiration, overcome
With Cytherea with the violet crown.

So to the Black-brow'd Sweet-spoke all renown! Prepare my song, and give me, in the end, The victory to whose palm all contend! So shall my Muse for ever honour thee, And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

F Dionysus, noble Semele's Son,
I now intend to render mention,
As on a prominent shore his person shone,

30

10

Like to a youth whose flow'r was newly blown, Bright azure tresses play'd about his head, And on his bright broad shoulders was dispread A purple mantle. Strait he was descried By certain manly pirates, that applied Their utmost speed to prise him, being aboard A well-built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd The wine-black Tyrrhene billows; death as black Brought them upon him in their future wrack. For, soon as they had purchas'd but his view, Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew,

Took him, and brought him instantly aboard, 15 Soothing their hopes to have obtain'd a hoard Of riches with him; and a Jove-kept king To such a flow'r must needs be natural spring. And therefore straight strong fetters they must fetch, To make him sure. But no such strength would stretch To his constrain'd pow'rs. Far flew all their bands From any least force done his feet or hands. But he sat casting smiles from his black eves At all their worst. At which discoveries Made by the master, he did thus dehort 25 All his associates: "Wretches! Of what sort Hold ye the person ye assay to bind? Nay, which of all the Pow'r fully-divin'd Esteem ye him, whose worth yields so much weight That not our well-built bark will bear his freight? 3(> Or Jove himself he is, or He that bears The silver bow, or Neptune. Nor appears In him the least resemblance of a man. But of a strain at least Olympian. Come! Make we quick dismission of his state, 35. And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate Our sinking vessel of his deified load, Nor dare the touch of an intangible God, Lest winds outrageous, and of wrackful scathe, And smoking tempests, blow his fiery wrath." 40 This well-spoke master the tall captain gave Hateful and horrible language; call'd him slave. And bade him mark the prosp'rous gale that blew.

²⁸ Pow'r fully-divin'd—Mr. Singer has wrongly altered this to pow'rfully-divined; but Chapman says fully-divin'd Pow'r, i. e. Godhead.

⁴¹ i. e. the tall captain replied to the master.

And how their vessel with her mainsail flew; Bade all take arms, and said, their works requir'd 45 The cares of men, and not of an inspir'd Pure zealous master; his firm hopes being fir'd With this opinion, that they should arrive In Ægypt straight, or Cyprus, or where live Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow; 51 Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too. And that he made no doubt but in the end To make his prisoner tell him every friend Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all; Since that prise, certain, must some God let fall. 55 This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew, And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew; When all his ship took arms to brave their prise. But straight strange works appear'd to all their eyes:

First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did flow, Of which the odours did a little blow Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine That they in flood were there as well as wine. A mere immortal-making sayour rose, 65 Which on the air the Deity did impose. The seamen seeing all, admiration seiz'd; Yet instantly their wonders were increas'd, For on the topsail there ran, here and there, A vine that grapes did in abundance bear, 70 And in an instant was the ship's mainmast With an obscure-green ivy's arms embrac'd, That flourish'd straight, and were with berries grac'd; Of which did garlands circle every brow Of all the pirates, and no one knew how.

64 Mere-See Odyssey, Bk. viii. 115.

100

75 Which when they saw, they made the master steer Out to the shore: whom Bacchus made forbear, With showing more wonders. On the hatches He Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly Roaring; and in the mid-deck a male bear, 80 Made with a huge mane; making all, for fear, Crowd to the stern, about the master there, Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere, But on the captain rush'd and ramp'd, with force So rude and sudden, that his main recourse 85 Was to the main-sea straight: and after him Leapt all his mates, as trusting to their swim To fly foul death; but so found what they fled, Being all to dolphins metamorphosed. The master he took ruth of, sav'd, and made The blessed'st man that ever tried his trade, 90 These few words giving him: "Be confident, Thou God-inspired pilot, in the bent Of my affection, ready to requite Thy late-to-me-intended benefit. I am the roaring God of spritely wine, 95 Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care) Made issue to the mighty Thunderer." And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,

And thus, all excellence of grace to thee, Son of sweet-count'nance-carry'ng Semele. I must not thee forget in least degree, But pray thy spirit to render so my song Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.

TO MARS.

ARS, most-strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots crack;

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15

20

Never without a shield cast on thy back; Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven; Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven: Father of victory with fair strokes given; Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall In unjust strifes a tyrant; general Only of just men justly; that dost bear Fortitude's sceptre; to heaven's fiery sphere Giver of circular motion, between That and the Pleiads that still wand'ring been, Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse About the third heaven make their fiery course; Helper of mortals; hear !- As thy fires give The fair and present boldnesses that strive In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light That darts into their lives, from all their height, The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight; . So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r To keep off from my head thy bitter hour, And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind, Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind, Controlling that so eager sting of wrath That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen (Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men. But O thou Ever-Blessed! give me still

Presence of mind to put in act my will,

Varied, as fits, to all occasion;

And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon,

Beneath those laws of peace that never are

Affected with pollutions popular

Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one;

And to bear safe the burthen undergone

Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates,

Secure from violent and harmful fates.

TO DIANA.

IANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights, Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun.

That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run
In chase of game, from Meles that abounds
In black-brow'd bulrushes, and, where her hounds
She first uncouples, joining there her horse,
Through Smyrna carried in most fiery course
To grape-rich Claros; where (in his rich home,
And constant expectation She will come)
Sits Phœbus, that the silver bow doth bear,
To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer
As far as He his shafts. As far then be
Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of archery!
Sacring my song to every Deity.

 $^{^{15}\,\}textit{Sacring}\text{--}\text{consecrating.}$ The reader will remember the sacring-bell.

TO VENUS.

O Cyprian Venus still my verses vow, .
Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow
On all mortality; that ever smiles,

And rules a face that all foes reconciles; Ever sustaining in her hand a flow'r That all desire keeps ever in her pow'r.

Hail, then, O Queen of well-built Salamine, And all the state that Cyprus doth confine, Inform my song with that celestial fire That in thy beauties kindles all desire. So shall my Muse for ever honour thee, And any other thou commend'st to me.

TO PALLAS.



ALLAS Minerva only I begin

To give my song; that makes war's terrible

din,

10

Is patroness of cities, and with Mars
Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars,
And in everted cities, fights, and cries.
But never doth herself set down or rise
Before a city, but at both times She
All injur'd people sets on foot and free.

Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me, And, with thy wisdom's force, felicity.

5

TO JUNO.



ATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing, That was of Rhea the eternal spring, And empress of a beauty never yet

Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise)
The far-fam'd wife and sister; whom in joys Of high Olympus all the Blessed love,
And honour equal with unequall'd Jove.

TO CERES.

HE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing;

A Goddess, in whose grace the natural spring

Of serious majesty itself is seen;

And of the wedded, yet in grace still green, Proserpina, her daughter, that displays A beauty casting every way her rays.

All honour to thee, Goddess! Keep this town; And take thou chief charge of my son's renown!

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.



OTHER of all, both Gods and men, commend,

O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove descend;

That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life, And tremulous divisions of the fife;

Love's dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls, 5 Sylvan retreats, and hills, whose hollow knolls Raise repercussive sounds about her ears. And so may honour ever crown thy years With all-else Goddesses, and ever be Exalted in the Muses' harmony! 10

TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

LCIDES, forcefullest of all the brood Of men enforc'd with need of earthy food, My Muse shall memorise; the son of Jove, Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love With great heaven's sable-cloud-assembling State) Alcmena bore to him; and who, in date Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent, And Earth's inenarrable continent, To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed; Did many a petulant and imperious deed 10 Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil; Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil Of white Olympus, and delights his life With still-young Hebe, his well-ankled wife.

5

15 Hail, King, and Son of Jove! Vouchsafe thou me Virtue, and, her effect, felicity!

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.



ITH Æsculapius, the physician,
That cur'd all sickness, and was Phœbus' son,
My Muse makes entry; to whose life gave
yield

Divine Coronis in the Dotian field,
(King Phlegius' daughter) who much joy on men
Conferr'd, in dear ease of their irksome pain.
For which, my salutation, worthy king,
And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing!

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.



ASTOR and Pollux, the Tyndarides,
Sweet Muse illustrate; that their essences
Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,

And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love, Which she produc'd beneath the sacred shade Of steep Taygetus, being subdu'd, and made To serve th' affections of the Thunderer.

And so all grace to you, whom all aver (For skill in horses, and their manage given)

To be the bravest horsemen under heaven!

10

⁶ Taÿ getus.—It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Chapman's quantity is wrong, as is often the case.

TO MERCURY.

ERMES I honour, the Cyllenian Spy,

King of Cyllenia, and of Arcady

With flocks abounding; and the Messenger

Of all th' Immortals, that doth still infer

Profits of infinite value to their store;

Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore,

Daughter of Atlas, and did therefore fly

Of all th' Immortals the society,

To that dark cave, where, in the dead of night,

Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight,

When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,

Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory,

From whom, and all, both men and Gods beside,

The fair-hair'd nymph her scape kept undescried.

Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care, 'Twixt men and Gods the general Messenger, Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood Of all that men or Gods account their good!

¹⁴ Scape.—See Iliad, II. 312.

TO PAN.



ING, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys, Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise, That through the fair greens, all adorn'd with trees,

15 -

Together goes with Nymphs, whose nimble knees Can every dance foot, that affect to scale The most inaccessible tops of all Uprightest rocks, and ever use to call On Pan, the bright-hair'd God of pastoral; Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe By lot all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow; 10 All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses, All sylvan copses, and the fortresses Of thorniest queaches, here and there doth rove, And sometimes, by allurement of his love, 15-Will wade the wat'ry softnesses. Sometimes (In quite oppos'd capriccios) he climbs The hardest rocks, and highest, every way Running their ridges. Often will convey Himself up to a watch-tow'r's top, where sheep 20. Have their observance. Oft through hills as steep His goats he runs upon, and never rests. Then turns he head, and flys on savage beasts, Mad of their slaughters; so most sharp an eye Setting upon them, as his beams let fly Through all their thickest tapistries. And then 25. (When Hesp'rus calls to fold the flocks of men) From the green clossets of his loftiest reeds He rushes forth, and joy with song he feeds. When, under shadow of their motions set, 30 He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet, As not the bird that in the flow'ry spring, Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring

⁹ Owe-own.

¹³ Queaches—thickets. See Odyssey, Bk. XIX. 610.

²⁵ Tapistries—i. e. hiding-places, where they tapish or hide.
²⁷ Clossets—closes. The word should be noted.

Of her sour sorrows, sweeten'd with her song, Runs her divisions varied so and strong. And then the sweet-voic'd Nymphs that crown his mountains (Flock'd round about the deep-black-water'd fountains) Fall in with their contention of song. To which the echoes all the hills along Their repercussions add. Then here and there (Plac'd in the midst) the God the guide doth bear 40 Of all their dances, winding in and out, A lynce's hide, besprinkled round about With blood, cast on his shoulders. And thus He, With well-made songs, maintains th' alacrity 45 Of his free mind, in silken meadows crown'd With hyacinths and saffrons, that abound In sweet-breath'd odours, that th' unnumber'd grass (Besides their scents) give as through all they pass. And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise 50 The blessed Gods' and long Olympus' praise: Like zealous Hermes, who of all I said Most profits up to all the Gods convey'd. Who, likewise, came into th' Arcadian state, (That's rich in fountains, and all celebrate 55 For nurse of flocks,) where He had vow'd a grove (Surnam'd Cyllenius) to his Godhead's love. Yet even himself (although a God he were) Clad in a squalid sheepskin, govern'd there A mortal's sheep. For soft love ent'ring him 60 Conform'd his state to his conceited trim, And made him long, in an extreme degree, T' enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope.

Which ere he could, she made him consummate

The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state; And brought him such a piece of progeny 65 As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye, Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise even then, And (opposite quite to other children) Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear. Yet straight his mother start, and fled, in fear, 70-The sight of so unsatisfying a thing. In whose face put forth such a bristled spring. Yet the most useful Mercury embrac'd. And took into his arms, his homely-fac'd, Beyond all measure joyful with his sight; 75. And up to heaven with him made instant flight, Wrapp'd in the warm skin of a mountain hare. Set him by Jove, and made most merry fare To all the Deities else with his son's sight; Which most of all fill'd Bacchus with delight; 804 And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all Of mirth so rare and full a festival.

And thus all honour to the shepherds' King, For sacrifice to thee my Muse shall sing!

69 Ought—owed.

⁷⁰ Start—the past tense.

TO VULCAN.

RAISE Vulcan, now Muse; whom fame gives the prize

For depth and fracture of all forge-devise;

Who, with the sky-ey'd Pallas, first did give Men rules of buildings, that before did live In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts;
But now, by art-fam'd Vulcan's interests
In all their civil industries, ways clear
Through th' all-things bringing-to-their-ends (the year)
They work out to their ages' ends, at ease
Lodg'd in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.
But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me,
Virtue safe granting, and felicity!

TO PHŒBUS.



PHŒBUS! Even the swan from forth her wings, Jumping her proyning-bank, thee sweetly sings,

By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making streams. Thee, that thy lute mak'st sound so to thy beams, Thee, first and last, the sweet-voic'd singer still Sings, for thy song's all-songs-transcending skill.

Thy pleasure, then, shall my song still supply, And so salutes thee King of Poesy.

² Proyning bank-where she preens or proins herself.

TO NEPTUNE.

EPTUNE, the mighty marine God, I sing,
Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's King
That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold.

O thou Earth-shaker! Thy command two-fold

The Gods have sorted; making thee of horses The awful tamer, and of naval forces The sure preserver. Hail, O Saturn's birth! Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth. Bear a benign mind; and thy helpful hand Lend all submitted to thy dread command.

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TO JOVE.

OVE now I sing, the greatest and the best Of all these Pow'rs that are with Deity blest, That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse,

And, being King of all, doth all conduce To all their ends. Who (shut from all Gods else With Themis, that the laws of all things tells) Their fit composures to their times doth call, Weds them together, and preserves this all.

Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given. Most Glorious, and most Great of Earth and Heaven! 10

TO VESTA.



ESTA, that as a servant oversees King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees Of guide about it, on the sacred shore

Of heavenly Pythos, and hast evermore Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair, Grace this house with thy housewifely repair!

Enter, and bring a mind that most may move, Conferring even, the great in counsels, Jove; And let my verse taste of your either's love.

TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

HE Muses, Jove, and Phœbus, now I sing;
For from the far-off-shooting Phœbus spring
All poets and musicians, and from Jove

Th' ascents of kings. The man the Muses love, Felicity blesses; elocution's choice
In syrup lay'ng of sweetest breath his voice.

Hail, Seed of Jove, my song your honours give, And so in mine shall yours and others' live.

TO BACCHUS.

VY-crown'd Bacchus iterate in thy praises,
O Muse; whose voice all loftiest echoes raises,
And he with all th' illustrious Seed of Jove

Is join'd in honour, being the fruit of love
To him, and Semele the-great-in-graces;
And from the King his father's kind embraces
By fair-hair'd Nymphs was taken to the dales
Of Nyssa, and with curious festivals
Given his fair grought, far from his father's view,
In caves from whence eternal odours flew,
And in high number of the Deities plac'd.

9 Grought-growth.

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Yet when the many-hymn-given God had past His Nurse's cares, in ivies and in bays All over thicketed, his varied ways To sylvan coverts evermore He took, With all his Nurses, whose shrill voices shook Thickets, in which could no foot's entry fall, And he himself made captain of them all.

And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be Ever saluted by my Muse and me! Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here, And every hour extend to many a year.

TO DIANA.

IANA, that the golden spindle moves,
And lofty sounds as well as Bacchus loves,
A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts

The death-affecter with delighted darts,

By sire and mother Phœbus' sister born,

Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn,

I sing; who likewise over hills of shade

And promontories that vast winds invade,

Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow,

And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow

In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake,

And bristled woods their leafy foreheads shake,

Horrors invade earth, and [the] fishy seas

Impassion'd furies; nothing can appease

The dying brays of beasts. And her delight

In so much death affects so with affright

Even all inanimate natures; for, while she Her sports applies, their general progeny She all ways turns upon to all their banes. Yet when her fiery pleasures find their wanes, Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house, Seated in Delphos, rich and populous, Of her dear brother, her retreats advance. Where th' instauration of delightsome dance Amongst the Muses and the Graces she Gives form: in which herself the regency (Her unbent bow hung up, and casting on A gracious robe) assumes, and first sets gone The dances' entry; to which all send forth Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth Of her fair-ankled mother, since to light She children brought the far most exquisite In counsels and performances of all The Goddesses that grace the heavenly hall.

Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd Seed, and Jove's! My song shall ever call to mind your loves.

TO PALLAS.



ALLAS-Minerva's deity, the renown'd,
My Muse in her variety must resound;
Mighty in councils; whose illustrous eyes

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In all resemblance represent the skies.

A reverend maid of an inflexible mind;
In spirit and person strong; of triple kind;
Fautress of cities that just laws maintain;

Of Jove, the-great-in-councils, very brain Took prime existence, his unbounded brows Could not contain her, such impetuous throes 10 Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew, And stood, in gold arm'd, in her Father's view, Shaking her sharp lance. All Olympus shook So terribly beneath her, that it took Up in amazes all the Deities there. 15 All earth resounded with vociferous fear. The sea was put up all in purple waves, And settled suddenly her rudest raves. Hyperion's radiant son his swift-hov'd steeds A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds, 20 As glorious as the Gods', the blue-ey'd Maid Took from her deathless shoulders; but then stay'd All these distempers, and heaven's counsellor, Jove, Rejoic'd that all things else his stay could move. So I salute thee still; and still in praise 25 Thy fame, and others', shall my memory raise.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

ESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate, Art sorted out an everlasting state In all th' Immortals' high-built roofs, and all

Those of earth-dwelling men, as general And ancient honours given thee for thy gift Of free-liv'd chastity, and precious thrift. Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be, In which, both first and last, they give not thee Their endless gratitudes in pour'd-out wine, As gracious sacrifice to thy divine 10 And useful virtues; being invok'd by all, Before the least taste of their festival In wine or food affect their appetites. And Thou, that of th' adorn'd-with-all-delights Art the most useful angel, born a God 15 Of Jove and Maia, of heaven's golden rod The sole sustainer, and hast pow'r to bless With all good all men, great Argicides, Inhabit all good houses, seeing no wants Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants. 20 Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid And all-lov'd virgin, Vesta; either's aid Combin'd in every hospitable house; Both being best seen in all the gracious House-works of mortals. Jointly follow then, 25 Even from their youths, the minds of dames and men. Hail then, old Daughter of the oldest God. And thou Great Bearer of Heaven's golden rod! Yet not to you alone my vows belong, Others as well claim th' homage of my song. 30

15 Angel-messenger, ἄγγελος.

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.



OTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth, My Muse shall memorize; who all the birth Gives food that all her upper regions breed,

All that in her divine diffusions feed

In under continents, all those that live In all the seas, and all the air doth give Wing'd expeditions, of thy bounties eat; Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat, O great in reverence; and referr'd to thee, For life and death is all the pedigree 10 Of mortal humans. Happy then is he Whom the innate propensions of thy mind Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find In all abundance; all his pastures yield 15 Herds in all plenties; all his roofs are fill'd With rich possessions; he, in all the sway Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way In cities shining with delicious dames, And takes his choice of all those striving flames; 20 High happiness and riches, like his train, Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign In all their princes; glory invests his sons; His daughters, with their crown'd selections Of all the city, frolic through the meads, 25 And every one her call'd-for dances treads Along the soft-flow'r of the claver-grass. All this, with all those, ever comes to pass, That thy love blesses, Goddess full of grace, And treasurous Angel t' all the human race. 30 Hail, then, Great Mother of the Deified Kind, Wife to the cope of stars! Sustain a mind Propitious to me for my praise, and give (Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

²⁶ Claver-grass.—Mr. Singer has printed clover. I retain the old orthography, though Halliwell says it is only a Northcountry provincialism for clover.

TO THE SUN.

HE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse, Jove's daughter, great Calliope, my Muse Whom ox-ey'd Euryphaëssa gave birth To the bright Seed of starry Heaven and Earth. For the far-fam'd Hyperion took to wife 5 His sister Euryphaëssa, that life Of his high race gave to these lovely three: Aurora, with the rosy-wrists; and She That owns th' enamouring tresses, the bright Moon; Together with the never-wearied Sun, 10 Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light And all th' Immortals. Even to horror, bright A blaze burns from his golden burgonet, Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set Of any eye's intention, beams so clear 15 It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer Of his far-shining face up to his crown Casts circular radiance, that comes streaming down About his temples, his bright cheeks, and all, 20-Retaining the refulgence of their fall. About his bosom flows so fine a weed As doth the thinness of the wind exceed In rich context; beneath whose deep folds fly His masculine horses round about the sky, 25 Till in this hemisphere he renders stay T' his gold-yok'd coach and coursers; and his way,

13 Burgonet—generally spelt burganet, a species of helmet.

Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes.

My salutations then, fair King, receive,

And in propitious returns relieve

My life with mind-fit means; and then from thee,

And all the race of complete Deity,

My song shall celebrate those half-god States,

That yet sad death's condition circulates,

And whose brave acts the Gods show men that they

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As brave may aim at, since they can but die.

TO THE MOON.



HE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound, Whose wide wings measure such a world of ground;

Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,
And seen in all the sacred art of song.

Whose deathless brows when she from heaven displays,
All earth she wraps up in her orient rays.

A heaven of ornament in earth is rais'd

When her beams rise. The subtle air is sais'd

Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold.

And when her silver bosom is extoll'd,

Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon
Is midnight seated; but when she puts on
Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre evening weeds,

(The month in two cut; her high-breasted steeds

⁸ Sais'd—seised, put in possession.

Man'd all with curl'd flames, put in coach and all, 15 Her huge orb fill'd,) her whole trims then exhale Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky. And out of that state mortal men imply Many predictions. And with her then, In love mix'd, lay the King of Gods and men; 20 By whom made fruitful, she Pandea bore, And added her state to th' Immortal Store. Hail, Queen, and Goddess, th' ivory-wristed Moon Divine, prompt, fair-hair'd! With thy grace begun, My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise 25 Of men whose states the Deities did raise To semi-deities; whose deeds t' endless date Muse-lov'd and sweet-sung poets celebrate.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.



OVE'S fair Sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king, Muses well-worth-all men's beholdings, sing! The dear birth that bright-ankl'd Leda bore;

Horse-taming Castor, and, the conqueror
Of tooth-tongu'd Momus, Pollux; whom beneath
Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half-god breath,
In love mix'd with the black-clouds King of Heaven;
Who, both of men and ships, being tempest driven,
When Winter's wrathful empire is in force
Upon th' implacable seas, preserve the course.
For when the gusts begin, if near the shore,
The seamen leave their ship, and, evermore
Bearing two milk-white lambs aboard, they now

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Kill them ashore, and to Jove's issue vow,
When though their ship, in height of all the roar
The winds and waves confound, can live no more
In all their hopes, then suddenly appear
Jove's saving Sons, who both their bodies bear
'Twixt yellow wings down from the sparkling pole,
Who straight the rage of those rude winds control,
And all the high-waves couch into the breast
Of th' hoary seas. All which sweet signs of rest
To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,
And end to all their irksome grievance give.
So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race

So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace!

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY.

That hospitable rites wants; and a house (You of this city with the seat of state To ox-ey'd Juno vow'd) yet situate

Near Pluto's region. At the extreme base
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race

Of blue-wav'd Hebrus lovely fluent, grac'd With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste.





CERTAIN EPIGRAMS AND OTHER POEMS OF HOMER.

TO CUMA.

END hospitable rites and house-respect,

You that the virgin with the fair eyesdeckt

Make fautress of your stately-seated town, At foot of Sardes, with the high-hair'd crown, Inhabiting rich Cuma; where ye taste Of Hermus' heavenly fluent, all embrac'd By curl'd-head whirlpits; and whose waters move From the divine seed of immortal Jove.

IN HIS RETURN TO CUMA.



WIFTLY my feet sustain me to the town,
Where men inhabit whom due honours
crown,

Whose minds with free-given faculties are mov'd, And whose grave counsels best of best approv'd.

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UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF MIDUS,

CUT IN BRASS, IN THE FIGURE OF A VIRGIN.



MAID of brass I am, infixed here
T' eternize honest Midus' sepulchre;
And while the stream her fluent seed receives

And steep trees curl their verdant brows with leaves,
While Phœbus rais'd above the earth gives sight,
And th' humorous Moon takes lustre from his light,
While floods bear waves, and seas shall wash the shore,
At this his sepulchre, whom all deplore,
I'll constantly abide; all passers by
Informing, "Here doth honest Midus lie."

6 Humorous-moist.

CUMA.

REFUSING HIS OFFER TO ETERNIZE THEIR STATE, THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES.



TO what fate hath Father Jove given o'er My friendless life, born ever to be poor!
While in my infant state he pleas'd to save me,

Milk on my reverend mother's knees he gave me, In delicate and curious nursery;
Æolian Smyrna, seated near the sea,
(Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides
Sacred Meletus' silver current glides,)

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Being native seat to me. Which, in the force Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse, Phriconia's noble nation, girt with tow'rs; Whose youth in fight put on with fiery pow'rs. From hence, the Muse-maids, Jove's illustrous Seed, Impelling me, I made impetuous speed, And went with them to Cuma, with intent T' eternize all the sacred continent And state of Cuma. They, in proud ascent From off their bench, refus'd with usage fierce The sacred voice which I aver is verse. Their follies, yet, and madness borne by me, Shall by some pow'r be thought on futurely, To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought With false impair my fall. What fate God brought Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain, But undeserv'd defame unfelt sustain. Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor) Any great lust to linger any more In Cuma's holy highways; but my mind (No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind Borne in my body) rather vows to try The influence of any other sky, And spirits of people bred in any land Of ne'er so slender and obscure command.

AN ASSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS.

LION, and all the brave-horse-breeding soil,
Dardania, I sing; that many a toil
Impos'd upon the mighty Grecian pow'rs,
Who were of Mars the manly servitours.

TO THESTOR'S SON,*

INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

HESTORIDES! of all the skills unknown
To errant mortals, there remains not one
Of more inscrutable affair to find
Than is the true state of a human mind.

TO NEPTUNE.

EAR, pow'rful Neptune, that shak'st earther in ire,

King of the great green, where dance all the quire

* Homer intimated, in this his answer to Thestorides, a will to have him learn the knowledge of himself, before he inquired so curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the great peripatetic, Themistius, his most grave epiphoneme, Anima quæ seipsum ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de alis? And, therefore, according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin with that study.—Chapman.

Of fair-hair'd Helicon; give prosperous gales,
And good pass, to these guiders of our sails,
Their voyage rend'ring happily directed,
And their return with no ill fate affected.
Grant likewise at rough Mimas' lowest roots,
Whose strength up to her tops prærupt rocks shoots,
My passage safe arrival; and that I
My bashful disposition may apply
To pious men, and wreak myself upon
The man whose verbal circumvention
In me did wrong t' hospitious Jove's whole state,
And th' hospitable table violate.

TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

ORSHIPFUL Earth, Giver of all things good!

Giver of even felicity; whose flood
The mind all-over steeps in honeydew;
That to some men dost infinite kindness shew,
To others that despise thee art a shrew,
And giv'st them gamester's galls; who, once their main
Lost with an ill chance, fare like abjects slain.

TO MARINERS.

E wave-trod watermen, as ill as she
That all the earth in infelicity
Of rapine plunges; who upon your fare
As sterv'd-like-ravenous as cormorants are;

The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree,

Not to be envied more than misery;

Take shame, and fear the indignation

Of Him that thunders from the highest throne,

Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares

Pains of abhorr'd effect of him that dares

The pieties break of his hospitious squares.

THE PINE.



NY tree else bears better fruit than thee, That Ida's tops sustain, where every tree Bears up in air such perspirable heights,

And in which caves and sinuous receipts
Creep in such great abundance. For about
Thy roots, that ever all thy fruits put out,
As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits,
Pour Mars's iron-mines their accurs'd pursuits.
So that when any earth-encroaching man,
Of all the martial brood Cebrenian,
Plead need of iron, they are certain still
About thy roots to satiate every will.

TO GLAUCUS,

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING THAT HE FEARED
ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM.



LAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one word more

Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,

For 'twill be better so: Before thy door Give still thy mastiffs meat, that will be sure To lie there, therefore, still, and not endure (With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall, But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

AGAINST THE SAMIAN MINISTRESS, OR NUN.



EAR me, O Goddess, that invoke thine car,

Thou that dost feed and form the youthful
year,

And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,
And beds, of young men, and affect to use
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain,
Whose pow'rs are passing coy, whose wills would fain.

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WRITTEN ON THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



F men, sons are the crowns of cities' towr's; Of pastures, horse are the most beauteous flow'rs;

Of seas, ships are the grace; and money still With trains and titles doth the family fill. But royal counsellors, in council set, Are ornaments past all, as clearly great As houses are that shining fires enfold, Superior far to houses nak'd and cold.

THE FURNACE CALLED IN TO SING BY POTTERS.



F ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,
As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends.
Pallas, vouchsafe thou here invok'd access,

Impose thy hand upon this Forge, and bless
All cups these artists earn so, that they may
Look black still with their depth, and every way
Give all their vessels a most sacred sale.
Make all well-burn'd; and estimation call
Up to their prices. Let them market well,
And in all highways in abundance sell.

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Till riches to their utmost wish arise, And, as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise.

But if ye now turn all to impudence, And think to pay with lies my patience, Then will I summon 'gainst your Furnace all Hell's harmfull'st spirits; Maragus I'll call, Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus, Who ills against your art innumerous Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies. Come, Pallas, then, and all command to rise. Infesting forge and house with fire, till all Tumble together, and to ashes fall, These potters selves dissolv'd in tears as small. And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit, So let this Forge murmur in fire and flit, And all this stuff to ashy ruins run. And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun. Great-many-poison-mixer, come, and pour Thy cruell'st poisons on this Potters' floor, Shivering their vessels; and themselves affect With all the mischiefs possible to direct 'Gainst all their beings, urg'd by all thy fiends. Let Chiron likewise come; and all those friends (The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled, And all the rest too that his hand strook dead, (Their ghosts excited) come, and macerate These earthen men; and yet with further fate Affect their Furnace; all their tear-burst eyes Seeing and mourning for their miseries, While I look on, and laugh their blasted art. And them to ruin. Lastly, if apart

Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his face
Into a coal let th' angry fire embrace,
That all may learn by them, in all their lust,
To dare deeds great, to see them great and just.

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EIRESIONE, OR, THE OLIVE BRANCH.

HE turrets of a man of infinite might,
Of infinite action, substance infinite,
We make access to; whose whole being rebounds

From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds. Give entry then, ye doors; more riches yet Shall enter with me; all the Graces met In joy of their fruition, perfect peace Confirming all; all crown'd with such increase, That every empty vessel in your house May stand replete with all things precious; 10 Elaborate Ceres may your larders fill With all dear delicates, and serve in still: May for your son a wife make wish'd approach Into your tow'rs, and rapt in in her coach With strong-kneed mules; may yet her state prove staid, With honour'd housewiferies; her fair hand laid 16 To artful loomworks; and her nak'd feet tread The gum of amber to a golden bead. But I'll return; return, and yet not press

Your bounties now assay'd with oft access, Once a year only, as the swallow prates Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates. Meantime I stand at yours, nor purpose stay More time t'entreat. Give, or not give, away My feet shall bear me, that did never come With any thought to make your house my home.

25.

TO CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES.

ET from the bloods even of your self-like sires

Are you descended, that could make ye heirs

To no huge hoards of coin, nor leave ye able
To feed flocks of innumerable rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.





HE work that I was born to do is done!

Glory to Him that the conclusion

Makes the beginning of my life; and never

Let me be said to live, till I live ever.

Where's the outliving of my fortunes then,
Ye errant vapours of Fame's Lernean jen,
That, like possess'd storms, blast all not in herd
With your abhorr'd heads; who, because cashier'd
By men for monsters, think men monsters all,
That are not of your pied Hood and your Hall,
When you are nothing but the scum of things,
And must be cast off; drones, that have no stings;
Nor any more soul than a stone hath wings?

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Avaunt, ye hags! Your hates and scandals are
The crowns and comforts of a good man's care;
By whose impartial perpendicular,
All is extuberance, and excretion all,
That you your ornaments and glories call.
Your wry mouths censure right! Your blister'd tongues,
That lick but itches! And whose ulcerous lungs
Come up at all things permanent and sound!
O you, like flies in dregs, in humours drown'd!
Your loves, like atoms, lost in gloomy air.

I would not retrieve with a wither'd hair.

Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses Betray but truth, and your applauds are hisses.

To see our supercilious wizards frown, Their facts fall'n like fogs, and coming down, Stinking the sun out, makes me shine the more: And like a check'd flood bear above the shore, That their profane opinions fain would set To what they see not, know not, nor can let. Yet then our learn'd men with their torrents come. Roaring from their forc'd hills, all crown'd with foam, That one not taught like them, should learn to know Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow, Casting such rich shades from great Homen's wings. That first and last command the Muses' springs. Though he's best scholar, that, through pains and voice Made his own master only, all things knows. Nor pleads my poor skill form, or learned place, But dauntless labour, constant prayer, and grace. And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading? As if broad-beaten highways had the leading To Truth's abstract, and narrow path, and pit; Found in no walk of any worldly wit. And without Truth, all's only sleight of hand, Or our law-learning in a foreign land, Embroidery spent on colicebs, braggart show Of men that all things learn, and nothing know. For ostentation humble Truth still tlies, And all confederate fashionists defies. And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born, In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn A verse with rare attractions, yet become His English Muse like an Arachnean loom.

55

Wrought spite of Pallas, and therein bewrays More tongue than truth, begs, and adopts his bays; So Ostentation, be he never so 60 Larded with labour to suborn his show, Shall sooth within him but a bastard soul, No more heaven heiring than, Earth's son, the mole. But as in dead calms emptiest smokes arise, Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies; So drowsy Peace, that in her humour steeps 65 All she affects, let such rise while she sleeps. Many, and most men, have of wealth least store, But none the gracious shame that fits the poor. So most learn'd men enough are ignorant, 70 But few the grace have to confess their want, Till lives and learnings come concomitant. Far from men's knowledges their lives'-acts flow; Vainglorious acts then vain prove all they know. As night the life-inclining stars best shows, 75 So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose. For me, let just men judge by what I show In acts expos'd how much I err or know; And let not envy make all worse than nought, With her mere headstrong and guite brainless thought, Others, for doing nothing, giving all, And bounding all worth in her bursten gall. God and my dear Redeemer rescue me From men's immane and mad impiety, And by my life and soul (sole known to Them) Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem. 85 And so my sole God, the Thrice-Sacred Trine, Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.

Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ Tu nos ornasti; et ut Tu nobis præstó sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum, repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertiùm, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum, caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. Amen.

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.

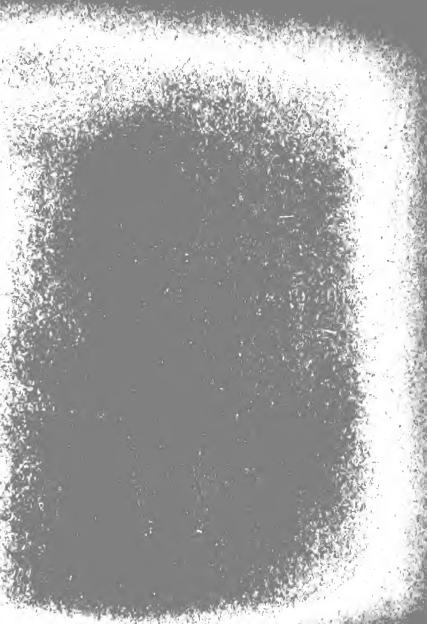
FINIS.





THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.





THE

GEORGICKS

OF

HESIOD,

By GEORGE CHAPMAN;

TRANSLATED ELABORATELY

out of the Greek:

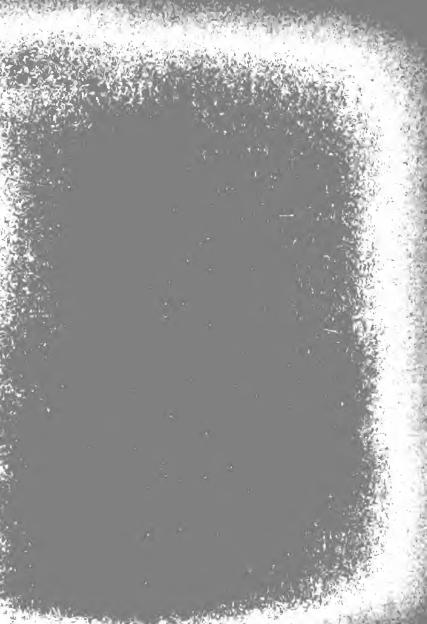
Containing Doctrine of Husbandrie, Moralitie, and Pietie; with a perpetuall Calendar of Good and Bad Daies; Not superstitious, but necessarie (as farre as naturall Causes compell) for all Men to observe, and difference in following their affaires.

Nec caret vmbra Deo.



L O N D O N,

Printed by H. L. for Miles Partrich, and are to be folder at his Shop neare Saint Dunftans Church in Fleet ftreet. 1618.





TO THE MOST NOBLE COMBINER OF LEARNING-AND HONOUR,

SIR FRANCIS BACON, KNIGHT,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, ETC.



NCIENT wisdom being so worthily eternised by the now-renewed instance of it in your Lordship; and this ancient Author, one of the most authentic for all

wisdom crowned with justice and piety; to what sea owe these poor streams their tribute, but to your Lordship's ocean? The rather, since others of the like antiquity, in my Translation of Homer, teach these their way, and add comfort to their courses, by having received right cheerful countenance and approbation from your Lordship's most grave and honoured predecessor.

All judgments of this season (savouring anything the truth) preferring, to the wisdom of all other nations, these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken Grecians. According to that of the poet:—

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui.

And why may not this Roman elogy of the Graians ex-

tend in praiseful intention (by way of prophetic poesy) to Graies-Inne wits and orators? Or if the allusion (or petition of the principle) beg with too broad a licence in the general, yet serious truth, for the particular, may most worthily apply it to your Lordship's truly Greek inspiration, and absolutely Attic elecution. Whose allacknowledged faculty hath banished flattery therein even from the Court; much more from my country and more-than-upland simplicity. Nor were those Greeks so circular in their elegant utterance, but their inward judgments and learnings were as round and solid; their solidity proved in their eternity; and their eternity propagated by love of all virtue and integrity;-that love being the only parent and argument of all truth, in any wisdom or learning, without which all is sophisticate and adulterate, howsoever painted and splinted with degrees and languages. Your Lordship's "Advancement of Learning," then, well showing your love to it, and in it, being true, to all true goodness, your learning, strengthening that love, must needs be solid and eternal. This Ιστωρ φως,* therefore, expressed in this Author, is used here as if prophesied by him then, now to take life in your Lordship, whose life is chief soul and essence to all knowledge and virtue; so few there are that live now combining honour and learning. This time resembling the terrible time whereof this poet prophesied; to which he desired he might not live, since not a Grace would then smile on any pious or worthy; all greatness much more gracing impostors

^{*} Vir verè (seu clarè) sciens; aut illustris Judex, vel procul videns Arbiter, quia eos acutos visu, seu gnaros esse oporteat rei de quà agitur. Chapman.

than men truly desertful. The worse depraying the better; and that so frontlessly, that shame and justice should fly the earth for them. To shame which ignorant barbarism now emboldened, let your Lordship's learned humanity prove nothing the less gracious to Virtue for the community of Vice's graces; but shine much the more clear on her for those clouds that eclipse her; no lustre being so sun-like as that which passeth above all clouds unseen, over fields, turrets, and temples, and breaks out, in free beams, on some humblest cottage. In whose like Jove himself hath been feasted; and wherein your Lordship may find more honour than in the fretted roofs of the mighty. To which honour, oftentimes, nothing more conduceth than noble acceptance of most humble presentments. On this nobility in your Lordship my prostrate humility relying, I rest ever submitted, in all simple and hearty vows,

Your Honour's most truly,

And freely devoted,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



OF HESIODUS.



ESIODUS, surnamed Ascræus, was one, as of the most ancient Greek poets, so one of the purest and pressest writers.

He lived in the latter time of Homer,

and was surnamed Ascræus, of Ascra, a town in Helicon; in which was built a temple sacred to the Muses; whose priest Hesiodus was consecrate; whom Virgil, among so many writers of Georgics, only imitated, professing it in this:

Ascraumque cano Romana per oppida carmen, Epya kal Hµépal. Nor is there any doubt (saith Mel.) quin idem Virgilius initio Georgicorum hanc inscriptionem expresserit hoc versu: 'Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram,' &c. His authority was such amongst the ancients, that his verses were commonly learned as axioms or oracles, all teaching good life and humanity; which though never so profitable for men's now readings, yet had they rather (saith Isocrates) consume their times still in their own follies, than be any time conversant in these precepts of wisdom; of which (with Homer) he was first father, whose interpreters were all the

succeeding philosophers-not Aristotle himself cepted :- who before Thales, Solon, Pittacus, Socrates, Plato, &c. writ of life, of manners, of God, of nature, of the stars, and general state of the universe. Nor are his writings the less worthy, that Poesy informed them, but of so much the more dignity and eternity. Not Thales, nor Anaxagoras, (as Aristotle ingenuously confesseth,) having profited the world so much, with all their writings, as Homer's one Ulysses or Nestor. And sooner shall all the atoms of Epicurus sustain division; the fire of Heraclitus be utterly quenched; the water that Thales extols so much be exhausted; the spirit of Anaximenes vanish; the discord of Empedocles be reconciled, and all dissolved to nothing; before by their most celebrated faculties they do the world so much profit, for all human instruction, as this one work of Hesiodus! Here being no dwelling on any one subject but of all human affairs instructively concluded.





TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN, AND HIS TRANS-LATED HESIOD.

HAPMAN, we find, by thy past-prized fraught,

What wealth thou dost upon this land

10

15

confer,

Th' old Grecian prophets hither that has brought, Of their full words the true interpreter; And by thy travell strongly hast exprest The large dimensions of the English tongue, Delivering them so well, the first and best That to the world in numbers ever sung. Thou hast unlock'd the treasury wherein All art and knowledge have so long been hidden; Which, till the graceful Muses did begin Here to inhabit, was to us forbidden.

In blest Elysium, (in a place most fit)
Under that tree due to the Delphian God,
Musleus and that ILIAD SINGER sit,
And near to them that noble Hesion,
Smoothing their rugged foreheads; and do smile,
After so many hundred years, to see
Their Poems read in this far western isle,

Translated from their ancient Greek by thee;
Each his good Genius whispering in his ear,
That with so lucky and auspicious fate
Did still attend them whilst they living were,
And gave their verses such a lasting date.

Where, slightly passing by the Thespian spring, Many long after did but only sup; Nature, then fruitful, forth these men did bring, To fetch deep roses from Jove's plenteous cup.

In thy free labours, friend, then rest content, Fear not Detraction, neither fawn on Praise; When idle Censure all her force hath spent, Knowledge can crown herself with her own bays. Their lines that have so many lives outworn, Clearly expounded, shall base Envy scorn.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

25

30





TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.



HOSE work could this be, CHAPMAN, to refine

Old Hesiod's ore, and give it us, but thine, Who had'st before wrought in rich Homer's mine?

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore, To make thy honour and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day Were ask'd of thy discoveries, they must say, To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As, now of all men, it is called thy trade;
And who make thither else rob, or invade!

BEN JONSON.

10



THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE FIRST BOOK.



USES! that, out of your Pierian state,
All worth in sacred numbers celebrate,
Use^b here your faculties so much renown'd,
To sing your Sire;^c and him in hymns^d
resound

By whom all humans, that to death are bound,
Are bound together; both the great in fame,^e
And men whose poor fates fit them with no name,^f
Noble,^g and base;^h great Jove's will orders all;
For he with ease extols, with ease lets fall;

- ^a To approve my difference from the vulgar and verbal exposition, and other amplifications fit and necessary for the true rendering and illustration of my author, I am enforced to annex some words of the original to my other annotations.
 - ³ b $\Delta \epsilon \hat{v} \tau \epsilon$, huc agite.
 - 4 c Jove.
 - 4 d Υμνείουσαι, hymnis decantantes.
 - 6 e Φατòs, de quo magna fama est.
 - 7 f''Aφατος, non dicendus, incelebris.
 - 8 g Pητòs, honoratus, nobilis.
- 8 h"Appyros, ignobilis, ad nullam functionem seu dignitatem assumptus.

Eas'ly diminisheth the most in grace,
And lifts the most obscure to loftiest place;
Eas'ly sets straightⁱ the quite shrunk up together,^k
And makes the most elated¹ beauty wither;
And this is Jove, that breaks his voice so high
In horrid sounds, and dwells above the sky.

15

Hear, then, O Jove, that dost both see and hear, And, for thy justice' sake, be orderer

To these just precepts, that in prophecy I use, to teach my brother piety.

Not one Contention on the earth there reigns
To raise men's fortunes and peculiar gains,
But two. The one the knowing man approves;
The other hate should force from human loves,
Since it derives our reasonable kind,
In two parts parting man's united mind;
And is so harmful, for pernicious War
It feeds, and bites at every Civil Jar;
Which no man loves, but strong Necessity
Doth this Contention, as his plague, imply
By Heaven's hid counsels. Th' other Strife black Night
Begat before; which Jove, that in the light

12 k Σκολιός, tortuosus, incurrus.

18 n Mυθέομαι, vaticinor.

25 p"Avδιχa, duas partes.

¹² i'Iθès, rectus, erectus, non tortuosus. Metaph.

^{13 1&#}x27; Аүүнөра карфы, superbum, seu florentem, facit ut deflorescat.

¹⁸ m Δίκη δ' ίθυνε θέμιστας, judicia vel vera præcepta de moribus, seu pietate.

²³ ο Επιμωμητός, reprehensione, et derisione, dignus.

²³ 9 0 0 τ τ ε. He says no man loves this war per se, but per accidens; because men cannot discern from things truly worthy of their loves those that falsely pretend worth and retain none; which he ascribes to some secret counsel of Jove, that, for plague to their impieties, strikes blind their understandings.

55

Of all the stars dwells, and, though thron'd aloft, Of each man weighs yet both the work and thought, Put in the roots of earth; from whose womb grow Men's needful means to pay the debt they owe 35 To life and living. And this Strife is far More fit for men, and much the sprightlier; For he in whose hands' lives no love of art, Nor virtuous industry, yet plucks up heart, 40 And falls to work for living. Any one, Never so stupid and so base a drone, Seeing a rich man haste to sow, and plant, And guide his house well, feels with shame his want, And labours like him. And this Strife is good. When Strife for riches warms and fires the blood, 45 The neighbour doth the neighbour emulate,s The potter doth the potter's profit hate, The smith the smith with spleen inveterate, t Beggar maligns the beggar for good done, And the musician the musician. 50

This Strife, O Perses, see remember'd still;
But fly Contention that insults on th' ill^u
Of other men, and from thy work doth draw
To be a well-seen man in works of law.
Nor to those courts afford affected ear;
For he that hath not, for the entire year,

 $^{^{38}}$ r'Απάλαμνος, cujus manibus nulla ars, nulla sedulitas, inest. 46 s $\rm Z\eta \lambda o\hat{c}$. He shows artizans' emulations for riches, and approves that kind of contention. Notwithstanding Plato in Lysias, Aristotle in the 5. of his Pol. and 2. of his Rhetor. and Galen, refer this strife to the first harmful discord, yet Plutarch takes our author's part, and ascribes it to the virtuous contention.

⁴⁸ t Κοτέω, æstuo irâ quam diu pressi in pectore.
⁵² u Eρις κακόχαρτος, alienis insultans calamitatibus contentio;
which he calls their going to law.

Enough laid up beforehand, little need Hath to take care those factious courts to feed With what earth bears, and Ceres doth bestow. With which when thou are satiate, nor dost know 60 What to do with it, then to these wars go For others' goods; but see no more spent so Of thine hereafter. Let ourselves decide, With dooms direct, all differences implied In our affairs; and, what is ratified 65 By Jove's will to be ours, account our own; For that thrives ever best. Our discord, grown For what did from our father's bounty fall. We ended lately, and shared freely all: When thou much more than thine hadst ravish'd home. With which thou mad'st proud, and didst overcome, With partial affection to thy cause, Those gift-devouring kings that sway our laws, Who would have still retain'd us in their powers. And given by their dooms what was freely ours. 75 O fools, that all things into judgment call,

O fools, that all things into judgment call, . Yet know not how much half is more than all! Nor how the mean life is the firmest still, Nor of the mallow and the daffodill

71 x Μέγα κυδαίνων, valde gloriosos reddens. Βασιλήας δωροφάγους, reges donivoros.

Ty Πλέον ήμισν παντὸς, dimidium plus toto. He commends the mean, and reproves those kings or judges that are too indulgent to their covetous and glorious appetites, from the frugal and competent life declining ad πλεονεξίαν, i. e. ad plus habendi aviditatem inexhaustam. Showing how ignorant they are; that the virtue of justice and mediocrity is to be preferred to injustice and insatiate avarice. By ήμισν he understands medium inter lucrum et damnum, which mean is more profitable and notable than παντὸς, i. e. toto quo et sua pars retinctur, et alterius ad se pertrahitur.

How great a good the little meals contain.

But God hath hid from men the healthful mean;

For otherwise a man might heap, and play,

Enough to serve the whole year in a day,

And straight his draught-tree hang up in the smoke,

Nor more his labouring mules nor oxen yoke.

Straight Language has a blicket beauty'd.

But Jove man's knowledge of his best bereav'd, Conceiving anger, since he was deceiv'd By that same wisdom-wresting Japhet's son; For which all ill all earth did overrun. For Jove close keeping in a hollow cave 90 His holy fire, to serve the use of man, Prometheus stole it, by his human sleight, From him that hath of all heaven's wit the height; For which He angry, thus to him began 95 The Cloud-assembler: "Thou most crafty man, That joy'st to steal my fire, deceiving me, Shalt feel that joy the greater grief to thee, And therein plague thy universal race; To whom I'll give a pleasing ill, in place Of that good fire, and all shall be so vain 100 To place their pleasure in embracing pain."

Thus spake and laugh'd of Gods and Men the Sire, And straight enjoin'd the famous God of Fire

^{88 z'}Αγκυλομήτης, he calls Prometheus, i. e. qui obliqua agitat consilia; who wrests that wisdom, which God hath given him to use to his glory, to his own ends; which is cause to all the miseries men suffer, and of all their impious actions that deserve them. Jove's Fire signifies Truth, which Prometheus stealing, figures learned men's over-subtle abuse of divine knowledge, wresting it in false expositions to their own objects, thereby to inspire and puff up their own profane earth, intending their corporeal parts, and the irreligious delights of them. But, for the mythology of this, read my Lord Chancellor's book, De Sapientiâ Veterum, cap. 26, being infinitely better.

To mingle, instantly, with water earth; The voice and vigour of a human birtha 105-Imposing in it, and so fair a face As match'd th' Immortal Goddesses in grace, Her form presenting a most lovely maid. Then on Minerva his command he laid To make her work, and wield the witty loom. 110-And, for her beauty, such as might become The golden Venus, he commanded her Upon her brows and countenance to confer Her own bewitchings; stuffing all her breast With wild b desires incapable of rest, 115-And cares that feed to all satiety All human lineaments. The crafty Spy And Messenger of Godheads, Mercury, He charg'd t' inform her with a dogged mind, 120 -And thievish manners. All as he design'd Was put in act. A creature straight had frame Like to a virgin, mild and full of shame; Which Jove's suggestion made the Both-foot-lame Form so deceitfully, and all of earth 125 To forge the living matter of her birth. Grey-eyed Minerva put her girdle on, And show'd how loose parts, well composed, shone. The deified Graces, and the Damed that sets Sweet words in chief form, golden carquenets 130-Embrac'd her neck withal. The fair-hair'd Hours

105 a Jove's creation of a woman.

119 c Κύνεδν τε νδον, caninam mentem, vel impudentem, καl

ἐπίκλοπον ήθος, furaces mores.

¹¹⁵ b Kal πόθον. An unwearied and wanton desire to-exceed others, or an insatiate longing to be loved of all. Γυιοκόρος, membra ad satistatem usque depascens. Μελεδώνας, cares, or meditations of voluptuous satisfactions.

¹²⁴ d Πειθώ, or Suada, Goddess of persuasion, or eloquence.

Her gracious temples crown'd with fresh spring-flowers. But of all these, employ'd in several place,
Pallas gave order the impulsive grace.
Her bosom Hermes, the great God of spies,
With subtle fashions fill'd, fair words, and lies;
Jove prompting still. But all the voice she us'd
The vocal herald of the Gods infus'd,
And call'd her name Pandora, since on her
The Gods did all their several gifts confer;
Who made her such, in every moving strain,
To be the bane of curious-minded men.

Her harmful and inavitable frame.

Her harmful and inevitable frame
At all parts perfect, Jove dismiss'd the Dame
To Epimetheus, in his herald's guide,
With all the God's plagues in a box beside.

Nor Epimetheus kept one word in store
Of what Prometheus had advised before,
Which was: That Jove should fasten on his hand
No gift at all, but he his while withstand,
And back return it, lest with instant ill
To mortal men he all the world did fill.
But he first took the gift, and after griev'd.

¹³³ e'Εφήρμοσε, impetu inspirabat, gave special force to all her attractions; which he says Pallas did, to show that to all beauty wisdom and discreet behaviour give the chief excitement.

136 f Φωνὴν. Her voice the vocal or high-spoken herald of the gods imposed; all fair women affecting to be furthest

heard, as well as most seen.

132 g Εμόησε. When he had received and tried the ill, he knew it was ill, and grieved; but then was so infected with affection to it, that he could not reform nor refine it. For man's corporeal part, which is figured in Epimetheus, signifying the inconsiderate and headlong force of affection, not obeying his reasonable part or soul, nor using foresight fit for the prevention of ill, which is figured in Prometheus, he is deceived with a false shadow of pleasure; for the substantial

For first the families of mortals liv'd Without and free from ill; harsh labour then, Nor sickness, hasting timeless age on men, 155 Their hard and wretched tasks impos'd on them For many years; but now a violent stream Of all afflictions in an instant came, And quench'd life's light that shin'd before in flame. For when the woman h the unwieldy lid 160 Had once discover'd, all the miseries hid In that curs'd cabinet dispers'd and flew About the world; joys pined, and sorrows grew. Hope only rested in the box's brim. And took not wing from thence. Jove prompted him That ow'd the cabinet to clap it close Before she parted; but unnumber'd woes Besides encount'red men in all their ways; Full were all shores of them, and full all seas.

and true delight, fit to be embraced, which, found by Event (the schoolmaster of fools), he repents too late. And, there-

fore, Horace truly, noret empta dolore voluntas.

180 h'Aλλά γυνή, of this came the proverb, γυναικών όγεθρος, the plague of women; and by the woman is understood Appetite, or Effeminate Affection, and customary or fashionable indulgence to the blood, not only in womanish affections, but in the general fashions of men's judgments and actions, both δημαγωγική, id est, populariter, or gratia et authoritate qua quis valet apud populum; and ψυχαγωγική, id est, vi ducendi et fiectendi animum, intending illusively, by this same docta ignorantia, of which many learned leaders of the mind are guilty; and oupφετώδης, id est, the common source or sink of the vulgar, prevailing past the nobility and piety of humanity and religion. by which all sincere discipline is dissolved or corrupted, and so that discipline taken away (tanquam opercula Pandora), both the human body's and mind's dissolution, instantly (as out of the cave of Æolus) let the winds or forces of corruption violently break, qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perfiant. All which notwithstanding, no course or custom is so desperate in infection, but some hope is left to escape their punishment in every man, according to Ovid, vivere spe vidi, qui moriturus erat

180

Diseases, day and night, with natural wings
And silent entries stole on men their stings;
The great in counsels, Jove, their voices reft,
That not the truest might avoid their theft,
Nor any 'scape the ill, in any kind,
Resolv'd at first in his almighty mind.

And, wert thou willing, I would add to this A second cause of men's calamities,
Sing all before, and since, nor will be long,
But short, and knowing; and t' observe my song,
Be thy conceit and mind's retention strong.

When first both Gods and Men had one time's birth, The Gods of diverse-languag'd men on Earth A Golden world produc'd, that did sustain Old Saturn's rule when he in heaven did reign: And then liv'd men, like Gods, k in pleasure here, 185 Indued with minds secure; from toils, griefs, clear; Nor noisome age made any crooked; there Their feet went ever naked as their hands; Their cates were blessed, serving their commands, With ceaseless plenties; all days sacred made 190 To feasts, that surfeits never could invade. Thus liv'd they long, and died as seis'd with sleep; All good things serv'd them; fruits did ever keep Their free fields crown'd, that all abundance bore;

183 i Χρύσεον. Not only this description of Ages (as the critics observe) is imitated by all the Latin poets, but all the rest of this author; and chiefly by Virgil himself. His sentence and invention made so common, that their community will darken the rarity of them in their original. And this was called the Golden Age (according to Plato) for the virtuous excellency of men's natural dispositions and manners.

185 k"Ωστε θεοl, sed ut dii vivebant homines. The poet, says Melanethon, could not but have some light of our parents'

lives in Paradise.

All which all equal shared, and none wish'd more. And, when the Earth had hid them, Jove's will was, The good should into heavenly natures pass; Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were Of all best mortals still surviving there, Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air, And, gliding undiscover'd everywhere, Gave riches where they pleased; and so were reft Nothing of all the royal rule they left.

200

The Second Age, that next succeeded this,
Was far the worse; which heaven-hous'd Deities
Of Silver-fashion'd; not like that of Gold
In disposition, nor so wisely soul'd.
For children then liv'd in their mothers' cares
(All that time growing still) a hundred years;
And were such great fools at that age, that they
Could not themselves dispose a family.
And when they youths grew, having reached the date
That rear'd their forces up to man's estate,
They liv'd small space, and spent it all in pain,

198 Ι Φύλακες ἀνθρώπων, custodes hominum; from hence the opinion springeth that every man hath his good angel; which sort of spirits, however discredited now to attend and direct men, Plutarch, in his Commentaries De Oraculorum Defectu, defends to retain assured being, in this sort; as if a man should take away the interjected air betwixt the earth and the moon, that man must likewise dissolve all the coherence and actual unity of the universe, leaving racuum in medio, and necessary bond of it all; so they that admit no Genii leave betwixt God and men no reasonable mean for commerce, the interpretative and administering faculty, as Plato calls it, betwixt them utterly destroying, and withdrawing consequently all their reciprocal and necessary uses; as the witches of Thessalv are said to pluck the moon out of her sphere. But these men being good, turned only good Genii; the next Age, men, being bad, turned in their next being bad Genii, of which after was held a man's good and bad Genius.

Caused by their follies; not of power t' abstain 215 From doing one another injury. Nor would they worship any Deity, Nor on the holy altars of the Blest Any appropriate sacrifice addrest, As fits the fashion of all human birth. 220 For which Jove, angry, hid them straight in earth, Since to the blessed Deities of heaven They gave not those respects they should have given. But when the Earth had hid these like the rest. They then were call'd the subterrestial blest,^m 225 And in bliss second, having honours then Fit for the infernal spirits of powerful men, Then form'd our Father Jove a Third Descent, Whose Age was Brazen; clearly different From that of Silver. All the mortals there 230 Of wild ash fashion'd, stubborn and austere; Whose minds the harmful facts of Mars affected, And petulant injury. All meats rejected Of natural fruits and herbs. And these were they 235 That first began that table cruelty Of slaught'ring beasts; and therefore grew they fierce, And not to be endur'd in their commerce. Their ruthless minds in adamant were cut,

^{225 m Υ}Τποχθόνιοι μάκαρες, subterranei beati mortales vocantur. Out of their long lives and little knowledges, in neglect of religion, subject to painful and bitter death; where the former good men sweetly slept him out. But for the powers of their bodies, being fashioned of the world's yet fresh and vigorous matter, their spirits that informed their bodies are supposed secondly powerful; and that is intended in their recourse to earthly men, such as themselves were, furthering their affections and ambitions to ill, for which they had honour of those men, and of them were accounted blest, as the former good Genii were so, indeed, for exciting men to goodness.

Their strengths were dismal, and their shoulders put
Inaccessible hands out over all;

Their brawny limbs arm'd with a brazen wall.

Their houses all were brazen, all of brass
Their working instruments, for black iron was
As yet unknown. And these (their own lives ending,
The vast and cold-sad house of hell descending)

No grace had in their ends; but though they were
Never so powerful, and enforcing fear,
Black death reduc'd their greatness in their spight
T' a little room, and stopp'd their cheerful light.

When these left life, a Fourth Kind Jove gave birth
Upon the many-a-creature-nourishing earth;
More just, and better than this race before—
Divine heröes, that the surnames bore
Of semigods; pyet these impetuous fight
And bloody war bereft of life and light.

255
Some, in Cadmæan earth, contentious

246 n Νώνυμνοι. These he intends were such rude and powerful men, as not only refused, like the second sort, to do honour to the Deities, but directly rebelled against them, and affected here in earth celestial empery; for which the Celestials let them see that they need none but themselves to take down their affectations; and for their so huge conceit of themselves had never any least honour of others, which many great men of this Iron Age need not be ignorant, therefore, is the event of such great ones; and, howsoever they laugh in their sleeves at any other being than this, they may take notice by their wisers, that, even according to reason, both, there are other beings, and differences of those beings, both in honours and miseries.

240 ο Είλέω, in arctum cogo, seu in angustum redigo.

234 ν Ημίθεοι, semidei. Intending Hercules, Jason, and others of those Argonauts whose ship was νηθε 'Αργὼ πασιμέλουσα, navis omnibus cura', because it held the care of all men in those that were in her; intending of all the virtuous men that were then of name who were called semigods for their godlike virtues.

265

To prise the infinite wealth of Œdipus,
Before seven-ported ^pThebes; some shipp'd upon
The ruthless waves, and led to Ilion,
For fair-hair'd Helen's love; where, likewise, they
In bounds of death confin'd the beams of day.

To these yet Jove gave second life, and seat
At ends of all the earth; in a retreat
From human feet, where souls secure they bear,
Amids the Blessed Islands, a situate near
The gulfy-whirl-pit-eating ocean flood,
Happy heröes living; for whose food
The plenty-bearing Tellus, thrice a year,
Delicious fruits and fragrant herbs doth bear.

O that I might not live now, to partake

The Age that must the Fifth succession make,
But either die before, or else were born

When all that Age is into ashes worn!

For that which next springs, in supply of this,
Will all of Iron produce his families;

Whose bloods shall be so banefully corrupt

They shalt not let them sleep, but interrupt
With toils and miseries all their rests and fares,
The Gods such grave and soul-dissecting cares

Shall steep their bosoms in. And yet some good

 $^{^{258}}$ P'Επταπύλφ. He calls this seven-ported Thebes, to distinguish it from that of Egypt, that had 100 ports, besides that Hyppoplace in Cilicia.

²⁶⁵ q Εν μακάρων νήσοισι, in beutorum insulis; of which Fortunate Islands, vide Hom. Odyss, 8.

²⁷⁵ Γ Γένος ἐστὶ σιδήρεον, cujus genus est ferreum. This Fifth Age he only prophesied of, almost three thousand years since; which falling out in this age especially true shows how divine a truth inspired him; and whether it be lawful or not, with Plato and all the formerly learned, to give these worthiest poets the commendation of divine.

Will God mix with their bad; for when the blood Faints in their nourishment, and leaves their hair A little gray, Jove's hand will stop the air 'Twixt them and life, and take them straight away. 285 'Twixt men and women shall be such foul play In their begetting pleasures, and their race Spring from such false seed, that the son's stol'n face Shall nought be like the sire's, the sire no more Seen in his issue. No friend, as before, Shall like his friend be; nor no brother rest 290 Kind like his brother; no guest like a guest Of former times; no child use like a child His aged parents, but with manners wild Revile and shame them; their impiety 295 Shall never fear that God's all-seeing eye Is fixt upon them, but shall quite despise Repayment of their education's price, Bear their law in their hands, and when they get Their father's free-given goods, account them debt. 300 City shall city ransack; not a grace To any pious man shall show her face, Nor to a just or good man. All, much more, Shall grace a beastly and injurious bore. No right shall seize on any hand of theirs, 305 Nor any shame make blush their black affairs. The worse shall worse the better with bad words, And swear him out of all his right affords. Ill-lung'd, till-liver'd, ill-complexion'd Spight

^{298 s} Χειροδίκαι, quibus jus est in manibus; all this Ovid translates: Nec hospes ab hospite tutus, non socar à genero; fratrum quoque gratia rara est.

²⁰³ [Bore—boor.]

³⁰⁸ t Δυσκέλαδος, male sen graviter sonans; κακόχαρτος, malis

Shall consort all the miserable plight

Of men then living. Justice then, and Shame,

Clad in pure white (as if they never came

In touch of those societies) shall fly

Up to the Gods' immortal family,

From broad-way'd earth; and leave grave griefs to men,

That (desp'rate of amends) must bear all then.

But now to kings a fable I'll obtrude, Though clear they savor all it can include: The hawk " once having trust up in his seres The sweet-tun'd nightingale, and to the spheres His prey transferring, with his talons she 320 Pinch'd too extremely, and incessantly Crying for anguish, this imperious speech He gave the poor bird: "Why complain'st thou wretch? One holds thee now that is thy mightier far; Go as he guides, though ne'er so singular 325 Thou art a singer; it lies now in me To make thee sup me, or to set thee free. Fool that thou art, whoever will contend With one whose faculties his own transcend Both fails of conquest, and is likewise sure 330 Besides his wrong he shall bad words endure."

Thus spake the swift and broad-wing'd bird of prey. But hear x thou justice, and hate injury.

gaudens, vel quo mali gaudent et delectantur, vel alienis insultans calamitatibus; $\sigma \tau \nu \gamma \epsilon \rho \delta \pi \eta s$, inviso aspectu, et torvis oculis cernens; all epithets of $\xi \hat{\eta} \gamma o s$.

^{31s} u^rIρηξ, accipiter. The manners of the mighty towards the mean are figured in this fiction by the nightingale understanding learned and virtuous men. The following verse, ἄφρων, imprudens, dc. follows the most Sacred Letter, non esse reluctandum potentioribus.

 333 x^{*} Ω II $\epsilon \rho \sigma \eta$. He speaks to his brother and returns to his first proposition; of the fit contention to which he per-

Wrong touches near a miserable man: For (though most patient) yet he hardly can 335 Forbear just words, and feel injurious deeds. Unjust loads vex; he hardly bears that bleeds. And yet hath Wrong to Right a better way, For in the end will Justice win the day. Till which who bears sees then amends arise; 340 The fool y first suffers, and is after wise. But crooked z Justice jointly hooks with it Injurious Perjury; and that unfit Outrage brib'd judges use, that makes them draw The way their gifts go, ever cuts out law 345 By crooked measures. Equal Justice then, All clad in air, th' ill minds of bribed men Comes after mourning, mourns the city's ill, Which, where she is expelled, she brings in still. But those that with impartial dooms extend 350 As well to strangers as their household friend The law's pure truth, and will in no point stray From forth the straight tract of the equal way, With such the city all things noble nourish.

snaded him before; and though shame and injustice are fled in others, yet he wisheth him to love and embrace them. The elegant description immediately before being truly philosophical, and is handled at large by Plato in Protagoras.

341 γ Παθών νήπιος, passus vero stultus sapit, which was since usurped proverbially; signifying that wisdom to be folly that we learn but of our own first suffered afflictions, which yet I think far exceeds any wisdom that was never taught nor

confirmed by first feeling infortunes and calamities.

342 Σκολιήσι δίκησιν, properly signifies curvis vel tortuosis judiciis, which, he says, ravish together with them perjury. Alluding to crooked things, or things wrapt together like brambles, that catch and keep with them whatsoever touches them. Our proverb, to overtake with a crooked measure, not ridiculously applied to this grave metaphor; σκολισί δίκαι, not signifying in this place what four critics teach, vid. lites iniquas, but judicia iniqua scu tortuosa.

355 With such the people in their profits flourish; Sweet Peace along the land goes, nor to them All-seeing Jove will destinate th' extreme Of baneful war. No hunger ever comes, No ill, where judges use impartial dooms. 360 But goods well got maintain still neighbour feasts; The fields flow there with lawful interests; On hills the high oak acorns bears; in dales Th' industrious bee her honey sweet exhales, And full-fell'd sheep are shorn with festivals; 365 There women bring forth children like their sire, And all, in all kinds, find their own entire; Nor ever plow they up the barren seas, Their own fat fields yield store enough to please. But whom rude Injury delights, and acts That misery and tyranny contracts, 370 Sharp-sighted Jove for such predestines pain; And oftentimes the whole land doth sustain, For one man's wickedness, that thriving in Inequal dooms, still makes him sentence him. 375 For where such men bear privileg'd office still,

372 a Πολλάκι. Oftentimes for one ill man a whole city suffers; which sentence, in near the same words, is used in Ecclesiastes, Sæpe universa civitas mali viri pænam luit. And as before he recounts the blessings that accompany good kings or judges, so here he remembers the plagues that pursue the bad, enforcing in both, as I may say, the ebbing or flowing of every commonwealth by them. For law being soul to every such politic body, and judges, as if essence to that soul, in giving it form and being, according to their sentence and expositions of it, the body politic of force must fare well or ill, as it is governed well or ill; no otherwise than as the body of a man suffers good or ill by his soul's good or bad information and discipline. These threats used here, saith Melancthon, as in divers others places of this divine poet, he questionless gathered out of the doctrine of Moses and the Prophets, with whom the like comminations are everywhere frequent.

There Jove pours down whole deluges of ill; Famine and Pestilence together go; The people perish; women barren grow; Whole houses vanish there sometimes in peace; And sometimes armies, rais'd to shield th' increase The Gods late gave them, even those Gods destroy, Their rampires ruin, and let Rapine joy The goods Injustice gather'd; or, elsewhere, Jove sinks their ships, and leaves their ventures there. Weigh, then, byourselves this justice, O ve kings; For howsoever oft unequal things Obtain their pass, they pass not so the eyes Of all the all-discerning Deities; For close and conversant their virtues be With men; and, how they grate each other, see, 390 With wrested judgments; yielding no cares due To those sure wreaks with which the Gods pursue Unequal judges. Though on earth there are Innumerable Gods that minister 395 Beneath great Jove, that keep men, clad in air, Corrupt dooms noting, and each false affair, And, gliding through the earth, are everywhere. Justice is seed to Jove, in all fame dear, And reverend to the Gods inhabiting Heaven, 400 And still a Virgin; whom when men ill given Hurt, and abhorring from the right shall wrong, She, for redress, to Jove her sire complains

385 b Kal aὐτοl. He would have judges enter into consideration themselves of the dangers in injustice, which presently after he reduces into three arguments. The first, ol αὐτφ, sibi ipsi, which sentence to admiration agrees to that of the Scripture, Incidit in foream quam fecit; the second for fear of further punishment from God; the third he makes out of the natural indignity and absurdity of the thing.

Of the unjust mind every man sustains, And prays the people may repay the pains 495 Their kings have forfeited in their offences, Depraving justice, and the genuine senses Of laws corrupted in their sentences. Observing this, ye gift devouring kings, Correct your sentences; and to their springs 410 Remember ever to reduce those streams Whose crooked courses every man condemns. Whoever forgeth for another ill, With it himself is overtaken still. In ill men run on that they most abhor; 415 Ill counsel worst is to the councellor. For Jove's eye all things seeing, and knowing all, Even these things, if he will, of force must fall Within his sight and knowledge; nor to him Can these brib'd dooms in cities shine so dim But he discerns them, and will pay them pain; 420 Else would not I live justly amongst men, Nor to my justice frame my childeren, If to be just is ever to be ill, And that the unjust finds most justice still, And Jove gave each man in the end his will. 425 But he that loves the lightning (I conceive) To these things thus will no conclusion give.

However, Perses, put these in thy heart,

 42s e^{*} Ω H $\rho\sigma\eta$. He persuades his brother to the love of justice by argument taken from the true nature of man, that, by virtue of his divine soul, naturally loves it; because God infused into that divine beam of his being immortal a love to that that preserved immortality without that immortal destruction affected in injustice. Fishes, beasts, and fowls, endued naturally with no such love to justice, but allowed by God to do like themselves and devour one another; which that men should do as well as they, is most inhuman and full

And to the equity of things convert Thy mind's whole forces, all thought striking dead To that foul Rapine that hath now such head. For in our manhoods Jove hath justice clos'd. And as a law upon our souls impos'd. Fish, fowl, and savage beasts, (whose law is pow'r) Jove lets each other mutually devour, 435 Because they lack the equity he gives To govern men, as far best for their lives; And therefore men should follow it with strives. For he that knows the justice of a cause. And will in public ministry of laws 440 Give sentence to his knowledge, be he sure God will enrich him. But who dares abjure His conscious knowledge, and belie the law, Past cure will that wound in his conscience draw. And for his radiance now his race shall be 445 The deeper plung'd in all obscurity. The just man's state shall in his seed exceed. And, after him, breed honours as they breed. But why men's ills prevail so much with them, I, that the good know, will uncloud the beam 450 In whose light lies the reason. With much ease To Vice, and her love, men may make access, Such crews in rout herd to her, and her court So passing near lies, their way sweet and short; But before Virtue d do the Gods rain sweat,

of confusion, as well in their deformed mixture as in the ruin that inseparably follows it. But his confidence here, that whosever will do justice freely, and without respect of riches, God will enrich him, and that the worse-inclined will feel it in the hell of his conscience, the other's seed prospering beyond himself, is truly religious and right Christian.

455 d Ths δ' aperns, ante virtutem. His argument to persuade

Through which, with toil and half-dissolved feet,
You must wade to her; her path long and steep,
And at your entry 'tis so sharp and deep,
But scaling once her height, the joy is more
Than all the pain she put you to before.

The pain at first, then, both to love and know
Justice and Virtue, and those few that go
Their rugged way, is cause 'tis follow'd lest.

Of all men, therefore, he is always best
That, not depending on the mightiest,
Nor on the most, hath of himself descried
All things becoming; and goes fortified
In his own knowledge so far as t' intend

to Virtue here is taken both from her own natural fate and the divine disposition of God; for as she hath a body, being supposed the virtue of man, and through the worthily exercised and instructed organs of that body her soul receives her excitation to all her expressible knowledge (for dati sunt sensus ad excitandum intellectum), so to the love and habit of knowledge and Virtue there is first necessarily required a laborious and painful conflict, fought through the knowledge and hate of the miseries and beastliness of Vice; and this painful passage to Virtue Virgil imitated in his translation of the Pythagorean letter Y. ιδρώs, or sudor, is to be under-

stood of sweat, ex labore et fatigatione orto.

464 e Οὖτος μὲν πανάριστος. He tells here who is at all parts the best and happiest man, which Virgil even to a word almost recites, and therefore more than imitates, in this, Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, &c. wherein our divine and allteaching poet since describes three sorts of men; one that loves virtue out of knowledge acquired and elaborate, which the philosopher calls scientian acquisitam; the second, that loves her out of admonitions, which he calls infusam scientiam; the third is he that hath neither of those two knowledges, nor is capable of either, having both these ignorances in him, viz. ignorantiam pravæ dispositionis and puræ negationis. Livy, as well as Virgil, recites this place almost ad verbum in Fabio et Minutio, in these words, Sape ego audivi, milites, eum primum esse virum qui ipse consulat quid in rem sit; secundum eum qui bene monenti obediat; qui nec ipse consulere nec alteri parere scit eum extremi ingenii esse.

What now is best, and will be best at th' end. Yet he is good, too, and enough doth know, 470 That only follows, being admonish'd how. But he that neither of himself can tell What fits a man, nor being admonish'd well Will give his mind to learn, but flat refuse, That man cast out from every human use. Do thou, then, ever in thy memory place My precepts, Perses, sprung of sacred race, And work out what thou know'st not, that with hate Famine may prosecute thy full estate, And rich-wreath'd Ceres (reverenc'd of all) Love thee as much, and make her festival Amids thy granaries. Famine evermore Is natural consort of the idle boor. Whoever idly lives, both Gods and men 485 Pursue with hateful and still-punishing spleen. The slothful man is like the stingless drone, That all his power and disposition Employs to rob the labours of the bee, And with his sloth devours her industry Do thou repose thy special pleasure, then, In still being conversant with temperate pain, That to thee still the Seasons may send home Their utmost store. With labour men become Herdful and rich; with labour thou shalt prove Great both in human and the Deities' love. 495 One with another, all combin'd in one, Hate with infernal horror th' idle drone. Labour, and thrive, and th' idle 'twill inflame. No shame to Labour; Sloth is yok'd with shame. 500 Glory and Virtue into consort fall

With wealth; wealth, Godlike, wins the grace of all; Since which yet springs out of the root of pain, f Pain hath precedence, so thou dost maintain The temper fitting, and the foolish vein Of striving for the wealth of other men 505 Thou giv'st no vent, but on thine own affairs Convert'st thy mind, and thereon lay'st thy cares. And then put on with all the spirit you can; Shame is not good in any needy man. Shame much obscures, and makes as much to fame; Wealth loves audacity; Want favours shame. 511 Riches, not ravish'd, but divinely sent For virtuous labour, are most permanent. If any stand on force, and get wealth so, Or with the tongue spoil, as a number do, 515-When gain, or craft, doth overgo the soul, And impudence doth honest shame controul, God easily can the so-made-great disgrace. And his house, rais'd so, can as easily race. Riches bear date but of a little space. 520

g Who wrongs an humble suppliant, doth offend As much as he that wrongs a guest, or friend.

503 f' Έργάζεσθαι, laborare autem melius. Notwithstanding he hath no other way to persuade his unwise brother to follow his business, and leave his strife in law for other men's goods, but to propose wealth and honour for the fruits of it, yet he prefers labour alone, joined with love of virtue and justice, and the good expence of a man's time, before wealth and honour with covetousness and contention.

521 g I σον δ' δs, par est delictum. He says it is as great a sin to wrong a poor suppliant as to wrong a man's best friend or guest, which was then held one of the greatest impieties; and to deceive an orphan of his dead parent's gift he affirms to be nothing less an offence than to ascend to the bed of his brother; not that he makes all sins alike, but shows how horrible those

sins are with which we are most familiar.

Who for his brother's wife's love doth ascend His brother's bed, and hath his vicious end, Offends no more than he that doth deceive An orphan of the goods his parents leave; Or he that in the wretched bounds of age Reviles his father. All these Jove enrage, And shall receive of him revenge at last, Inflicting all pains that till then they past.

From all these, therefore, turn thy striving mind, And to thy utmost see the Gods assign'd Chastely and purely, all their holy dues. Burn fattest thighs to them; and sometimes use Off'rings of wine; sometimes serve their delights With burning incense; both when bed-time cites And when from bed the sacred morning calls; That thou may'st render the Celestials All ways propitious; and so none else gather Thy fortunes strow'd, but thou reap others rather.

Suffer thy foe thy table; call thy friend In chief one near, for if occasion send Thy household use of neighbours, they undrest Will haste to thee, where thy allies will rest Till they be ready. An ill neighbour is A curse; a good one is as great a bliss. He hath a treasure, by his fortune sign'd, That hath a neighbour of an honest mind. No loss of ox, or horse, a man shall bear, Unless a wicked neighbour dwell too near. Just measure take of neighbours, just repay, The same receiv'd, and more, if more thou may, That after needing, thou may'st after find Thy wants' supplier of as free a mind.

h Take no ill gain; ill gain brings loss as ill.

Aid quit with aid; good-will pay with good-will.

Give him that hath given; him that hath not give not;

Givers men give; gifts to no givers thrive not.

Giving is good, rapine is deadly ill.

Who freely gives, though much, rejoiceth still;

Who ravines is so wretched, that, though small

His first gift be, he grieves as if 'twere all.

Little to little added, if oft done.

Little to little added, if oft done,
In small time makes a great possession.
Who adds to what is got, needs never fear
That 'swarth-cheek'd hunger will devour his cheer;

k Nor will it hurt a man though something more
Than serves mere need he lays at home in store;
And best at home, it may go less abroad.
If cause call forth, at home provide thy rode,
Enough for all needs, for free spirits die
To want, being absent from their own supply.

Which note, I charge thee. At thy purse's height,

 $^{555~h}$ Kaκà κερδ., mala lucra æqualia in damnis. According to this of the Scripture, Male partammale disperit; et de male quæsitis non gaudet tertius hæres.

^{5,566} i Αlθοπα λιμόν, atram famem. Black or swarth he callsfamine or hunger; ab effectu quod nigrum aut lucidum colorem

inducat.

567 k Oờôc. He says it will not hurt a man to have a little more than needs merely laid up at home; as we say, it will eat a man no meat, and prefers keeping a man's store at home to putting it forth, for it may go less so, as often it doth.

of a man's store he adviseth liberality, and at the bottom; in the midst frugality; admonishing therein not to be prodigal nor sordid or wretched; but, as at the top of the cask wine is the weakest and thinnest, because it is most near the air, and therefore may there be best spent, at the bottom full of lees, and so may there be best spent, in the midst neatest and briskest, and should be then most made of or husbanded, so in the midst of a man's purse he adviseth parsimony.

And when it fights low, give thy use his freight:

When in the midst thou art, then check the blood;
Frugality at bottom is not good.
Even with thy brother think a mwitness by,
When thou would'st laugh, or converse liberally;
Despair hurts none beyond credulity.

Let never "neat-girt dame, that all her wealth
Lays on her waist, make profit of her stealth
On thy true judgment; nor be heard to feign
With her fork'd tongue, so far forth as to gain
Thy candle rent (she calls it). He that gives

585

590

As feeding it with only fit supply.

And that house to all height his riches rears

Whose sire dies old, and leaves a son of years.

To many children, too, God easily spares

A woman trust doth trust a den of thieves.

One only son preserves a family,

577 m Enl μάρτυρα θέσθαι, testem adbibeto. The critics expound it as if a man, talking privately and liberally with his brother, should confer so securely that he must ever bring a witness with him of what words passed him; and the critics intend it personally, where the word θέσθαι signifies here only supputa, cogita, hypothetically, or by way of supposition; θέσθαι coming of τ iθημι, i. e. θέσιν et ὑπόθεσιν, facio, esto ut ita sit: suppose there were a witness by, and be as circumspect in speeches with your brother, even in your most private and free discourse, as if you supposed a third man heard you. The other exposition is to be exploded.

580 n Πυγόστολος, qui vel quæ clunes exornat.

his father's house, and adds most ingeniously, $\phi \epsilon \rho \beta \epsilon \mu \epsilon \nu$, i. e. pascendo seu nutriendo; intending that he adds only necessary vital fuel, as it were, to his father's decaying fire; where many sons oftentimes rather famish or extinguish a family than nourish or fuel it; and yet he adds, most gravely and piously, that God can easily give store of goods fit for the greatest store of children; but yet the more children the more care; and speaking to the happiest state of a family, he prefers one supplier to many.

Wealth store; but still, more children the more cares, And to the house the more access is made.

If, then, the hearty love of wealth invade
Thy thrifty mind, perform what follows here,

P And, one work done, with others serve the year.

505

 595 p"E $\rho\delta\epsilon\nu$, sic facito. A general conclusion, and transition to his doctrine of the next book.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.





THE SECOND BOOK OF THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

HEN, Atlas' birth, the Pleiades arise, Harvest begin, plow when they leave the skies.

Twice twenty days and nights these hide their heads;

10

The year then turning, leave again their beds, And show when first to whet the harvest steel. This likewise is the law the fields must feel, Both with sea-dwellers, near and high, and those Whose winding valleys Neptune overflows, That afenny grounds and marshes dwell upon, Along the fat and fruitful region. But, wheresoever thou inhabit'st, ply The fields before fierce winter's cruelty

¹ He begins his Works, to which immediately before he prepares his brother; this whole book containing precepts of husbandry, both for field and family. By the ascent and set of the Pleiades is shown the harvest and seed season, as well for ground near the seas as the far distant. The Pleiades, called the daughters of Atlas, are the seven stars in the back of the Bull, which the Latins called Vergilias; when which are seen near the sun rising, which is in June, he appoints entry on harvest affairs; when in the morning they leave this hemisphere, which is in November, he designs seed-time.

9 a Aykea, palustrem terram significat.

Oppress thy pains, when thou may'st naked plow, Naked cast in thy seed, and naked mow, If timely thou wilt bear into thy barn 15 The works of Ceres; and to that end learn As timely to prepare thy whole increase, Lest, in the meantime, thy necessities Importune thee at others' doors to stand, 20 And beg supplies to thy unthrifty hand; As now thou com'st to me, but I no more Will give, or lend thee, what thou may'st restore By equal measure, nor will trust thee so. Labour, vain Perses, and those labours do, That, by the certain sign of beggary 25 ^b Demonstrated in idle drones, thine eye May learn the work that equal Deity Imposeth of necessity on men; Lest with thy wife, and wanting childeren, (Thymind much griev'd) thou seek'st of neighbours food, Thine own means failing. Men grow cold in good, Some twice, or thrice, perhaps, thy neighbour will Supply thy wants; whom if thou troubl'st still, Thou com'st off empty, and to air dost strain A world of words; words store make wanting men. 35 I charge thee, therefore, see thy thoughts employ'd To pay thy debts, and how thou may'st avoid Deserved famine. To which end, first see Thy wife well order'd, and thy family; Thy plow-drawn ox; thy cmaid, without her spouse,

26 b Διατεκμαίρομαι, per signum demonstro ita ut conjectare sit facile.

 $^{^{40}}$ c Κτητήν, famulam considerate acquisitam. He would have her likewise unmarried, οὐ γαμετήν, non nuptam; his reason he shows after.

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And wisely hir'd, that business in thy house May first work off, and then to tillage come. To both which offices make fit at home Everything needful, lest abroad thou send To ask another, and he will not lend; Meantime thou want'st them, time flies fast away, Thy work undone, which not from day to day Thou should'st defer; the d work-deferrer never Sees full his barn; nor he that leaves work ever, And still is gadding out. e Care-flying ease Gives labour ever competent increase. He that with doubt his needful business crosses Is ever wrastling with his certain losses. When, therefore, of the g swift-sharp-sighted sun The chief force faints, and h sweating heat is done, Autumn grown old, and i opening his last vein, And great Jove steeping all things in his rain, Man's body chang'd, and made more lightsome far, (For then but small time shines the Sirian star Above the heads of k hard-fate-foster'd man, Rising near day, and his beams Austrian Enjoy'd in night most),—when, I say, all this Follows the season, and the forest is

⁴³ d Ετωσιοεργός, non assiduus in opere.

⁵⁰ e Meλέτη, cura cum industria et exercitatione.

⁵² 1' Αμβολιεργόs, qui opus de die in diem rejicit et procrastinat.
⁵⁴ κ' Όξίος ἡελίοιο, metaphoricè accipitur pro acumine et visus celeritate.

⁵⁵ h Ἰδάλιμος, sudorificus humidus calor does not express the word, being so turned in the verbal translation.

^{56 1} Μετοπωρινός, qui extremi et sonescentis Autumni est.

⁶⁰ k Κηριτρεφής, qui una cum lethifero fato alitur, vel qui educatur inter multas dura sortis miserias, the most fit epithet of man.

⁶³ Pro sylvá.

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Sound, being fell'd, his leaves upon the ground Before let fall, and leaving what they crown'd Then constantly take time to fell thy wood; Of husbandry the time kept is the blood.

Cut then your three-foot 'quern; whose pestle cut
Three cubits long; your axletree seven foot.

If it be eight foot, cut your mallet thence;
The felfs, that make your cart's circumference,
Cut three spans long. Many crook'd pieces more,
Ten palms in length, fell for your wagons' store.

All which poor rules a rich convenience yield.

If thou shalt find a culter in the field,
Or on the mountain, either elm or oak,
Convey it home, since, for thy beasts of yoke
To plow withal, 'twill most his strength maintain;
And, chiefly, if "Athenian Ceres' swain
It fixing to the draught-tree, lest it fails,
Shall fit it to the handles' stay with nails.

Two plows compose, to find thee work at home,
One with a share that of itself doth come
From forth the plow's whole piece, and one set on;
Since so 'tis better much, for, either gone,
With th' other thou may'st instantly impose
Work on thy oxen. On the laurel grows,
And on the elm, your best plow-handles ever;
Of oak your draught-tree; from the maple never
Go for your culter; for your oxen chuse

Two males of nine years' old, for then their use

 68 l"Ol μ ov. A kind of mortar to bray corn in, which the ancients used for a little mill or quern.

79 m' Aθηναίης δμώος, Atticæ Cereris servus; a periphrasis of a plowman; she being called Attic Ceres, quod ipsa Athenienses, adeoque omnes homines, de frugibus docuerit.

Is most available, since their strengths are then Not of the weakest, and the youthful mean Sticks in their nerves still; nor will these contend With skittish tricks, when they the stitch should end, 95 To break their plow, and leave their work undone. These let a youth of "forty wait upon, Whose bread at meals in four good shivers cut, Eight bits in every shive; for othat man, put To his fit task, will see it done past talk 100 With any fellow, nor will ever balk In any stitch he makes, but give his mind With care t' his labour. And this man no hind (Though much his younger) shall his better be 105 At sowing seed, and, shunning skilfully, Need to go over his whole work again. Your younger man feeds still a flying vein From his set task, to hold his equals chat, And trifles works he should be serious at. 109

Take notice, then, when thou the crane shalt hear Aloft out of the clouds her clanges rear,
That then he gives thee signal when to sow,
And Winter's wrathful season doth foreshow;

⁹⁷ n Τετράτρυφον, ὀκτάβλωμον, quadrifidum, octo morsuum. He commends a man of forty for a most fit servant; and therefore prescribes allowance of bread to his meals something extraordinary, saying he would have allowed four shives of bread at a meal to his meat, every shive containing eight bits or morsels; not that the whole four shives should contain but eight morsels, as the critics expound it; for how absurd is it to imagine a shive of bread but two bits? and how pinching a diet it were for an able plow-man?

99 0 "Os κ έργου. Qui quidem opus curans, et ætatis quam in servo requirit (says Melancthon) rationes addit admodum graves, sentitque multum situm esse in maturitate ætatis. Forty

years then being but a youth's age.

And then the man, that can no oxen get,
Or wants the season's work, his heart doth eat.

Then feed thy oxen in the house with hay;
Which he that wants with ease enough will say,
"Let me, alike, thy wain and oxen use."
Which 'tis as easy for thee to refuse,
And say thy oxwork then importunes much.

He that is rich in brain will answer such:
"Work up thyself a wagon of thine own;
For to the foolish borrower is not known
That each wain asks a hundred joints of wood;
These things ask forecast, and thou shouldst make good
At home before thy need so instant stood."

When, therefore, first fit plow-time doth disclose, Put on thy spirit; all, as one, dispose Thy servants and thyself; plow wet and dry; And when Aurora first affords her eye, 130 In Spring-time, turn the earth up; which see done Again, past all fail, by the Summer's sun. Hasten thy labours, that thy crowned fields May load themselves to thee, and rack their yields. The tilth-field sow on earth's most light foundations; The p tilth-field, banisher of execrations, Pleaser of sons and daughters; which, t' improve With all wish'd profits, pray to earthly Jove, And virtuous Ceres, that on all such suits 140 Her sacred gift bestows in blessing fruits.

¹³⁶ P Νειδε ἀλεξιάρη, novalis imprecationum expultrix. The tilth-field he calls banisher of execrations, and pleaser of sons and daughters; first, because rude husbandmen use to curse when their crops answer not their expectations; and next, it pleases sons and daughters, since it helps add to their portions.

When first thou enter'st foot to plow thy land,
And on thy plow-staff's top hast laid thy hand,
Thy oxen's backs, that next thee by a chain
Thy oaken draught-tree draw, put to the pain
Thy goad imposes; and thy boy behind,
That with his iron rake thou hast design'd
To hide thy seed, let from his labour drive
The birds that offer on thy sweat to live.
The best thing that in human needs doth fall
Is Industry, and Sloth the worst of all.
With one, thy corn-ears shall with fruit abound,
And bow their thankful foreheads to the ground;
With th' other, scarce thy seed again redound.

When Jove, then, gives this good end to thy pain,
Amids the vessels that preserve thy grain

No spiders then shall need t' usurp their room,
But thou, I think, rejoice, and rest at home,
Provision inn'd enough of everything
To give thee glad heart till the neighbour Spring,
Not go to others to supply thy store,

But others need to come to thee for more.

If at the sun's conversion thou shalt sow
The sacred earth, thou then may'st qsit and mow
Or reap in harvest; such a little pain
Will serve thy use to sell thy thin-grown grain,
And reaps so scanty will take up thy hand;
Thou hid in dust, not comforted a sand,
But gather 'gainst the grain. Thou should'st be then

¹⁶³ q Hμενος, sedens. He disproves sowing at the winter solstice, and says he that doth sow then may sit and reap for any labour his crop will require; a reap they call as much as at once the reaper grasps in his hand.

Coop'd in a basket up; for wordly men
Admire no unthrifts, Honour goes by gain.

As times still change, so changeth Jove his mind,
Whose seasons mortal men can hardly find.

But if thou shouldst sow late, this well may be, In all thy slackness, an excuse for thee: When in the oak's green arms the cuckoo sings, 175 And first delights men in the lovely springs, If much rain fall, 'tis fit then to defer Thy sowing work; but how much rain to bear, And let no labour to that much give ear Past intermission, let Jove steep the grass 180 Three days together, so he do not pass An ox's hoof in depth, and never stay To strow thy seed in; but if deeper way Jove with his rain makes, then forbear the field, For late-sown then will past the foremost yield. 185

Mind well all this; nor let it fly thy pow'rs
To know what fits the white Spring's early flow'rs;
Nor when rains timely fall; nor, when sharp cold
In Winter's wrath doth men from work withhold,
Sit by smiths' forges, nor warm taverns haunt,
Nor let the bitterest of the season daunt
Thy thrift-arm'd pains, like idle Poverty;
For then the time is when th' industrious thigh
Upholds, with all increase, his family.

190 r Χάλκειον θῶκον, œueum sedem. By which he understands smiths' forges, where the poorer sort of Greece used to sit, as they do still in the winter amongst us, and as amongst the Romans, in tonstrinis, or barbers' shops.

190 s' Επαλέα λέσχην, calidam tabernam. These λέσχαι were of old said to hold the meetings of philosophers; and after, because amongst them mixed idle talkers over cups, they were called λέσχαι, $nug\alpha$, $\lambda \epsilon \sigma \chi \eta \nu la$, loguacitas or garrulitas.

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With whose rich hardness spirited, do thou Poor Delicacy fly, lest, frost and snow Fled from her love, Hunger sit both them out, And make thee, with the beggar's lazy gout, Sit stooping to the pain, still pointing to 't, And with a t lean hand stroke a foggy foot.

The slothful man expecting many things,
With his vain hope that cannot stretch her wings
Past need of necessaries for his kind,
Turns, like a whirlpit, over in his mind
All means that rapine prompts to th' idle hind;
Sits in the tavern, and finds means to spend
Ill got, and ever doth to worse contend.

When Summer, therefore, in her tropic sits, Make thou thy servants wear their winter wits, And tell them this, ere that warm season wast Make nests, for Summer will not ever last. The month of *January's all-ill days, For oxen's good, shun now by July's rays.

 200 t $\Lambda \epsilon \pi \tau \hat{\eta}$ $\delta \epsilon$, macilentâ vero crassum pedem manu premas. Aristotle in his problems, as out of this place, affirms that daily and continual hunger makes men's feet and ankles swell; and by the same reason superiores partes extenuantur et macrescunt, for which Hesiod uses this ingenious allusion to his bother, advising him to take heed ne pedem tunefactum tenui manu demulcere oporteat; $\pi \iota \epsilon \hat{\zeta} \omega$, signifying here demulceo, not stringendo crucio, or premo, as it is usually rendered. But (for the pain) stroke or touch it softly, for some ease to it, though it doth little good to it, but only makes good the proverb, Ubi dolor ibi digius.

^{204 u} Κακά προσελέξατο, mala intra animum versat. And therefore, says Melanethon, out of Columella, homines nihil agendo male agere discunt; but προςελεξάτο signifies not only

versat, but instar undarum fluvii vel voraginis versat.

212 x Μῆνα δὲ Ληναιῶνα, mensis in quo festum in honorem Lenei celebratur. Bacchus being called ληναῖος, quoniam torcularibus et vini expressioni preest; and because his feast used to be solemnized in January, ληναιῶν is called Januarium.

When air's chill y North his noisome frosts shall blow All over earth, and all the wide sea throw 215 At heaven in hills, from cold horse-breeding Thrace; The beaten earth, and all her sylvan race, Roaring and bellowing with his bitter strokes; Plumps of thick fir-trees and high-crested oaks Torn up in vallies, all air's flood let fly 220 In him at Earth, sad nurse of all that die; Wild beasts abhor him, and run clapping close Their sterns betwixt their thighs; and even all those Whose hides their fleeces line with highest proof. Even ox-hides also want expulsive stuff, 225 And bristled goats, against his bitter gale, He blows so cold he beats quite through them all. Only with silly sheep it fares not so; For they each summer fleec'd, their fells to grow, They shield all winter, crush'd into his wind. 230 He makes the old man trudge for life to find Shelter against him; but he cannot blast The tender and the delicately-grac't Flesh of the virgin, she is kept within Close by her mother, careful of her skin, 235 Since yet she never knew how to enfold The force of Venus swimming all in gold; Whose snowy bosom, choicely wash'd and balm'd With wealthy oils, she keeps the house becalm'd All winter's spite. When in his fireless shed 240 And miserable roof still hiding head,

²¹⁴ y Πνεύσαντος Βορέαο, flante Borea hiemis tempus, et mensem Boreali frigore gravissimum copiose et eleganter descripsit, says Melancthon.

The *boneless fish doth eat his feet for cold, To whom the sun doth never food unfold, But turns above the black men's populous towers, On whom he more bestows his radiant hours 245 Than on th' a Hellenians, then all beasts of horn. And smooth-brow'd, that in beds of wood are born, About the oaken dales that north-wind fly, Gnashing their teeth with restless misery: And everywhere that care solicits all 250 That, out of shelter, to their coverts fall. And caverns eaten into rocks; and then Those wild beasts shrink, like tame bthree-footed men Whose backs are broke with age, and foreheads driven To stoop to earth, though born to look on heaven: Even like to these those tough-bred rude ones go, Flying the white drifts of the northern snow. Then put thy body's best munition on, Soft waistcoats, weeds that th' ankles trail upon; And with a little linen weave much wool 260 In forewov'n webs, and make thy garments full. And these put on thee, lest thy harsh-grown hair Tremble upon thee, and into the air Start, as affrighted; all that breast of thine Pointed with c bristles like a porcupine. 265 About thy feet see fitted shoes be tied,

242 z'Aνόστεος, exossis. He intends the Polypus, that hath

no bones, but a gristle for his back-bone.

246 a Πανελλήνεσσι. Hellen was son to Deucalion, of whom, as being author of that nation, "Ελλην, dicitur Gracus, ut testatur Plinius, lib. 4, cap. 7. The sun being in Sagittarius is longer with the Æthiops, which are meridional, than with the Gracians.

253 b Τρίποδι βροτοί ίσοι, tripodi homini similes. He calls old

men helped with staves in their gait three-footed.

265 ° Aclocus, pennarum in more in altum erigere.

Made of a strongly-dying ox's hide, Lin'd with d wool socks; besides, when those winds blow Thy first-fall'n kid-skins sure together sow With ox's sinews, and about thee throw, 270 To be thy refuge 'gainst the soaking rain. Upon thy head a quilted hat sustain, That from thy ears may all air's spite expell. When north-winds blow the air is sharp and fell; But morning air, that e brings a warmth withal 275 Down from the stars, and on the earth doth fall, Expires a breath that, all things cheering then, Is fit to crown the works of blessed men. Which drawing out of floods that ever flow, Wind-storms are rais'd on earth, that roughly blow; 280* And then sometimes a shower falls towards even, And sometimes air in empty blasts is driven, Which from the north-wind rising out of Thrace, And gloomy clouds, rais'd, haste thee home apace, Thy work for that day done, th' event forseen, 285-Lest out of Heaven a dark cloud hide thee clean. Thy weeds wet through, and steep thee to the skin; But shun it, for when this cold month comes in Extreme it is for sheep, extreme for men. Take from thy oxen half their commons f then, 290-But mend thy servants', for ingenious Night,

 $^{^{268~\}mathrm{d}}$ II(loss, not pilis, as it is usually translated, but soculislane is

²⁷⁵ e' Αὴρ πυροφόρος, aer ignifer, not frugifer, though fruitsare the chief effects of it, but air that brings a comfortable fire with it, and he says, ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος, ὰ cœlo stellifero.

with it, and he says, ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος, ὰ cœlo stellifero.

200 f Τῆμος, tum, ἀc. Then sharpen thy oxen's stomachs with taking away half their allowance, but give more to thy servants; his reason is, because the days being shorter by half then than in summer, and so take away half the work of the ox, therefore half their fother should be in equal husbandry

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Then great in length, affects the appetite With all contention, and alacrity To all invention, and the scrutiny Of all our objects, and must therefore feast To make the spirits run high in their inquest. These well observing all the year's remain, The days and nights grow equal; till again Earth, that of all things is the Mother Queen. All fruits promiscuously brings forth for men. When, after sixty turnings of the sun, By Jove's decrees, all Winter's hours are run, Then does the evening-star, gArcturus, rise, And leave the unmeasur'd ocean; all men's eves. First noting then his beams; and after him, Before the clear morn's light hath chac'd the dim, Pandion's Swallow breaks out with her moan, h Made to the light, the Spring but new put on. Preventing which, cut vines, for then 'tis best; But when the horn'd house-bearer leaves his rest.

abated; but since servants must work in night as well, and that the nights are much longer, he would have their commons increased, allowing even those bodily labourers, in a kind of proportion, the same that is fit for mental painstakers, students, &c., for the word εὐφρονα, taken here for nights, is usurped for the effects of night, εὐφρονέων signifying prudentiâ valens, and εὐφρόνη is called night, quod putaretur multum conferre ad inventionem eorum qua quaruntur, intending in studies and labours of the soul, especially the epithet ἐπίρροθο, signifying auxilium seu inspirationem ferentes magnâ cum alacritate et contentione. All that since therefore the words containing, a man may observe how verbal expositors slubber up these divine expressions with their contractions and going the next way.

303 g Αρκτοῦρος, Arcturus is a star sub zona Bootæ; oritur

vespere, initio Veris.

307 h'Ορθρογόη, ante lucano tempore quiritans. The construction should be, not prorumpit ad lucem, but lugens ad lucem, since it came not soon enough to prevent the night's tyranny in Tereus; the fiction of which is too common to be repeated.

And climbs the plants, the Seven Stars then in flight, Nowhere dig vines, but scythes whet, and excite Servants to work; fly shady tavern bow'rs, And beds, as soon as light salutes the flow'rs.

In harvest, when the sun the body dries,

Then haste and fetch the fields home; early rise,

That plenty may thy household wants suffice;

The morn the third part of thy work doth gain;

The morn makes short thy way, makes short thy pain;

The morn being once up fills the ways with all,

And yokes the ox, herself up, in his stall.

When once the thistle doth his flower prefer. And on the tree the garrulous grashopper, Beneath her wings, all day and all night long Sits pouring out her derisory song, 325 When Labour drinks, his boiling sweat to thrive, Then goats grow fat, then best wine choose, then strive Women for work most, and men least can do: For then the Dog-star burns his drought into Their brains and knees, and all the body dries. 330 But then betake thee to the shade that lies In shield of rocks; drink i Biblian wine, and eat The creamy wafer, goats' milk that the teat Gives newly free and nurses kids no more, Flesh of bough-browsing beeves that never bore, 335 And tender kids; and, to these, taste black wine, The k third part water of the crystalline

^{332 i} Βίβλινος, Biblinum vinum dicitur a Bibliâ regione Thraciæ, ubi nobilissima vina sunt.

³³⁷ k Τρεîs ἴδατος, tertiam aquæ partem infunde. The Greeks never drunk merum, but dilutum vinum, wine allay'd with water. Athenæus says that to two cups of wine sometimes they put five cups of water, and sometimes to four of wine

Still-flowing fount that feeds a stream beneath; And sit in shades where temp'rate gales may breath On thy oppos'd cheeks, when Orion's rays 340 His influence in first ascent assays. Then to thy labouring servants give command To dight the sacred gift of Ceres' hand, In some place windy, on a well-plan'd floor, Which all by measure into vessels pour. 345 Make then thy man-swain one that hath no house, Thy handmaid one that hath nor child nor spouse. Handmaids that children have are ravenous. A mastiff likewise nourish still at home. Whose 1 teeth are sharp and close as any comb. 350 And meat him well, to keep with stronger guard The in day-sleep-wake-night man from forth thy yard, That else thy goods into his caves will bear. Inn hay and chaff enough for all the year To serve thy oxen and thy mules, and then 855 Loose them, and ease the dear knees of thy men. When Sirius and Orion aspire To heaven's steep height, and bright Arcturus' fire The rosy-finger'd Morning sees arise, O Perses, then thy vineyard faculties 360 See gather'd and got home; which twice five days

And nights, no less, expose to Phœbus' rays; Then five days inn them, and in vessels close The gift the gladness-causing God bestows. But after that the Seven-stars and the Five

but two of water, which they order according to the strength or weakness of their wine.

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350 1 Kapyapodous, dentes inter se pectinatim coëuntes habens. 352 m Ημερόκοιτος άνηρ, die dormiens vir. A periphrasis of a thief.

That 'twixt the Bull's horns at their set arrive, Together with the great Orion's force, Then ply thy plow as fits the season's course.

If of a nchance-complaining man at seas The humour take thee, when the Pleiades 370 Hide head and fly the fierce Orion's chace, And the dark-deep Oceanus embrace, Then diverse gusts of violent winds arise; And then attempt no naval enterprise, But ply thy land-affairs, and draw ashore 375 Thy ship, and fence her round with stonage store, To shield her ribs against the humourous gales; Her pump exhausted, lest Jove's rainy falls Breed putrefaction; all tools fit for her, And all her tacklings, to thy house confer; 380 Contracting orderly all needful things That imp a water-treading vessel's wings; Her well-wrought stern hang in the smoke at home, Attending time till fit sea-seasons come; And then thy swift sail launch, conveying in 385 Burthen that richly may that trade begin, As did our father who a voyage went For want of an estate so competent As free life ask'd; and long since landed here When he had measur'd the unmeasur'd sphere 390 Of all the sea, Æolian Cumas leaving, Not oflying wealth, (revenues great receiving,

^{369 n} Δυσπέμφελος, qui de sorte suá queritur.

³⁹² ο Οὐκ ἄφενος φεύγων, non redditus seu divitias fugiens. He blames those that having richly enough of their own, which they freely and safely possess ashore, will yet, with insatiate desire of more, venture the loss of all; which his father, he says, was not to be blamed for, in going to sea,

And bliss itself possess'd in all fit store, If wisely us'd; yet selling that t' explore Strange countries, madly covetous of more,) 395 But only shunning loathsome poverty, Which yet Jove sends, and men should never fly. The seat that he was left to dwell upon Was set in Ascra, near to Helicon. Amids a miserable village there, 400 In winter vile, in summer noisomer, And profitable never. Note thou, then, To do all works the proper season when, In sea-works chiefly; for whose use allow A little ship, but in her bulk bestow 405 A great big burthen—the more ships sustain The surer sail they, and heap gain on gain. If seas run smooth and rugged gusts abstain. When thy vain mind, then, would sea-ventures try, In love the land-rocks of loath'd Debt to fly, And PHunger's ever harsh-to-hear-of erv. I'll set before thee all the trim and dress Of those still-roaring-noise-resounding seas, Though queither skill'd in either ship or sail, Nor ever was at sea; or, lest I fail, 415 But for Eubœa once from Aulis, where The Greeks, with tempest driv'n, for shore did stere Their mighty navy, gather'd to employ

who only took that course to avoid poverty, his means by land not enough to live withal freely.

and not enough to five within freely.

411 P'Ατερπέα λιμόν, famem auditu insuavem.

^{414 9} Ουτε τι, etsi neque navigandi peritus. Melancthon, in this free confession of his unskilfulness in what he intended to teach, gives this note: Removet se reprehensionem ob imperitiam; hic videmus, σοφίζειν, primo usurpatum fuisse, cum laude, pro docere et tradere aliquid eruditius præ aliis.

For sacred Greece 'gainst fair-dame-breeding Troy; To Chalcis there I made by sea my pass, 420 And to the Games of great 'Amphidamas, Where many a fore-studied exercise Was instituted, with exciteful prize, For great-and-good and able-minded men; And where I won, at the Pierian pen, 425 A three-ear'd tripod, which I offer'd on The altars of the Maids of Helicon; Where first their loves initiated me In skill of their unworldly harmony. But no more practice have my travails swet 430 In many-a nail-composed ships; and yet I'll sing what Jove's mind will suggest in mine. Whose Daughters taught my verse the rage divine. Fifty days after heaven's converted heat, When Summer's land-works are dissolv'd with sweat. Then grows the navigable season fit, 436 For then no storms rise that thy sail may split, Nor spoil thy sailors; if the God that sways Th' earth-shaking trident do not overpaise. With any counsel beforehand decreed, 440 The season's natural grace to thy good speed. Nor Jove consent with his revengeful will, In whom are fixt the bounds of good and ill. But in the usual temper of the year,

⁴²¹ r' Λ μφίδαμαs, king of Eubœa, was slain in battle against the Erythræans; at whose funerals his sons instituted Games. And from hence Melancthon gathers, by that time in which the king died, Hesiod then living, that Homer lived a hundred years before him, and so could not be the man from whom our author is affirmed by some historians to win the prize he now speaks of.

Easy to judge of, and distinguish clear, Are both the winds and seas, none rude, none cross, Nor misaffected with the love of loss; And therefore put to sea; trust even the wind Then with thy swift ship; but when thou shalt find Fit freight for her, as fitly stow it straight, 450 And all haste home make. For no new wine wait, Nor aged Autumn's showers, nor Winter's falls Then fast approaching, nor the noisome gales The humorous South breathes, that incense the seas, 455 And s raise together in one series Jove's Autumn dashes, that come smoking down, And with his roughest brows make th' ocean frown. But there's another season for the seas, That in the first Spring others' choices please; 460 When, look how much the crow takes at a stride. So much put forth the young leaf is descried On fig-tree tops; but then the gusts so fall, That oft the sea becomes impervial. And yet this vernal season many use 465 For sea affairs; which yet I would not chuse, Nor give it my mind any grateful taste, Since then steals out so many a ravenous blast; Nor but with much scath thou canst 'scape thy bane, Which yet men's greedy follies dare maintain. Money is soul to miserable men, 470 And to it many men their souls bequeath. To die in dark-seas is a dreadful death.

All this I charge thee, need to note no more; Nor in one vessel venture all thy store,

⁴⁵⁰ s'Oμορτήσας, calestem imbrem recutus; intending a following of those things qua serie quadam continua se requentur.

But most part leave out, and impose the less, 475 For 'tis a wretched thing t' endure distress Incurr'd at sea; and 'tis as ill, ashore To use adventures, covetous of more Than safety warrants, as upon thy wain To lay on more load than it can sustain; 480 For then thy axle breaks, thy goods diminish, And thrift's mean means in violent av'rice vanish. The mean observ'd makes an exceeding state; Occasion took at all times equals Fate. Thyself if well in years, thy wife take home 485 Not much past thirty, nor have much to come; But being young thyself, nuptials that seize The times' best season in their acts are these: At t fourteen years a woman grows mature, At fifteen wed her, and best means inure 490 To marry her a maid, to teach her then Respect to thee and chasteness t' other men. In chief, choose one whose life is "near thee bred. That her condition circularly weigh'd, (And that with care, too,) in thy neighbours' eyes, 495 Thou wedd'st not for a maid their mockeries. No purchase passes a good wife, no loss Is than a bad wife a more cursed cross. That must a gossip be at every feast, And private cates provide, too, for her guest, 500

⁴⁸⁹ t Τέτορ. Pollux expounds this word, which is usually taken for four, fourteen. Plato and Aristotle appoint the best time of women's marriages at eighteen.

And bear her husband ne'er so bold a breast,

⁴⁹³ u'Εγγύθι valει, quæ prope te habitat. His counsel is, to marry a maid bred near a man, whose breeding and behaviour he hath still taken into note. Counsel of gold, but not respected in this iron age.

505

510

* Without a fire burns in him even to rage, And in his youth pours grief on him in age.

The Gods' y forewarnings, and pursuits of men Of impious lives with unavoided pain, Their sight, their rule of all, their love, their fear,

Watching and sitting up give all thy care.

Give a never to thy friend an even respect With thy born brother, for in his neglect Thyself thou touchest first with that defect.

If thou shalt take thy friend with an offence
By word, or deed, twice only, try what sense
He hath of thy abuse by making plain
The wrong he did thee; and if then again
He will turn friend, confess and pay all pain
Due for his forfeit, take him into grace;
The shameless man shifts friends still with his place.
But keep thou friends, forgive, and so convert
That not thy look may reprehend thy heart.

 592 × Εὔει ἄτερ δαλοῦ, torret sine face et crudæ senectæ tradit: $\dot{\omega}\mu\hat{\omega}$ γήραϊ, senecta ante tempus adveniens, which place Boetius imitates in his book De Consolatione in this distich:

Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani, Et dolor ætatem jussit inesse suam.

[Chapman has misquoted these lines. They are not a distich. The whole passage is as follows:

Venit enim properata malis inopina senectus, Et dolor atalem jussit inesse suam. Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani, Et tremit effato corpore laxa cutis.—Ep.]

⁵⁰⁴ y Oπις, in God, signifies insight and government in all things, and his just indignation against the impious; in man, respect to the fear of God, and his reverence. Melancthon.

507 z Heφυλαγμένος, vigiliis et excubiis positis.

 508 a Mηδὲ. This precept of preferring a man's own brother to his friend is full of humanity, and savours of the true taste of a trueborn man; the neglect of which in these days shows children either utterly misbegotten, or got by unnatural fathers. of whom children must taste, in disposition, as a poison of degeneracy poured into them both, and a just plague for both.

520 Be not a common host for guests, nor one That can abide the kind receipt of none. Consort none ill though rais'd to any state, Nor leave one good though ne'er so ruinate. Abhor all taking pleasure to upbraid A forlorn poverty, which God hath laid 525 On any man in so severe a kind As quite disheartens and dissolves his mind. Amongst men on the earth there never sprung An ampler treasure than a sparing tongue; Which yet most grace gains when it sings the mean. Ill-speakers ever hear as ill again. Make not thyself at any public feast A troublesome or over-curious guest; 'Tis common cheer, nor touches thee at all; Besides, thy grace is much, thy cost is small. 535 Do not thy tongue's grace the disgrace to lie, Nor mend a true-spoke mind with policy, But all things use with first simplicity.

To Jove nor no God pour out morning wine With unwash'd hand; for, know, the Powers Divine 540 Avert their ears, and prayers impure reject.

Put not thy urine out, with face erect, Against ^b the Sun, but, sitting, let it fall, Or turn thee to some undiscovering wall;

⁵⁴³ b Mηδ' ἀντ' ἡελίον, neque contra solem versus erectus meito. He would have no contempt against the Sun; either directly, or allegorically, intending by the Sun great and reverend men, against whom nihil proterve et irreverenter agendum. If in the plain sense, which he makes serious, he would not have a man make water turning purposely against the Sun, nor standing, but sitting, as at this day even amongst the rude Turks it is abhorred, quibus religiosum est ut sedentes mingant, et ingens flagitium designari credunt siquis in publico cacaret aut mingerte.

And, after the great Sun is in descent,	545
Remember, till he greet the Orient,	
That, in way or without, thou still forbear,	
Nor ope thy nakedness while thou art there.	
The nights the Gods' are, and the godly man	
And wife will shun by all means to profane	550
The Gods' appropriates. c Make no access,	
Thy wife new left, to sacred mysteries,	
Or coming from an ominous funeral feast;	
But, from a banquet that the Gods have blest	
In men whose spirits are frolicly inclin'd,	555
Perform those rites that propagate thy kind.	
Never the fair waves of eternal floods	
Pass with thy feet, but first invoke the Gods,	•
Thine eyes cast on their streams; which those that	wade,
Their hands unwash'd, those Deities invade	560
With future plagues and even then angry are.	
Of thy d five branches see thou never pare	
The dry from off the green at solemn feasts;	
Nor on the quaffing mazers of thy guests	
Bestow the bowl vow'd to the Powers Divine,	565
For harmful fate is swallow'd with the wine.	
When thou hast once begun to build a house,	

⁵⁵¹ c Mηδ' alδοîa. Melanethon expounds this place, a congressu uxoris ne sacra accedas, whom I have followed; δύσφημος signifies here infaustus, and τάφος, functive equium.

Leav't not unfinish'd, lest the ominous

signmes ner injunstas, and rapos, juneore epatum.

662 d Μηδ΄ ἀπό πεντόζοιο. He says a man must not pare his nails at the table; in which our reverend author is so respectful and moral in his setting down, that he nameth not nails, but calls what is to be pared away, αὖον, siecum or aridum, and the nail itself, χλωρὸν, viridum, because it is still growing; he calls likewise the hande πέντοζοs, quæ in quinos ramos dispergitur, because it puts out five fingers like branches.

564 [Mazers—cups. See Richardson.]

595

Ill-spoken crow encounter thee abroad. And from her bough thy means outgone explode. 570 From three-foot pots of meat set on the fire To serve thy house; serve not thy taste's desire With ravine of the meat till on the board Thou seest it set, and sacrifice afford, Not if thou wash first, and the Gods wouldst please 575 With that respect to them; for even for these Pains are impos'd, being all impieties. On tombstones, or fix'd seats, no boy permit, That's grown to twelve years old, to idly sit; For 'tis not good, but makes a slothful man. 580 In baths, whose waters women first began To wash their bodies in, should bathe no man; For in their time even these parts have their pain Grievous enough. If any homely place, Sylvan or other, thou seest vow'd to grace 585 Of any God, by fire made for the weal Of any poor soul mov'd with simplest zeal, Mock not the mysteries, for God disdains Those impious parts, and pays them certain pains. Never in channels of those streams that pay 590 The ocean tribute give thy urine way; Nor into efountains; but, past all neglect, See thou avoid it; for the grave respect Given to these secrets meets with blest effect.

592 e Hi rectè in fontes immingere dicuntur, qui sacram doctrinam commaculant.

Do this, and fly the people's f bitter fame,

595 f Δεινὴν, gravem or terribilem famam he adviseth a man to avoid: intending with deserving a good and honest fame amongst men, which known to himself impartially and betwixt God and him, every worthy man should despise the contrary

200 THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

For fame is ill, 'tis light and rais'd like flame; The burthen heavy yet, and hard to cast. No fame doth wholly perish, when her blest Echo resounds in all the people's cries, For she herself is of the Deities.

600

conceit of the world; according to that of Quintilian, writing to Seneca, affirming he cared no more what the misjudging world vented against him, quàm de ventre redditi crepitus.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF WORKS.





HESIOD'S BOOK OF DAYS.

HE Days that for thy works are good or ill, According to the influence they instil, Of Jove with all care learn, and give them then.

For their discharge, in precept to thy men.

The Thirtieth day of every month is best, With diligent inspection to digest The next month's works, and part thy household foods; That being the day when all litigious goods Are justly sentenc'd by the people's voices. And till that day next month give these days' choices, For they are mark'd out by most-knowing Jove.

6 'Επόπτομαι, diligenti inspectione digero, seu secerno et eligo. He begins with the last day of the month, which he names not a day of any good or bad influence, but being, as it were, their term day, in which their business in law was attended; and that not lasting all the day, he adviseth to spend the rest of it in disposing the next month's labours. Of the rest he makes difference, showing which are unfortunate, and which auspicious, and are so far to be observed as natural cause is to be given for them; for it were madness not to ascribe reason to Nature, or to make that reason so far above us, that we cannot know by it what is daily in use with us, all being for our cause created of God; and therefore the differences of days arise in some part from the aspects, quibus luna intuetur solem, nam quadrati aspectus cient pugam naturæ cum morbo.

First, the First day in which the moon doth move With radiance renew'd; and then the Fourth: The Seventh day next, being first in sacred worth, For that day did Latona bring to light 15 The gold-sword-wearing Sun; next then the Eighth And Ninth are good, being both days that retain The moon's prime strength t' instruct the works of men. The 'Leventh and Twelfth are likewise both good days; The Twelfth yet far exceeds the 'Leventh's repair, For that day hangs the spinner in the air, And weaves up her web; so the spinster all Her rock then ends, exposing it to sale. So Earth's third housewife, the ingenious ant, On that day ends her mole-hills' cure of want. 25 The day herself in their example then Tasking her fire, and bounds her length to men. The Thirteenth day take care thou sow no seed, To plant yet 'tis a day of special speed.

The Thirteenth day take care thou sow no seed, To plant yet 'tis a day of special speed. The Sixteenth day plants set prove fruitless still, To get a son 'tis good, a daughter ill, Nor good to get, nor give in nuptials.

30

12 Πρῶτον ἔνη, primum novilunium, which is called sacred, nam omnia initia sacra; the fourth likewise he calls sacred, quia eo die prodit a coitu Luna, primumque tum conspicitur.

16 'Ογδοάτη. The second and fifth day let pass, and sixth, ut mediis, he comes to the eighth and ninth, which in their increasing he terms truly profitable, nam humores alit crescentia lunæ.

19 Ένδεκάτη. The tenth let pass, the eleventh and twelfth he praises diversely, because the moon beholds the sun then in a triangular aspect, which is ever called benevolent.

³² Οὐτ' ἄρ γάμον, neque nuptiis tradendis. The sixteenth day, he says, is neither good to get a daughter, nor to wed her, quia à plenilunio capit jam humor deficere; he says it is good to get a son in, nam ex humido semine famella, ex sicciore puelli nascuntur.

Nor in the Sixth day any influence falls To fashion her begetting confluence, But to geld kids and lambs, and sheep-cotes fence. 35 It is a day of much benevolence; To get a son it good effects affords, And loves to cut one's heart with bitter words: And yet it likes fair speeches, too, and lies, And whispering out detractive obloquies. 40 The Eighth the bellowing bullock lib and goat; The Twelfth the labouring mule. But if of note For wisdom, and to make a judge of laws, To estimate and arbitrate a cause. Thou wouldst a son get, the great Twentieth day 45 Consort thy wife, when full the morn's broad ray Shines through thy windows; for that day is fit To form a great and honourable wit. The Tenth is likewise good to get a son; Fourteenth a daughter; then lay hand upon 50 The colt, the mule, and horn-retorted steer, And sore-bit mastiff, and their forces rear To useful services. Be careful, then,

The Four-and-twentieth day (the bane of men,

³⁸ Κέρτομος, cor alicui scindens.

^{41 [}Lib—castrate.]

^{43&}lt;sup>st</sup>Ιστορα φῶτα, prudentum virum judicem, seu arbitrum, quod eos cognaros esse oporteat rei de quâ agitur. He calls it the great twentieth, because it is the last $\mu\eta\nu\delta s$ $\mu\epsilon\sigma\sigma\hat{v}\nu\tau\sigma s$, which is of the middle decad of the month; diebus $\tau\sigma\hat{v}$ φθίνοντος, or days of the dying moon immediately following.

⁵⁰ Terpàs. The fourteenth is good to get a daughter, because the moon then abounds in humours, and her light ismore gelid and cold, her heat more temperate; and therefore he says it is good likewise to tame beasts in, since then, by the abundance of humours, they are made more gentle, and consequently easier tamed.

⁵⁴ Τετρὰδ. He calls this day so baneful, because of the

Hurling amongst them) to make safe thy state. 55 Tor 'tis a day of death insatiate. The Fourth day celebrate thy nuptial-feast. All birds observ'd that fit a bridal best. All Fifth days to effect affairs in fly, Being all of harsh and horrid quality; 60 For then all vengeful spirits walk their round, And haunt men like their handmaids, to confound Their faithless peace, whose plague Contention got. The Seventeenth day what Ceres did allot Thy barns in harvest (since then view'd with care) 65 Upon a smooth floor let the vinnoware Dight and expose to the opposed gale; Then let thy forest-feller cut thee all Thy chamber fuel, and the numerous parts Of naval timber apt for shipwrights' arts. 70 The Four-and-twentieth day begin to close Thy ships of leak. The Ninth day never blows Least ill at all on men. The Nineteenth day Yields (after noon yet) a more gentle ray, Auspicious both to plant, and generate 75

opposition of sun and the moon, and the time then being, that is, between the old and new moon, are hurtful for bodies; such as labour with choleric diseases, most languish then; those with phlegmatic, contrary.

⁵⁹ Il $\ell\mu\pi\tau\alpha$ s. He warns men to fly all fifth days, that is the fifth, the fifteenth, and the five-and-twentieth, because all vengeful spirits he affirms then to be most busy with men.

dight corn, à plenilunio, because about that time winds are stirred up and the air is drier.

66 [Vinnoware—winnower.]

⁷² Πρωτίστη είναs, prima nova. That is from the beginning of the month, he calls harmless, propter geminum aspectum, cum sol abest a signis.

Both sons and daughters; ill to no estate. But the Thrice-Nine day's goodness few men know, Being best day of the whole month to make flow Both wine and corn-tuns, and to curb the force Of mules and oxen and the swift-hoov'd horse: 804 And then the well-built ship launch. But few men Know truth in anything, or where or when To do, or order, what they must do, needs, Days differencing with no more care than deeds. The Twice-Seventh day for sacred worth exceeds. 85. But few men when the Twentieth day is past, Which is the best day (while the morn doth last In her increasing power, though after noon Her grace grows faint) approve or end that moon With any care; man's life most priz'd is least, Though lengthless spent as endless, fowl and beast Far passing it for date. For all the store Of years man boasts, the prating crow hath more By thrice three lives; the long-liv'd stag four parts Exceeds the crow's time; the raven's age the hart's $95 \cdot$ Triples in durance; all the raven's long date The phænix ninefold doth reduplicate; Yet Nymphs (the blest Seed of the Thunderer) Ten lives outlasts the phænix. But prefer

⁷⁶ Proverb, nullus dies omnino malus.

⁸¹ Ilaîpon. He says few observe these differences of days, and as few know or make any difference betwixt one day and another.

⁸⁹ He says few approve those days, because these cause most change of tempests and men's bodies in the beginning of the last quarter.

³⁰ All this, and the lives of fowls, is cited out of this author by Plutarch, not being extant in the common copy.

Good life to long life; and observe these days 100 That must direct it, being to all men's ways Of excellent conduct; all the rest but sounds That follow falls, mere vain and have no grounds: But one doth one day praise, another other, Few knowing the truth. This day becomes a mother, The next a stepdame. But, be man still one, 106 That man a happy angel waits upon, Makes rich and blessed, that through all these days Is knowingly employ'd; in all his ways (Betwixt him and the Gods) goes still unblam'd; 110 All their forewarnings and suggestions fram'd To their obedience, being directly view'd: All good endeavour'd and all ill eschew'd.

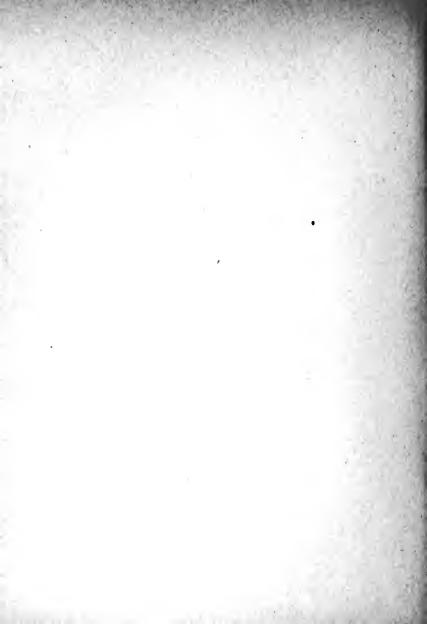
 102 AY δε μὲν ἡμέραι, et hæ quidem dies hominibus sunt magno commodo. The epilogue of the teacher; in all days is to be considered what religion commands, and then what riseth out of natural causes.

THE END OF HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.



MUSÆUS.





THE

DIVINE

POEM OF
MUSÆUS.

First of all Bookes.

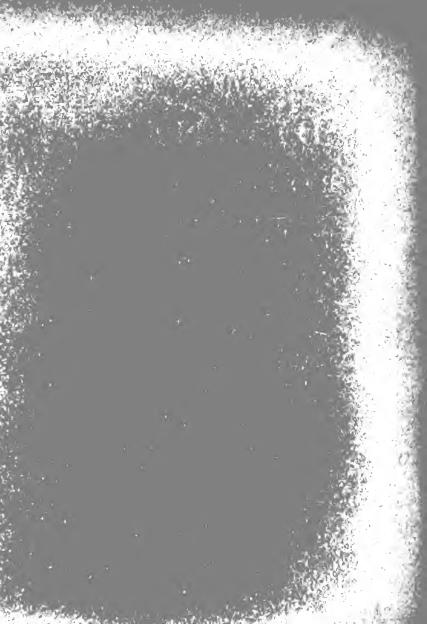
TRANSLATED

According to the Originall

By Geo: Chapman.

LONDON

¶ Printed by Isaac Iaggard. 1616.





TO THE MOST GENERALLY INGENIOUS, AND OUR ONLY LEARNED ARCHITECT, MY EXCEEDING GOOD FRIEND,

INIGO JONES ESQUIRE,

SURVEYOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS.



NCIENT Poesy, and ancient Architecture, requiring to their excellence a like creating and proportionable rapture, and being alike overtopt by the monstrous

Babels of our modern barbarism, their unjust obscurity letting no glance of their truth and dignity appear but to passing few, to passing few is their least appearance to be presented. Yourself then being a chief of that few by whom both are apprehended, and their beams worthily measured and valued, this little light of the one I could not but object, and publish to your choice apprehension; especially for your most ingenuous love to all works in which the ancient Greek Souls have appeared to you. No less esteeming this worth the presenting to any Greatest, for the smallness of the work, than the Author himself hath been held therefore of the less estimation; having obtained as much preservation and honor as the greatest of others;

the smallness being supplied with so greatly-excellent invention and elocution. Nor lacks even the most youngly-enamoured affection it contains a temper grave enough to become both the sight and acceptance of the Gravest. And therefore, howsoever the mistaking world takes it (whose left hand ever received what I gave with my right) if you freely and nobly entertain it, I obtain my end; your judicious love's continuance being my only object. To which I at all parts commend

Your ancient poor friend,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.





TO THE COMMUNE READER.

HEN you see Leander and Hero, the subjects of this Pamphlet, I persuade myself your prejudice will increase to the contempt of it; either headlong pre-

supposing it all one, or at no part matchable, with that partly excellent Poem of Maister Marloe's. For your all one, the Works are in nothing alike; a different character being held through both the style, matter, and invention. For the match of it, let but your eyes be matches, and it will in many parts overmatch it. In the Original, it being by all most learned the incomparable Love-Poem of the world. And I would be something sorry you could justly tax me with doing it any wrong in our English; though perhaps it will not so amble under your seisures and censures, as the before published.

Let the great comprehenders and unable utterers of the Greek elocution in other language drop under their unloadings, how humbly soever they please, and the rather disclaim their own strength, that my weakness may seem the more presumptuous; it can impose no scruple the more burthen on my shoulders, that I will feel; unless *Reason* chance to join arbiter with

Will, and appear to me; to whom I am ever prostrately subject. And if envious Misconstruction could once leave tyrannizing over my infortunate Innocence, both the Charity it argued would render them that use it the more Christian, and me industrious, to hale out of them the discharge of their own duties.





OF MUSÆUS.

OUT OF THE WORTHY D. GAGER'S COLLECTIONS.



USÆUS was a renowned Greek Poet, born at Athens, the son of Eumolpus. He lived in the time of Orpheus, and is said to be one of them that went the Famous

Voyage to Colchos for the Golden Fleece. He wrote of the Gods' Genealogy before any other; and invented the Sphere. Whose opinion was, that all things were made of one Matter, and resolved into one again. Of whose works only this one Poem of Hero and Leanler is extant. Of himself, in his Sixth Book of Æne. Virgil makes memorable mention, where in Elysium he makes Sibylla speak this of him—

Musæum ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

He was born in Falerum, a town in the middle of Tuscia, or the famous country of Tuscany in Italy, called also Hetruria.

OF ABYDUS AND SESTUS.

BYDUS and Sestus were two ancient Towns; one in Europe; another in Asia; East and West, opposite; on both the shores of the Hellespont. Their names are extant in Maps to this day. But in their places are two Castles built, which the Turks call Bogazossas, that is, Castles situate by the sea-side. Seamen now call the place where Sestus stood Malido. It was likewise called Possidonium. But Abydus is called Auco. They are both renowned in all writers for nothing so much as the Love of Leander and Hero.

OF THE HELLESPONT.

ELLESPONT, the straits of the two seas, Propontis and Egeum, running betwixt Abydus and Sestus. Over which Xerxes built a bridge, and joined these two towns together, conveying over his army of seven hundred thousand men. It is now called by some The Straits of Gallipolis; but by Frenchmen, Flemings, and others, The Arm of Saint George. It had his name Hellespont, because Helle the daughter of Athamas K. of Thebes was drowned in it. And therefore of one it is called The Virgin-killing Sea; of another The Virgin-Sea. It is but seven Italian furlongs broad, which is one of our miles lacking a furlong.



MUSÆUS,

OF HERO AND LEANDER.

ODDESS, relate the witness-bearing light
Of Loves, that would not bear a human sight;
The Sea-man that transported marriages,

Shipt in the night, his bosom plowing th' seas; The love joys that in gloomy clouds did fly The clear beams of th' immortal Morning's eye; Abydus and fair Sestus, where I hear The night-hid Nuptials of young Hero were; Leander's swimming to her; and a Light, A Light that was administress of sight 10 To cloudy Venus, and did serve at' address Night-wedding Hero's nuptial offices; A Light that took the very form of Love; Which had been justice in ethereal Jove, When the nocturnal duty had been done, 15 T' advance amongst the consort of the Sun, And call the b Star that Nuptial Loves did guide, And to the Bridegroom gave and grac'd the Bride, Because it was companion to the death Of Loves, d whose kind cares cost their dearest breath; 20 And that e fame-freighted ship from shipwrack kept

That such sweep nuptials brought they never slept,
Till air f was with a bitter flood inflate,
That bore their firm loves as infixt a hate.
But, Goddess, forth, and both one issue sing,
The Light extinct, Leander perishing.

Two towns there were, that with one sea were wall'd,
Built near, and opposite; this Sestus call'd,
Abydus that; the Love his bow bent high,
And at both Cities let one arrow fly,
That two (a Virgin and a Youth) inflam'd:
The youth was sweetly-grac'd Leander nam'd,
The virgin Hero; Sestus she renowns,
Abydus he, in birth; of both which towns
Both were the beauty-circled stars; and both
Grac'd with like looks, as with one love and troth.

If that way lie thy course, seek for my sake
A Tower, that Sestian Hero once did make
Her watch-tower, and a torch stood holding there,
By which Leander his sea-course did steer.
Seek, likewise, of Abydus ancient tow'rs,
The roaring sea lamenting to these hours
Leander's Love and Death. But say, how came
He (at Abydus born) to feel the flame
Of Hero's love at Sestus, and to bind
In chains of equal fire bright Hero's mind?

40

50

The graceful Hero, born of gentle blood, Was Venus' Priest; and since she understood No nuptial language, from her parents she Dwelt in a tow'r that over-look'd the sea. For shamefastness and chastity, she reign'd Another Goddess; nor was ever train'd

²⁹ The Love—Cupid. Perhaps we should read then Love.

In women's companies; nor learn'd to tread A graceful dance, to which such years are bred. The envious spites of women she did fly, 55 (Women for beauty their own sex envy) All her devotion was to Venus done, And to his heavenly Mother her great Son Would reconcile with sacrifices ever, And ever trembled at his flaming quiver. 60 Yet scap'd not so his fiery shafts her breast; For now the popular Venerean Feast, Which to Adonis, and great Cypria's State, The Sestians yearly us'd to celebrate, Was come; and to that holy day came all 65 That in the bordering isles the sea did wall. To it in flocks they flew; from Cyprus these, Environ'd with the rough Carpathian seas; These from Hæmonia; nor remain'd a man Of all the towns in th' isles Cytherean: 70 Not one was left, that us'd to dance upon The tops of odoriferous Libanon; Not one of Phrygia, not one of all The neighbours seated near the Festival; Nor one of opposite Abydus' shore; 75 None of all these, that virgin's favours wore, Were absent; all such fill the flowing way, When Fame proclaims a solemn holy day, Not bent so much to offer holy flames, As to the beauties of assembled dames. 804 The virgin Hero enter'd th' holy place,

And graceful beams cast round about her face, Like to the bright orb of the rising Moon. The top-spheres of her snowy cheeks put on

A glowing redness, like the two-hued rose	20
Her odorous bud beginning to disclose.	
You would have said, in all her lineaments	
A meadow full of roses she presents.	
All over her sheg blush'd; which (putting on	
Her white robe, reaching to her ankles) shone	. 90
(While she in passing did her feet dispose)	
As she had wholly been a moving rose.	
Graces in numbers from her parts did flow.	
The Ancients therefore (since they did not know	
Hero's unbounded beauties) falsely feign'd	95
Only three Graces; for, when Hero strain'd	
Into a smile her priestly modesty,	
A hundred Graces grew from either eye.	
A fit one, sure, the Cyprian Goddess found	
To be her ministress; and so highly crown'd	100
With worth her grace was, past all other dames,	
That, of a priest made to the Queen of Flames,	
A new Queen of them she in all eyes shin'd;	
And did so undermine each tender mind	
Of all the young men; and there was not one	105
But wish'd fair Hero was his wife, or none.	
Nor could she stir about the well-built Fane,	
This way or that, but every way she wan	
A following mind in all men; which their eyes,	
Lighted with all their inmost faculties,	110
Clearly confirmed; and one (admiring) said,	
"All Sparta I have travell'd, and survey'd	
The City Lacedemon, where we hear	
All Beauties' labors and contentions were,	
A woman, yet, so wise and delicate	115
I never saw. It may be Venus gat	

145

One of the younger Graces to supply The place of priest-hood to her Deity. Ev'n tir'd I am with sight, yet doth not find A satisfaction by my sight my mind. 130 O could I once ascend sweet Hero's bed, Let me be straight found in her bosom dead! I would not wish to be in heaven a God, Were Hero here my wife. But, if forbod 125 To lay profane hands on thy holy priest, O Venus, with another such assist My nuptial longings." Thus prav'd all that spake; The rest their wounds hid, and in frenzies brake; Her beauty's fire, being so suppress'd, so rag'd. But thou, Leander, more than all engag'd, 130 Wouldst not, when thou hadst view'd th' amazing Maid, Waste with close stings, and seek no open aid, But, with the flaming arrows of her eyes Wounded unwares, thou wouldst in sacrifice Vent th' inflammation thy burnt blood did prove, 135 Or live with sacred med'cine of her love. But now the love-brand in his eye-beams burn'd, And with unconquered fire his heart was turn'd Into a coal; together wrought the flame. 140 The virtuous beauty of a spotless dame Sharper to men is than the swiftest shaft; His eye the way by which his heart is caught,

And, from the stroke his eye sustains, the wound Opens within, and doth his entrails sound.

Amaze then took him, Impudence and Shame Made earthquakes in him with their frost and flame. His heart betwixt them toss'd, till Reverence Took all these prisoners in him; and from thence

Her matchless beauty, with astonishment, Increas'd his bands; till aguish Love, that lent 150 Shame and Observance, licens'd their remove; And, wisely liking impudence in love, Silent he went, and stood against the Maid, And in side glances faintly he convey'd His crafty eyes about her; with dumb shows 155 Tempting her mind to error. And now grows She to conceive his subtle flame, and joy'd Since he was graceful. Then herself employ'd Her womanish cunning, turning from him quite Her lovely count'nance; giving yet some light, 160 Even by her dark signs, of her kindling fire, With up and down-looks whetting his desire. He joy'd at heart to see Love's sense in her, And no contempt of what he did prefer. And while he wish'd unseen to urge the rest, 165 The day shrunk down her beams to lowest West, And East; h the Even-Star took vantage of her shade. Then boldly he his kind approaches made, And as he saw the russet clouds increase, He strain'd her rosy hand, and held his peace, 170 But sigh'd as silence had his bosom broke. When she, as silent, put on anger's cloke, And drew her hand back. He, discerning well Her i would and would not, to her boldlier fell: And her elaborate robe, with much cost wrought, 175 About her waist embracing, on he brought His love to th' in-parts of the reverend Fane; She (as her love-sparks more and more did wane) Went slowly on, and, with a woman's words Threat'ning Leander, thus his boldness bords: 180

year

"Why Stranger, are you k mad? Ill-fated man, Why hale you thus a virgin Sestian? Keep on your way. Let go, fear to offend The noblesse of my birth-right's either friend. It ill becomes you to solicit thus 185 The priest of Venus. Hopeless, dangerous, The 1 barr'd up way is to a virgin's bed." Thus, for the maiden form, she menaced. But he well-knew, that when these female m mines Break out in fury, they are certain signs 190 Of their persuasions. Women's threats once shown, Shows in it only all you wish your own. And therefore of the rubi-colour'd maid The odorous neck he with a kiss assay'd, 195 And, stricken with the sting of love, he pray'd: "Dear Venus, next to Venus you must go; And next Minerva, trace Minerva too; Your like with earthy dames no light can show; To Jove's Great Daughters I must liken you. Blest was thy great begetter; blest was she 200 Whose womb did bear thee; but most blessedly The womb itself fare that thy throes did prove. O! hear my prayer! Pity the need of Love. As priest of Venus, practice Venus' rites. Come, and instruct me in her bed's-delights. 205 It fits not you, a virgin, to vow aids To Venus' service; Venus loves no maids. If Venus' institutions you prefer, And faithful ceremonies vow to her, Nuptials and beds they be. If her love binds, 210 Love Love's sweet laws, that soften human minds. 184 My birth-right's either friend—i. e. both my parents.

Make me your servant; husband, if you pleas'd: Whom Cupid with his burning shafts has seiz'd, And hunted to you, as swift Hermes drave With his gold-rod Jove's bold son to be slave 215 To Lydia's sov'reign Virgin; but for me, Venus insulting forc'd my feet to thee, I was not guided by wise Mercury. Virgin, you know, when Atalanta fled, Out of Arcadia, kind Melanion's bed, 220 Affecting virgin-life, your angry Queen, Whom first she us'd with a malignant spleen, At last possest him of her complete heart. And you, dear love, because I would avert Your Goddess' anger, I would fain persuade." 0.05 With these n love-luring words conform'd he made The maid recusant to his blood's desire. And set her soft mind on an erring fire. Dumb she was strook; and down to earth she threw Her rosy eyes, hid in vermilion hue, 230 Made red with shame. Oft with her foot she rac'd Earth's upper part; and oft (as quite ungrac'd) About her shoulders gather'd up her weed. All these fore-tokens are that men should speed. Of a persuaded virgin, to her bed 235 Promise is most given when the least is said. And now she took in Love's sweet-bitter sting, Burn'd in a fire that cool'd her surfeiting. Her beauties likewise strook her friend amaz'd: For, while her eyes fixt on the pavement gaz'd, 240 Love on Leander's looks shew'd fury seiz'd. Never enough his greedy eyes were pleas'd To view othe fair gloss of her tender neck.

At last this voice past, and out did break
A ruddy moisture from her bashful eyes:
"Stranger, perhaps thy words might exercise
Motion in flints, as well as my soft breast.
Who taught thee words, p that err from East to West
In their wild liberty? O woe is me!
To this my native soil who guided thee?
All thou hast said is vain; for how canst thou
(Not to be trusted; one I do not know)
Hope to excite in me a mixed love?
'Tis clear, that Law by no means will approve
Nuptials with us; for thou canst never gain 255
My parents' graces. If thou wouldst remain
Close on my shore, as outcast from thine own,
Venus will be in darkest corners known.
Man's tongue is loose to scandal; loose acts done
In surest secret, in the open sun
And every market place will burn thine ears.
But say, What name sustainst thou? What soil bears
Name of thy country? Mine I cannot hide.
My far-spread name is Hero; I abide
Hous'd in an all-seen tow'r, whose tops q touch heaven,
Built on a steep shore, that to sea is driven
Before the City Sestus; one sole maid
Attending. And this irksome life is laid
By my austere friends' wills on one so young;
No like-year'd virgins near, no youthful throng, 270
To meet in some delights, dances, or so;
But day and night the windy sea doth throw
Wild murmuring cuffs about our deaf'ned ears."
This said, her white robe hid her cheeks like spheres.
And then (with shame affected since she re'd 275

Words that desir'd youths, and her friends accus'd) She blam'd herself for them, and them for her. Mean space Leander felt Love's arrow err Thro' all his thoughts; devising how he might Encounter Love, that dar'd him so to fight. 230 Mind-changing Love wounds men and cures again. Those mortals over whom he lists to reign, Th' All-tamer stoops to, in advising how They may with some ease bear the yoke, his bow. 285 So our Leander, whom he hurt, he heal'd. Who having long his hidden fire conceal'd, And vex'd with thoughts he thirsted to impart. His stay he quitted with this quickest art: "Virgin, for thy love I will swim a wave That ships denies; and though with fire it rave, In way to thy bed, all the seas in one I would despise; the Hellespont were none. All nights to swim to one "sweet bed with thee Were nothing, if when Love had landed me, 295 All hid in weeds and in Venerean foam, I brought withal bright Hero's husband home. Not far from hence, and just against thy town, Abydus stands, that my birth calls mine own. Hold but a torch then in thy heaven-high tow'r, (Which I beholding, to that starry pow'r 300 May plow the dark seas, as the Ship of Love) I will not care to see Bootes move Down to the sea, nor sharp Orion trail His never-wet car, but arrive my sail, 305 Against my country, at thy pleasing shore. But (dear) take heed that no ungentle blore The torch extinguish, bearing all the light

By which my life sails, lest I lose thee quite. Wouldst thou my name know (as thou dost my house) It is Leander, lovely Hero's spouse." 310 Thus this kind couple their close marriage made, And friendship ever to be held in shade (Only by witness of one nuptial light) Both vow'd; agreed that Hero every night Should hold her torch out; every night her love 315 The tedious passage of the seas should prove. The whole even of the watchful nuptials spent, Against their wills the stern power of constraint Enforc'd their parting. Hero to her tow'r; Leander (minding his returning hour) 320 Took of the turret marks, for fear he fail'd. And to well-founded broad Abydus sail'd. All night both thirsted for the secret strife Of each young-married lovely man and wife; And all day after no desire shot home, 325 But that the chamber-decking night were come. And now Night's sooty clouds clapp'd all sail on. Fraught all with sleep; yet took Leander none. But on th' oppos'd shore of the noisefull seas The messenger of glitt'ring marriages 330 Look'd wishly for; or rather long'd to see The witness of their Light to misery, Far off discover'd in their covert bed. When Hero saw the blackest curtain spred That veil'd the dark night, her bright torch she shew'd. Whose light no sooner th' eager Lover view'd, But Love his blood set on as bright a fire; Together burn'd the torch and his desire. But hearing of the sea the horrid roar,

With which the tender air the mad waves tore, At first he trembled; but at last he rear'd High as the storm his spirit, and thus cheer'd (Using these words to it) his resolute mind: "Love dreadful is; the Sea with nought inclin'd; But Sea is water, outward all his ire; 845 When Love lights his fear with an inward fire. Take fire, my heart, fear nought that flits and raves, Be Love himself to me, despise these waves. Art thou to know that Venus' birth was here? 350 Commands the sea, and all that grieves us there?" This said, his fair limbs of his weed he stript; Which, at his head with both hands bound, he shipt, Leapt from the shore, and cast into the sea His lovely body; thrusting all his way Up to the torch, that still he thought did call; 355 He oars, he steerer, he the ship and all. Hero advanc'd upon a tow'r so high, As soon would lose on it the fixedst eye; And, like her Goddess Star, with her light shining, The winds, that always (as at her repining) Would blast her pleasures, with her veil she checkt, And from their envies did her torch protect. And this she never left, till she had brought Leander to the havenful shore he sought. When down she ran, and up she lighted then, To her tow'r's top, the weariest of men. First at the gates (without a syllable us'd) She hugg'd her panting husband, all diffus'd With foamy drops still stilling from his hair. Then brought she him into the inmost fair Of all, her virgin-chamber, that (at best)

Was with her beauties ten times better drest. His body then she cleans'd; his body oil'd With rosy odours, and his bosom (soil'd With the unsavoury sea) she render'd sweet 375 Then, in the high-made bed (ev'n panting yet) Herself she pour'd about her husband's breast, And these words utter'd: "With too much unrest, O husband, you have bought this little peace! Husband! No other man hath paid th' increase 380 Of that huge sum of pains you took for me. And yet I know, it is enough for thee To suffer for my love the fishy savours The working sea breaths. Come lay all thy labors On my all-thankful bosom." All this said, 385 He straight ungirdled her; and both parts paid To Venus what her gentle statutes bound. Here weddings were, but not a musical sound; Here bed-rites offer'd, but no hymns of praise, Nor poet sacred wedlock's worth did raise. 390 No torches gilt the honor'd nuptial bed, Nor any youths much-moving dances led. No father, nor no reverend mother, sung Hymen, O Hymen, blessing loves so young. But when the consummating hours had crown'd 395 The down-right nuptials, a calm bed was found; Silence the room fixt; Darkness deckt the bride; But hymns and such rites far were laid aside. Night was sole gracer of this nuptial house; Cheerful Aurora never saw the spouse 400 In any beds that were too broadly known, Away he fled still to his region, And breath'd insatiate of the absent Sun.

Hero kept all this from her parents still, Her priestly weed was large, and would not fill, 405 A maid by day she was, a wife by night; Which both so lov'd they wish'd it never light. And thus both, hiding the strong need of love, In Venus' secret sphere rejoic'd to move. But soon their joy died; and that still-toss'd state Of their stol'n nuptials drew but little date. For when the frosty Winter kept his justs, Rousing together all the horrid gusts That from the ever-whirling pits arise, 415 And those weak deeps that drive up to the skies, Against the drench'd foundations making knock Their curled foreheads; then with many a shock The winds and seas met, made the storms aloud Beat all the rough sea with a pitchy cloud. And then the black bark, buffeted with gales, Earth checks so rudely that in two it falls; The seaman flying winter's faithless sea. Yet, brave Leander, all this bent at thee Could not compell in thee one fit of fear; But when the cruel faithless messenger (The tow'r) appear'd and shew'd th' accustom'd light, It stung thee on, secure of all the spite But since Winter came, The raging sea spit. Unhappy Hero should have cool'd her flame, 430 And lie without Leander, no more lighting Her short-liv'd bed-star; but strange Fate exciting As well as Love, and both their pow'rs combin'd Enticing her, in her hand never shin'd The fatal Love-torch, but this one hour, more. Night came. And now the Sea against the shore

Muster'd her winds up; from whose wint'ry jaws They belch'd their rude breaths out in bitt'rest flaws. In midst of which Leander, with the pride Of his dear hope to bord his matchless bride, 440 Up on the rough back of the high sea leaps; And then waves thrust up waves; the watry heaps Tumbled together; sea and sky were mixt; The fighting Winds the frame of Earth unfixt; Zephyr and Eurus flew in either's face, 445 Notus and Boreas wrastler-like embrace. And toss each other with their bristled backs. Inevitable were the horrid cracks The shaken Sea gave; ruthful were the wracks Leander suffer'd in the savage gale 450 Th' inexorable whirlpits did exhale. Often he pray'd to Venus born of seas, Neptune their King; and Boreas, that t' would please His Godhead, for the Nymph Atthea's sake, Not to forget the like stealth he did make For her dear love, touch't then with his sad state. 455 But none would help him; Love compels not Fate. Every way toss'd with waves and Air's rude breath Justling together, he was crush'd to death. No more his youthful force his feet commands. Unmov'd lay now his late all-moving hands. 460 His throat was turn'd free channel to the flood. And drink went down that did him far from good. No more the false light for the curst wind burn'd, That of Leander ever-to-be-mourn'd Blew out the love and soul. When Hero still 465 Had watchful eyes, and a most constant will To guide the voyage; and the morning shin'd,

232 MUSÆUS, OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Yet not by her light she her love could find.

She stood distract with miserable woes,
And round about the sea's broad shoulders throws
Her eye, to second the extinguish'd light;
And tried if any way her husband's sight
Erring in any part she could descry.

When at her turret's foot she saw him lie
Mangl'd with rocks, and all-embrued, she tore
About her breast the curious weed she wore;
And with a shriek from off her turret's height
Cast her fair body headlong, that fell right
On her dead husband, spent with him her breath;
And each won other in the worst of death.





ANNOTATIONS UPON THIS POEM OF MUSÆUS.

Ver. 11. ^a Γαμοστόλος signifies one qui nuptias apparat vel instruit.

17. $^{\rm b}$ Νυμφοστόλον ἄστρον ἐρώτων. Νυμφοστόλος est qui sponsam sponso adducit seu conciliat.

19. ^c Συνέριθος, socius in aliquo opere.

20. d'Ερωμανέων ὀδυνάων. 'Ερωμανής signifies perditè amans, and therefore I enlarge the verbal translation.

21. ° Αγγελίην δ' εφύλαξεν ἀκοιμήτων, κ. τ. λ. 'Αγγελία, besides what is translated in the Latin res est nuntiata, item mandatum a nuntio perlatum, item fama, and therefore I translate it fame-freighted ship, because Leander calls himself ὁλκὸς ἔρωτος, which is translated navis amoris, though ὁλκὸς properly signifies sulcus, or tractus navis, vel serpentis, vel æthereæ sagittæ, &c.

23. $f' \to \chi \theta \rho \delta \nu \dot{\alpha} \dot{\eta} \tau \eta \nu$. "Ex $\theta \sigma s$, "Ex $\theta \rho a$, and 'Ex $\theta \rho \delta s$ are of one signification, or have their deduction one; and seem to be deduced $\dot{\alpha} \pi \delta \tau \sigma \bar{\nu} \not{\epsilon} \chi \epsilon \sigma \theta a \iota$, I. haverere. Ut sit odium quod animo infixum havet. For odium is by Cicero defined ira inveterata. I have therefore translated it according to this deduction, because it expresses better; and taking the wind for the fate of the wind; which conceived and appointed before, makes it as inveterate or infixed.

89. ^g Χροιὴν γὰρ μελέων έρυθαίνετο, colore enim membrorum rubebat. A most excellent hyperbole, being to be understood she blushed all over her. Or, then follows another elegancy, as strange and hard to conceive. The mere verbal translation of the Latin being in the sense either imperfect, or utterly in-

elegant, which I must yet leave to your judgment, for your own satisfaction. The words are,—

Νισσομένης δὲ Καὶ ρόδα λευκοχίτωνος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ λάμπετο κούρης.

Euntis vero

Etiam rosæ candidå indutæ tunicå sub talis splendebant puellæ.

To understand which, that her white weed was all underlined with roses, and that they shined out of it as she went, is passing poor and absurd; and as gross to have her stuck all over with roses. And therefore to make the sense answerable in heighth and elegancy to the former, she seemed (blushing all over her white robe, even below her ankles as she went) a moving rose, as having the blush of many roses about her.

167. h Ανέφαινε βαθύσκιος ἔσπερος ἀστήρ. Apparuit umbrosa Hesperus stella. E regione is before; which I English "And east; the Even-star took vantage of her shade, viz. of the evening shade, which is the cause that stars appear.

174. ¹Χαλίφρονα νεύματα κ. instabilis nutus puellæ. I English her would and would not. Χαλίφρων, ὁ χάλις τὰς φρένας, signifying cui mens laxata est et enerva; and of extremity therein amens, demens. Χαλίφρονέω, sum χαλίφρων.

181. k Demens sum—she calls him δύσμορε, which signifies cui difficile fatum obtingit; according to which I English it, infelix (being the word in the Latin) not expressing so particularly, because the unhappy in our language hath divers understandings, as waggish or subtle, &c. And the other well expressing an ill abodement in Hero of his ill or hard fate; imagining straight the strange and sudden alteration in her to be fatal.

187. ¹ Λέκτρον ἀμήχανον. Παρθενικήs going before, it is Latined, virginus ad lectum difficile est ire; but ἀμήχανος signifies nullis machinis expugnabilis: the way unto a virgin's bed is utterly-barred.

189. ^{In} Κυπριδίων ὁάρων αὐτάγγελοί είσιν ἀπειλαί. Venerearum consuetudinum per se nuntiue sunt minæ; exceeding elegant. Αὐτάγγελος signifying qui sibi nuntius est, id est, qui sine aliorum opera sua ipse nuntiat; according to which I have Englished it. "Oapes, lusus venerei. 'Απειλαί also, which signifies minæ, having a reciprocal signification in our tongue, being Englished mines. Mines, as it is privileged amongst us, being English, signifying mines made under the earth. I

have passed it with that word, being fit for this place in that understanding.

226. ⁿ Έρωτοτόκοισι μύθοις, έρωτοτόκος σάρξ, corpus amorem pariens et alliciens, according to which I have turned it.

243. ° 'Απαλόχροον αὐχένα. 'Απαλόχροος signifies qui tenerâ et delicatâ est cute; tenerum therefore not enough expressing. I have enlarged the expression as in his place.

248. P Πολυπλανέων έπέων is turned variorum verborum, πολυπλανής signifying multivagus, erroneus, or errorum plenus, intending that sort of error that is in the planets; of whose wandering they are called πλανήτες άστερες, sidera errantia. So that Hero taxed him for so bold a liberty in words, as erred toto cælo from what was fit, or became the youth of one so graceful; which made her break into the admiring exclamation, that one so young and gracious should put on so experienced and licentious a boldness, as in that holy temple encouraged him to make love to her.

265. ^q Δόμος οὐρανομήλης. It is translated domo altissimā; but because it is a compound, and hath a grace superior to the others in his more near and verbal conversion, οὐρανομήκης signifying cælum proceritate tangens, I have so rendered it.

293. Γ'Υγρὸς ἀκοίτης, translated madidus maritus, when as ἀκοίτης is taken here for ὁμοκοίτης, signifying unum et idem cubile habens, which is more particular and true.

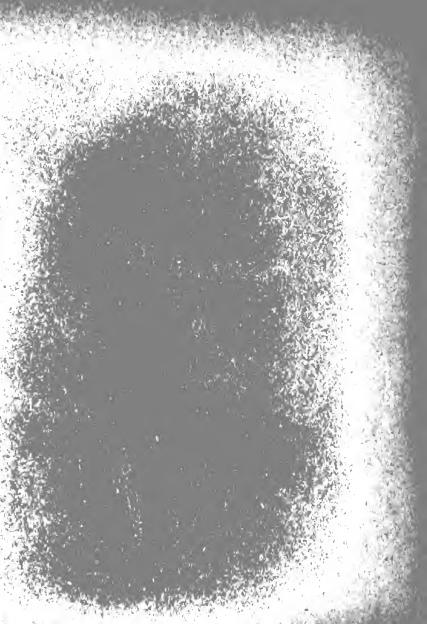
299. s'Ηλιβάτον σέο πύργου, &c. 'Ηλίβατοs signifies jam altus aut profundus ut ab ejus accessu aberres, intending the tower upon which Hero stood.





JUVENAL.

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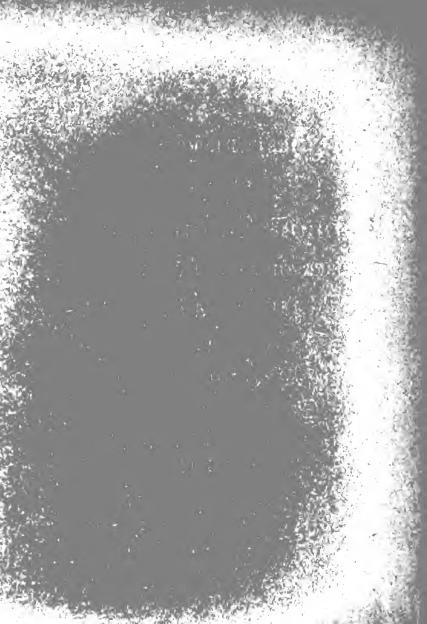
Romane Smell-Feast:

BEING THE FIFTH SATYRE OF

JUVENAL.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Imprinted at London by Tho. Harper
M D C. X X I X.





TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHILY HONOURED GENTLEMAN, RICHARD HUBERT, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

REAT works get little regard; little and light are most affected with height; omne leve sursum, grave deorsum, you know; for which, and because custom or fashion

is another nature, and that it is now the fashion to justify strange actions, I (utterly against mine own fashion) followed the vulgar, and assaid what might be said for the justification of a strange action of Nero in burying with a solemn funeral one of the cast hairs of his mistress Poppea. And not to make little labours altogether unworthy the sight of the great, I say with the great defender of little labours, In tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria. Howsoever, as seamen seeing the approaches of whales, cast out empty vessells, to serve their harmful pleasures, and divert them from everting their main adventure (for in the vast and immane power of any thing, nothing is distinguished; great and precious things, basest and vilest, serve alike their wild and unwildy swings); so myself, having yet once more some worthier work than this oration, and following translation.

to pass this sea of the land, expose to the land and vulgar Leviathan these slight adventures. The rather, because the translation containing in two or three instances a preparation to the justification of my ensuing intended* translations, lest some should account them, as they have my former conversions in some places, licenses, bold ones, and utterly redundant. Though your judicial self (as I have heard) hath taken those liberal redundances rather as the necessary overflowings of Nilus, than rude or harmful torrents swoln with headstrong showers. To whose judgement and merit submits these, and all his other, services

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

* It would seem from this that Chapman intended other translations. None, however, have been printed.





TO THE READER.

ECAUSE, in most opinions of translation, a most asinine error hath gotten ear and head, that men must attempt it as a mastery in rendering any original into other

language, to do it in as few words, and the like order, I thought it not amiss in this poor portion of translation to pick out, like the rotten out of apples if you please so to repute it, a poor instance or two that endeavour to demonstrate a right in the contrary; and the rather I take this course, ocularily to present you with example of what I esteem fit to save the liberty and dialect of mine own language, because there are many valetudinaries that never know the goodness of their stomach till they see meat afore them.

Where, therefore, the most worthy Satirist describes the differences of pages that attend the lord and the guests at the table, and expresses the disdain of the lord's page to attend his guest, bespeaks for his pride thus:—

> ——sed forma sed ætas Digna supercilio.

Which I take out with this bold one: And to say truth his form and prime beside may well allow him some few grains of pride. To speak truth is too much, you say; I confess it in policy, but not in force and honest poesy.

In the other, the words are utterly altered. It should be so, to avoid verbal servitude; but the sense I might wish my betters could render no worse. It follows, where he sets down the difference betwixt the lord's bread and the guests'; where he hath played upon the coarseness and mustiness of the guests' pantry, he differences his lord's thus:—

Sed tener et niveus, mollique siligine factus, Servatur domino.

Which I thus:-

But for his bread, the pride of appetite, Tenderly soft, incomparably white, The first flow'r of fine meal subdu'd in paste, That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste.

O this, you will say, is a bold one; which I am too bashful to answer otherwise than thus, that here the purest bread affects a full description; which I amplifying no more than is needful for the full facture of it, if I be overflowing, my author is arid; but who would not greedily here have fallen upon snowy, it lying so fair for him? put soft faithfully in his proper place; and would ever have dreamed of subdued in paste, because it was not put in his mouth? And I hope it will seem no over-broad bold one, to enter where the purest bread out of industry should make his expected apparance. A number more out of this of no number I could instance, that would trouble men made of greatest number to imitate. But all mastery hath his end, to get great men to commend. It is the outward not the inward virtue that prevails. The candlestick more than the candle is the learning with which blind Fortune useth to prefer her favourites. And who, but the spawns of candlesticks (men of most lucubration for name) win

the day from such dormice as wake sleeping; and rest only in those unprofitable and abhorred knowledges, that no man either praises or acknowledges.

Me dulcis saturet quies. Leni perfruar ocio. Ignotus omnibus. Cognitus egomet mihi.

Quite opposite to your admired and known learned man: Qui notus nimis omnibus, Ignotus moritur sibi. And so shall know nothing either in life or death when every truly learned man's knowledge especially begins. Your servant.





D. JUNII JUVENALIS.

LIB. I. SAT. V.

TO TREBIUS. LABOURING TO BRING HIM IN DISLIKE
OF HIS CONTINUED COURSE OF FREQUENTING
THE TABLE OF VIRRO, A GREAT
LORD OF ROME.



F, of thy purpose yet, thou tak'st no shame, But keep'st thy mind, immutably, the same,

That thou esteem'st it as a good in chief

At others' trenchers to relieve thy life;
If those things thou can'st find a back to bear,
That not Sarmentus nor vile Galba were
So base to put in patience of a guest,
No, not for Cæsar's far-exceeding feast;
Fear will affect me to believe thy troth
In any witness, though produc'd by eath;
For nothing in my knowledge falls that is
More frugal than the belly. But say this,
That not enough food all thy means can find,
To keep thy gut from emptiness and wind,
Is no creek void? No bridge? No piece of shed!
Half, or not half? Would thy not being fed
At Virro's table be so foul a shame?

Does hunger blow in thee so false a flame, As not to taste it nobler in as poor 20 And vile a place as hath been nam'd before? To quake for cold, and gnaw the mustiest grounds Of barley-griest, bak'd purposely for hounds? First, take it for a rule, that if my lord Shall once be pleas'd to grace thee with his board, The whole revenues that thy hopes inherit, 25 Rising from services of ancient merit, In this requital amply paid will prove. O'tis the fruit of a transcendent love To give one victuals; that thy table-king 30 Lays in thy dish though ne'er so thin a thing, Yet that reproach still in thine ears shall ring. If, therefore, after two months' due neglect, He deigns his poor dependant to respect, And lest the third bench fail to fill the rank, He shall take thee up to supply the blank. 35 'Let's sit together Trebius,' says my lord; Sees all thy wishes summ'd up in a word. What canst thou ask at Jove's hand after this? This grace to Trebius enough ample is 40 To make him start from sleep before the lark, Posting abroad untruss'd, and in the dark, Perplex'd with fear, lest all the servile-rout Of his saluters have the round run-out Before he come; while yet the fixed star Shows his ambiguous head, and heaven's cold car 45 The slow Bootes wheel about the Bear. And yet, for all this, what may be the cheer? To such vile wine thy throat is made the sink, As greasy wool would not endure to drink,

And we must shortly look to see our guest Transform'd into a Berecynthian priest. Words make the prologue to prepare the fray. And in the next scene pots are taught to play The parts of weapons; thy red napkin now Descends to tell thee of thy broken brow; 35 And such events do evermore ensue When you poor guests and Virro's serving crew Grow to the heat of such uncivil wars. The vile wine made the bellows to your jars. For Virro's self, the wine he drinks was born 60 When consuls (Phœbus-like) appear'd unshorn; A grape that long since in the wars was prest By our confederate Marsians, and the rest; Of which no drop his longing friend can get 65 Though blown in fume up with a cardiack fit. Next day he likes to taste another field, The Alban hills', or else the Setine yield, Whose race and rich succession if you ask, Age hath decay'd, and sickness of the cask; Such Thrasea and Helvidius quaff'd, still crown'd, 70 When Brutus' birth, and Cassius' they renown'd. Virro himself in solemn bowls is serv'd, Of amber and disparent beryl kerv'd; But to thy trust no such cup they commit, Or, if they do, a spy is fix'd to it, 75 To tell the stones; whose firm eye never fails To watch the close walks of thy vulturous nails. 'Give leave,' says Virro, and then takes the cup, The famous jasper in it lifting up 80 In glorious praises; for 'tis now the guise' Of him and others to transfer such prize

Off from his fingers to his bowls that were Wont to grace swords, and our young Trojan peer That made Iarbus jealous (since in love \$5 Preferr'd past him by Dido) us'd t' improve By setting them in fore-front of his sheath. But thy bowl stands an infinite beneath, And bears the Beneventane cobbler's name, Whose gallon drunk-off must thy blood enflame, 90 And is so craz'd, that they would let it pass To them that matches give for broken glass. Now, if by fumes of wine, or fiery meat, His lordship's stomach over-boil with heat, There's a cold liquor brought that's made t' outvie The chill impressions of the north-east sky. 95 I formerly affirm'd, that you and he Were serv'd with wines of a distinct degree, But now remember, it belongs to you To keep your distance in your water too. And (in his page's place) thy cups are brought 100 By a swarth foot man, from Getulia bought, Or some sterv'd negro, whose affrightful sight Thou wouldst abhor to meet in dead of night Passing the monuments of Latia. In his eye waits the flower of Asia, 105 A jewel purchas'd at a higher rate Than martial Ancus', or king Tullus', state, (Not to stand long) than all the idle things That grac'd the courts of all our Roman kings. If then thy bowl his nectar's store shall need, 110 Address thee to his Indian Ganymed. Think not his page, worth such a world, can skill, Or does not scorn, for thread-bare coats to fill,

And, to say truth, his form and pride beside May well allow him some few grains of pride. But when does he to what thou want'st descend, Or thy entreaties not contemn t' attend, Supply of water craving, hot or cold ? No, he, I tell you, in high scorn doth hold To stir at every stale dependant's call; 120 Or that thou call'st for anything at all, Or sitt'st where he's forc'd stand, his pride depraves. Houses of state abound with stately slaves. And see, another's proud disdains resist His hand to set thee bread; and yet what is't 125 But hoary cantles of unboulted grist, That would a jaw-tooth rouse, and not admit, Though ne'er so base, thy baser throat a bit? But for his bread, the pride of appetite, Tenderly soft, incomparably white, 130-The first flow'r of fine meal subdu'd in paste, That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste. See then thou keep'st thy fingers from offence, And give the pantler his due reverence. Or say thou shouldst be (malapertly) bold, 135-Seest thou not slaves enough, to force thy hold From thy attempted prize, with taunts like these. 'Hands off, forward companion, will you please With your familiar crible to be fed, 140-And understand the colour of your bread?' Then grumbles thy disgrace: 'And is it this

131 See Batrachomyomachia, 53.

139 Crible—a finer sort of bran; seconds' bread.

For which so oft I have forborne the bliss

¹³⁴ Pantler—the servant who kept the bread, the pantry.

Of my fair wife, to post with earliest speed Up to Mount Esquiline, where agues breed ? 145 When my repair did vernal Jove provoke To drive his weather through my winter cloke, And in his bitter'st hails his murmurs broke?' But let us to our cates our course address: Observe that lobster serv'd to Virro's mess. 150" How with the length of his extended limbs He does surcharge the charger; how the brims With lust-full sperage are all over-stor'd; With what a tail he over-tops the board, In service first borne-up betwixt the hands 155 Of that vast yeoman! But, for thee, there stands A puny cray-fish, pent in half a shell, The dish not feast enough for one in hell. The fish he tastes swims in an oil that grew In Campany, and drank Venafrian dew. 160 But, for the worts, poor snake, presented thee, Whose pale aspect shows their infirmity, They drink an oil much of the curriers' stamp, Exquisite stuff, that savours of the lamp. For know, that for your board is billetted 165 An oil that from the Lybian cane is shed, The burthen of a sharp Numidian prow; An oil, for whose strength Romans disavow To bathe with Boccharis; an oil whose smell 'Gainst serpents doth an amulet excell. 170

Next, for my lord, a mullet see serv'd in, Sent from the Corsic-shore, or of a fin Bred in Sicilia's Taurominian rocks; All our seas being exhausted, all our flocks

160 Worts-vegetables, cole-worts.

Spent and destroy'd, while our luxurious diet	
Makes havock, and our kitchens never quiet	175
Still with unwearied nets, that no truce keep,	
Ransack the entrails of th' adjoining deep;	
Nor respite our Etrurian fry to grow.	
And now our markets their chief purveyance owe	
To some remote and ditionary coast;	180
Thence come the dainties that our kitchens boast;	
Such as to buy the vulture Lenas deigns,	
Such as to sell Aurelia entertains.	
In mess with that, behold for Virro lies	
A lamprey of an exemplary size,	185
That for dimension bears the prize from all	
Which gulphs Sicilian sent his festivall;	
For while the South contains himself, while he	
Lies close, and dries his feathers in his lee,	
Our greedy pursenets for their gain despise	190
The danger that in mid Charybdis lies.	
Now, for his lamprey, thou art glad to take	
An eel, near cousin to a hideous snake,	
Or else a freckled Tiberine, bit with frost,	
And he the poorest slave of all the coast,	195
Fed with the torrent of the common sewer,	
And swims the town ditch where 'tis most impure.	
Here would I on himself a word have spent,	
So he inclin'd an ear benevolent.	
Nor do we such benevolences crave,	260
As Seneca his mean acquaintance gave;	
Such as good Piso; such as Cotta made	
To deal for largess; a familiar trade;	
For times have been, that in the world's account	
The title of munificence did mount	205

Above triumphant or imperial bays. But our desire in this due limit stays, That you will make, when you entreat a guest, Civil respect the steward of your feast. 210 Do this, and be, as many lords are more, Rich to yourself, and to your followers poor. Before him see a huge goose-liver set; A capon cramm'd, even with that goose; for great A whole wild boar, hid in his smoking heat, That gold-lock'd Meleager's dart deserv'd; 215 And after all this, Virro's self is serv'd With pure dress'd mushrooms, be the spring then freed, And wished thunders make his meals exceed. And then the gully-gut (Aledius) cries 220 O Lybia, keep with thee thy wheats and ryes, And ease thy oxen, sending these supplies. And that no indignation want to thee, (As bound t' observe) the carver thou must see Dancing about his business; and he That teaches him the laws to the true life 225 Of carving comely, with his flying knife Touching at every joint he carves, before He dares th' attempt, till not a gesture more In all his dictates can deserve offence. Nor must your note fail, how huge difference 230 There is 'twixt the unlacing of your hare, And hen's dissection. 'Gainst which if you dare But whisper, like a three-nam'd noble man. Like Cacus, struck by hands-Herculean, Thou shalt be by the heels dragg'd forth the place. 235 But when doth Virro then vouchsafe the grace To drink to thee? Or touch the cup that thou

Hast with thy lips profan'd? Or which of you So desperate is, so lost, to bid the king Drink to me, sir?' No. There is many a thing 240 That thread-bare coats dare not for fear bring forth. But if some God, or God-like man, or worth Better than fate, would wealth bestow on thee. Fit to maintain a knight of Rome's degree, 245 How huge a piece of man shouldst thou ascend Rais'd out of nothing! How much Virro's friend! "Give Trebius." 'Set to Trebius." 'Brother (now) Please you these puddings' taste?' O moneys, you He gives this honour, you these brother are. Yet notwithstanding, if thou please to share 250 His lordship with him, or become his king. You must to court no young Æneas bring, Nor daughter, though his daintier, to be Play-peers with Virro's daintiest progeny, But childless be. A pleasing and dear friend 255 A barren wife makes. But suppose she lend Thy lap much issue (even at one birth three) So thou be rich, Virro will join with thee In joy of that thy prating progeny; And ever when the infant parasite 200 Comes to the table, asking his delight, Virro commands it all his appetite. To all his cheap priz'd friends, they serve the board With dangerous toad-stools; mushrooms for my lord, But such as Claudius pleas'd to taste, before His wife's gift came that made him taste no more.

Virro commands for him, and all the rest Of the Virronian rank, fruit of such feast As thou shalt only in their odour eat, Such as Phæacia's endless autumns sweat, 270 Or thou wouldst think got from the golden trees That grew in guard of the Atlantides; Where thou eat'st spaky fruit, of that sour sort That fresh-train'd soldiers feed on in their fort. 275 Bestow'd on them in practise of their art At a stuff'd goat-skin to bestow a dart, Fearing for their default the scourge's smart. Perhaps, for saving cost, thou may'st conceive That Virro feeds thee so? No, 'tis to grieve Thy greedy liquorous appetite, because 280 There is no comedy of more applause, Nor any excellentest Zany can More than a weeping-gut delight a man. All is then done (if we must teach thine ears) To make thee purge thy choler by thy tears, 285 And live still gnashing of thy great-eye-teeth. Thou think'st, he thinks thee free, and not beneath Guests for his love and grace; but he knows well Thee only taken with his kitchen's smell. Nor thinks amiss; for who so naked lives, 290 That twice on his entreats attendance gives? Vain hope of supping well deceives you all 'But see' (say you) 'that half-eat hare will fall In his gift to our shares; or of that boar Some little fragments, that his haunches wore; 295 Or sure that cap'net.' When, for all prepar'd, Your musty bread par'd clean, and no bit shar'd Of all those meats of mark, and long'd-for dishes, Your vain hopes vanish, and y' are mute as fishes.

> ²⁷³ Spaky—specky, rotten. ²⁹⁶ Cap net—caponet, little capon.

He's wise that serves thee so; for if thou can Bear all, thou should'st, and he's no unjust man That lays all on thee, even to stoop thy head To the fool's razor, and be buffeted; Which if thou do'st, nor let'st thy forage fear Besides to suffer Virro's whipping cheer, With all the sharp sauce that he can extend, Thou'rt worthy such a feast, and such a friend.

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FINIS.

A GLOSSARIAL INDEX

то

THE WHOLE OF CHAPMAN'S CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

The Editor gives this Index as a valuable adjunct to the five volumes of the Translations. Explanations are only affixed to such words as seem to need them. Many words are noted as early instances of their use, and as not occurring in the ordinary dictionaries. This, it is hoped, will be of some philological value. One or two references have been thought sufficient.

The abbreviations are—II. for Diad; Od. for Odyssey; Bat. for Batrachomyomechia; H. A. for Hymn to Apollo; H. H. for Hymn to Hermes; H. V. for Hymn to Venus; and the smaller Hymns are generally cited by the page; Hes. for Hesiod; Mus. for Museus; and Juv. for Juvenal.

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Dainty. Il. ii. 680 Damask and damasked=inlaid. x. 63; iii. 345 Dancery. Od. viii, 504 Dare (to) = to venture. Il. i. 228 Dare (to) = to provoke (pain). Il. xi. 406 Dare = defiance. Il. xx. 196 Darksome. 1l. xi. 318, 402 Deaded. Od. xviii. 372 Deathful. Il. i. 93 Deathless. Il. ii. 420 Deathsman. Il. xxiv. 457 Declined = turned aside. Il. v. 807; Od. iv. 295 Deduction = leading away, conveyance home. Od. viii. 39, 202 Deedless = inactive. Il. iv. 351 Deedless = causing inaction. Od. xii. 480 Deepsome. Od. iv. 769

Defamed = disgraced. Od. i. 386 Defect = fault. Il. xiii. 102 Deft. II. i. 580 Deject = hurl-down. Bat. 228. Delayful. Od. iv. 1041 Delicious = delicate. Il. v. 413; Od. xxiv. 370 Delightsome. Il. xii. 313; H. A. 322 Delightsomely. Il. ii. 235 Den = herd or pack. Il. xi. 417 Den (to)=dwell. H. A. 112 Deny = say nay. 11. vi. 166; vii. 303 Depeople (to). Il. xix. 146; Od. ix. Depopulacy. Bat. 405 Depopulate. Il. ii. 611 Depose (to) = lay down. Il. xix. 34 Deposition = laying-down. H. A. 710 Deprave (to) = to defame, dishonour. Il. vi. 564; Bat. 106 Deprave (n. s.) = defamation. xxii. 585 Deprehended = caught in the act. vi. 358 Derisory = mocking. Hes. Bk. Desertful = meritorious. Pref. to Il. p. lxix. Designment. Il. ii. 454 Desire = regret. Il. xvii. 380; Od. v. 277Deviceful. Od. i. 206 Difference (to) v. a. Il. v. 130 Dight (to) = to winnow (really to prepare.) Hes. Bk. ii. 343; Bk. of Days, 67 Dignified = rendered worthy. Od. xiii. Disanimates = discourages. Il. xvi. Disclosed = discovered, looked upon. Il. xxi. 467 Discoloured = divers-coloured. Il. xvi. Discovery = declaration. Il. i. 70 Discrepance = difference. Il. xi. 442

Disease (to)=disturb, arouse. Il. x. 45; Od. v. 68 Disease (n. s.) = unrest, uneasiness. Od. iv. 188 Disfurnished. Il. ii. 525 Disgrace = disfavour. Il. ix. 20 Disgrace (to) = to disfavour, be unkind to. Od. i. 365 Dishelm (to). Od. xiv. 383 Disherit (to). Od. ix. 3 Dishonoured = dishonourable. arg. 10 Disinflamed. Il. xii. 400 Disjunctions. Il. i. 253 Dislived = deprived of life. Od. xxii 355 Disperpled = sprinkled. Il. xi. 466; Od. x. 473 Display (to) = to show. Il. v. 693 Display (to) = to view. Il. xi. 74; xvii. 90; Od. v. 350 Disposure. Od. iii. 71 Dispraise (to) = to blame. Od. ii. 214 Dispread. Il. iv. 490 Dissentiously. Il. ii. 22, 54 Dissite = distant, sundered apart. Od. vii. 270 Dissolved = let loose. Il. v. 353 Dissundered. Od. i. 36 Distain. Il. v. 33; xxii. 349 Distempering = disturbing, discouraging. Il. xiv. 35 Disterminate = divided, separated by bounds. Od. x. 106 Distinguished = varied. Il. v. 758 Distract = distracted. Il. xi. 475 Distrustful. Od. iv. 1022 Diters = winnowers. Il. v. 499 Dites=winnows. Il. v. 498. note on this passage in our second edition. The word seems usually applied to winnow, and is found in an old political squib of the time of Richard II. in Disraeli's Amenities of Literature (chap. xii.), "Let Piers the Plowman dwell at home, and dyght us corn.") Ditionary = provincial, contributory. Juv. 180

Diversly. Il. ii. 347 Diversory = way-side inn. Od. xiv. 536Diverted = turned away. Il. xxiii. 47 Dooms = decisions. Il. iii. 78, 337; xviii. 457 Dop-chick = dab-chick. Od. xv, 636 Dorp=village. Il. xi. 587 Doubt=redoubt, battlement. Il. xii. 286Doubtless (n. a.) = undoubting. iv. 344 Down (to) = keep down. Il. xxi. 56; Od. xix. 702 Downright = plain, without ceremony. Il. xxiv. 637; Mus. 396 Dreadless. Il. x. 261 Drifts=designs. Il. ix. 26; x. 88 Dubbed = stuck on, loaded. 448; ii. 369; Od. iii. 619 Duke=leader. Il. ii. 470; Od. iii. 532Durance. Bat. 21 Dusted = thumped. Il. xxi. 377 (see note) Dwarfy. Od. ix. 692 EAGER = sharp. Il. x. 150; xi. 231 Eagerly = sourly, sharply. Il. i. 99 Eared = ploughed. Il. xviii, 492 Effeminacies. Il. vi. 347 Egression. Od x. 33 Eld=old age. Il. xxiii 688 Elephant = ivory. Od. xix. 77; xxiii. 308 / Elusive = mocking. Il. xi. 319 Embattelling. Il. iv. 308; xvi. 155 Embossed = foaming at the mouth. Il. iv. 258; Od. vi. 510 (see note) Embrodery. Od. xvii. 39 Embrued = imbued with moisture. Od. vi. 185; xvii. 125; xix. 644 (see Empery = sovereign authority. Il. i. 86; Od. iv. 233 Emprise = enterprise. Il. xi. 257

Enambushed. Il. x. 257

Enchased = enclosed. Il. xv. 147; xix. 346; Od. ii. 415 Encoached. H. A. 373 Endears. Od. xv. 30 Endless=immortal. H. H. 411 Endless = last. Il. xxiii. 125 Endlessly = for ever. Il. iv. 565 Enflamed = set on fire. Od. iii. 17 Enflowered. Od. v. 96; xiii 286 Enforceful. H. V. 247 Enforcive. Il. viii. 212; x. 128 Enfranchise (to) = set free. Il. i. 96: v. 374; Od. xi. 400 Enfranchisement. Il. v. 375 Enginous = ingenious. Od. i. 452 Engored. Il. xxi. 22 Engrailed = variegated. Il. xxiii. 761 Engrost = made thick, large. Il. xvii. 640: Od. v. 374 Enranked. Il. iii. 339 Enslumbered = put to sleep. Il. xxiv. 399Ensphere (to). Od. iii. 78; xiii. 271 Ensue (to)=to follow upon. Il. xi. 463; H. A. 719 Entoiled = entangled, surrounded. Il. ii. 455 Envy = grudge. Il. xiii. 477 (see note); xxiii. 478 Equalize=to render equal. Il. xi. 297. (See Pref. Poem to Reader, 17) Erring = wandering. Il. ii. 402 et pass1m Escape = transgression of female virtue. Il. ii. 312; v. 358 Escheat = plunder. Il. viii. 439 Eternified. Od. i. 162 Events = issue. Il. xxii. 44 Eversion = overthrow. Il. ix. 48 Evicke = ibex. Il. iv. 122 Evulsion. Il. xxi. 171 Example (to), v. a. Il. iv. 238; v. 804 Exanimate. Il. xvii. 598 Exciteful. Hes. Bk. ii. 423 Exemplary = as a specimen, sample. Juv. 185 Exempt = perfect. Il. ix. 604; x. 214Exhale (to) = draw out. Il. xx. 195 Exhorts = exhortations, Il. xi, 183; xvi. 358

Exile (to) = banish. Il. xvi. 369 Expansure. Il. xvii. 320 Expect (to) = await. Il. iv. 359; Od. iv. 1061 et passim Expectance. Od. xi. 475 Expert=skilful. Il. iv. 311. =free from. H. V. 358 (see note) Expiscating = searching into. Il. x. Explode (to)=drive out with disgrace. Hes. Bk. ii. 570 Explore (to) = search out. Il. i. 543; Expugn (to) = take by assault. Il. iv. arg. 2 Expulse (to) = drive out. Il. vi. 566; viii. 467 Expulsive. Il. xii. 187; Hes. Bk. ii. 225Expulsure = driving forth. Il. xi. 339 Exquire (to) = search out. Od. iv. 520 Exsequies. Il. xxii. 446 (see Bk. xxiii. arg. 1) Exspire (to)=breathe out. Od. ix. Extenuate (to) = render less. Il. xvi. 673 Extremes = necessities. Il. ii. 300 Eveful = visible. Il. x. 396Eyeshot = range of eye. Il. i. Com. p. 23, line 5 Eyne = eyes. Il. x. 487; Od. xvi. 217 FADGING. Il. xxii. 194 Falls. Il. ii. 396 Fame = report. Od. iii. 126 · Fantasy. Il. ii. 45 Fat (to) = fatten. Od. xiv. 60 Fatal = destined. Il. viii. 344; Od. ii. 515 Faultful. Od. i. 47 Fausens = eels. Il. xxi. 190 Fautour = favourer, patron. Il. i. 441 Fautress = patroness. Il. xxiii. 671 Fawn (n. s.) = fawning. Od. x. 286

Fawn (to) = court, entice. Odd. xii. 71

Fearful=timid. Il. i. 290; xxiii.

740; Od. xx. 381

Fellowless = peerless.Il. ii. 434; xii. 108 Fells=skins. Il. ix. 630; Od. iii. 58 Feltred = matted, clotted. Il. iii. 219 Fenceful. Bat. 190 Fere = companion. Il. xviii. 339 Ferrary = art of working in iron. Il. xiv. 141 Fescue. H. A. 288 (see note) Fetched = reached (a naval term). Od. xxiv. 219 Fictive = imaginary. Od. Ep. Ded., p. xlix line 9 Fight = bulwark. Il. xii. 271 Filed = defiled. Il. xvi. 733; xviii. 21 Filed = polished (filed-speech). Od. vi. 219; H. H. 568 Fistulary = like a pipe. H. H. 896 Flaw = gust of wind. Il. iv. 449 Fled = put off.Od. iv. 339 Fleer (to) = leer. Il. xi. 343Fleet = float. Il. xix. 204 Flesh (to) = initiate. Il. xiii. 158 Il. Flexure=turning of the goal. xxiii. 409 Flies = transcends, escapes. Il. xvi. Com. p. 104, line 18; Od. xvii. 504 Flitting = floating. Od. viii. 789 Fluences = pourings forth. Il. xvi. 244 Fluent = a stream. H. A. 28 Fly (to) = pass over, avoid. Od. xvii. 423 Foil=defeat. Il. vi. 344-5, 372; viii. Foody. Il. xi. 104; Od. ii. 558 Footmanship. Od. iv. 270 Forceful. Od. xv. 313 Forechace. Il. xvii. 637 Forefeels. Il. xiv. 113 Od. iv. 485 Foregale. Foregoes. Il. ii. 281 Forehead of the Morn. Il. ix. 347 Forepast. H. to Hercules, line 7, p. Foreright. Od. iii. 244; H. A. 639 Foreseer. Il. vi. 385 Foresent. Od. iii. 245 Forespeak. Il. xvi. 792; xvii, 32; H. A. 307

Foreteams. Il. xvi. 352 Forewhile. Od. ii. 256 Forewinds. Od. ix. 130; xi. 866 Fountful. Il. xiv. 238 Franchisement = freedom. Il. v. 375 Frequent = numerous. Il. ii. 71 Fret (to)=to ornament with raised work. Il. ix. 184 H. H. 87 Frets = stops of a lute. Froes = frows, women. Il. vi. 129 Frontless = shameless. Il. i. 159; Od. i. 425 Fulsome = nasty. Od. xvii. 556 Fume = anger. Il. i. 100; Od. xvii. 281 Funeral = death. Il. viii. 309 Furrow=lair, Il, xi, 105 Futurely. Il. vi. 201; xxiv. 390

G.
GABARDINE = coarsecloak. Od. xiv. 742

Gables = cables. Od. vi. 415 et passim

Gadding. Ud. vi. 430 Galingale = sweet cyperus. Il. xxi. 333 Gamed = played at games. Il. xxiii. 574 Gavel = sheaf of corn. Il. xxi. 328 Gaze (at-gaze) = staring. A stag was said to look at-gaze when it looked as it were full at you. Il. iii. 149; xx. 303; Od. vii. 181 Gaysome. Il. xi. 194 Giggots = slices. Il. i. 452; ii. 372 Girlond = garland, i.e. crown. Od.i.619 Gladded. Od. xix. 88 Gleby. Il. iii. 81 Glew(to) = join together. Il. xviii. 540 Glibness = smoothness, slipperiness. Od. xii. 130 Glister = glitter. Od. xviii. 280 Glorious = boasting. Il. xiii. 738 Gloriously = boastingly. Il. iii. 20 Glose (to) = to deceive. Od. iii. 139. =flatter. Od. xv. 99, 344 Gloss = lustre. Il. i. 133 Gobbets = mouthfuls. Od. ix. 512 Grace = favour. Il. vi. 290 Gracious=graceful. Il. xviii. 23 Gratulate = confer favour. Il. xxi. 422 Grave = heavy. Il. v. 752

Grave (to) = to bury. Il. vii. arg. 7 Graved = put into the grave. Il. xxiv. 705 Green = fresh. Od. xi. 46 Guardfully. Il. i. 441 Guise = custom. Il. iii. 284 Gulfy. Il. x. 7; xiii. 33

Gulls=swallows. Il. xxi. 132

· H.

Hability = power. Il. xi. 673 Hales = hauls, drags. · Il. v. 478 et passim Halsers and halsters = hawsers. ii. 609; v. 333 Harpsical = harpsichord. H. A. 293 Hatched = inlaid. Il. xxiii. 700 Health = safety. Il. xv. 683 Hearten = encourage. Il. i. 444 Heartless = out-of-heart. Il. xv. 296 Heartquakes = fears. Il. vii. 188 Heat = courage. Il. ii. 323 Heaven = past tense of heave. Il. xxiii 293 Heavy = sad. Il. ii. 699; xvii. 30 Heired = inherited. Il. v. 296; xiv. 90 Helm = handle. Od. v. 312 Helpless = unaiding. Il. vi. 385 Helptire=assistance. Il. v. 253 Herby = grassy. Il. v. 39; Od. iv. 453 Herdful. Hes. Bk. i. 494 Hernshaw. Il. x. 243 Het = past tense of heat. Od. xix. 594; Hind = servant. Hes. Bk. ii. 205 Hind = doe. Il. xi. 105 Hogherd. Il. xxi. 263 Hoice and hoise = hoist. Il. ix. 403; Od. ii. 609 et passim Hollows = shouts, halloes. H. V. 24 Honorary (n. s.) = gift. Od. xiii. 16 Horror = bristling. Il. vii. 49 et pas-Housewifely. H. to Vesta, p. 111,

Humans = men, mortals. Il. xii. 64;

Humorous = moist, watery. Il. xxi.

H. A. 298

186; Od. iv. 1020

Hurls=hurlings, H. A. 24 Husband (to)=cultivate. Od. xxiv. 349

T

IDOL=image. Od. xxiv. 19 et alihi Illuded=mocked, deluded. II. xiv. 302; H. H. 642 Illustrate=illustrious. II. viii. 252; x. 251 Illustrated=brightened with light. Od. v. 2 Immane=huge, cruel. II. xxi. 296 Immane=huge, cruel. II. xxi. 296

Immartial=not warlike. Od. ii. 100 Immortalize=render deathless. Il. xvi. 416 Imp (to)=to insert a feather. Hes.

Imp (to)=to insert a feather. Hes.

Bk. ii. 382

Impair(v. a.)=detriment. II. iv. 75.

Impair (n. s.) = detriment. II. ix. 75; xi. 275 Impair (to) = depreciate. II. x. 221

Impales = surrounds. Od. v. 308 Imperatory = governing. H. H. 807 Impervial = unpassable. Hes. Bk. ii. 463

Implied = enfolded. II. iv. 521; Od. i. 509

Important=anxious. Il. vi. 560 Importuned=vexed. Il. v. 349; vii. 317

Impose = place upon, or in. Il. xviii. 28; Od xiii. 553

Impostorous = cheating. Od. Ep. Ded. p. 7

Improve=reprove. Il. x. 108 Impulsion. Il. ix. 182; Od. xxiv. 316 Impurpled. Il. vi. 227; H. A. 482 Inaccessible=unapproachable. Il. i. 550; xx. 450

Incense (to) = feel angry. Il. xiii. 430.
To rouse to anger. Il. iv. arg. 12
Incense (to) = to set on fire. Il. xxiii.

Incensory=altar. Il. xi. 686 Incessancy. Od. i. 248 Inclose=harness. Od. iii. 658 Inclusions. Il. xvi. 291 Incontinent=inmediate. Il. Incorrupted = uncorruptible. Il. xxi. 458 Inculpable. Il. iv. 103 Indecently = unbecomingly. Od. xvi. Indevirginate = unmarried. H. V. 11 Indifferent = impartial. Il. vi. arg. 1 : xiii. 9 Indistinguished = undistinguishable, plain. Il. ix. 301 Induction = entrance. Od. vi. 406 Inenarrable, Il. ii. 422 Inevitable = not to be avoided. Hes. Bk., i., 142 Inexpiate = implacable. Il. ix. 493 Inexpugnable. Il. xxi. 413 Infer (to) = to bring in. 11. vii. 183 Infestive = troublesome. Il. viii. 151 Inflamed = set in flames. Il. i. 312 Inflexive. H. to Mars, 35 Influent = attracting. Od. Ep. Ded. Informed = made. Il. vi. 122; H. A. 575, 779 Informs = animate. Il. xx. 52 (see note); xxii. 311 Infortunate. Il. xix. 125 Infortune Od. iii. 234; xx. 219 Infract. Il. ii. 419 Ingenerate = born. Il. xviii. 323 Ingression. Od. vii. 110 Inn (to) = to gather in. Hes. Bk. ii. 158, 364 Innative. Il. iv. 524; Od. v. 37 Inquest = search. Od. i. 146 Insea'd = inclosed by sea. Il. xi. 637 Insecution = pursuit. Il. xi. 524; xxiii. 448 Inspersion = sprinkling in. Il. xi. 452 Instruct = fitted. Od. iv. 755 Instructed = drawn-up. Il. v. 495 Insultance. Od. ix. 635 Insultation. Il. xiii. 556 Integuments. Il. xxii. 446; Od. xvi. 619 Intend = attend to. Il. vi. 98; viii. 80: Od. iii. 648 Intendments = intentions. Il. xvi.

356

Intentively = scrupulously. Od. viii. 772Interested = placed among. Od. xv. 326Interminate. Od. vii. 397 Interprease = interpose. Od. iv. 896 Intervent. Il. xi. 609 Inure = use, \cdot commit. Il. viii. 311; Hes. Bk. ii. 490 Invitement = invitation. Od. x. 345 Involved = rolled in. 11. ii. 179 Irrision = mocking. Il. ii. Com. p. lx. line 4. J. Il. xiii. 637 (see Jacks = jerkins.note); Bat. 188 Jar = quarrel. Il. i. 315; xiv. 176, 177 Jet (to) = to strut. Od. xiii. 227 Jetty = black. Il. ii. 629 Junkets. Od. vi. 106 (see note); Bat. Justs = games, tournaments. Od. vii. 265; Mus. 412

Justled. Od. xix. 229

LABOURSOME.

K.

Keels=ships. Od. xxiv. 400 Kels=cauls. II. xxiii. 223 Kelsine=kelson. II. i. 426 Kept=dwelt. Od. iv. 1077 Kerved=carved. Od. i. 182; iii. 59 Kitling=kitten. Od. xii. 137 Kymnels=household-tubs. Bat. 54

L.

Od. xxii. 634

Laced (strait-laced)=strict. II. xii. 426

Lackey=go on foot. II. xiv. 253; Od. v. 131

Landleapers. Od. xvii. 508 (see note)

Largess. Od. xvii. 350

Laterally. II. xi. 216; Od. iii. 614

Laver=washing vessel. Od. iv. 63

Leaveless=leafless. II. ii. 370

Leavy=leafy. II. vi. 127. Leavy gates

= folding doors. Il. vi. 86

Leech = physician. Il. iv. 232 Legacy = embassy. Il. vii. 349; ix. 220 Legacy = bequest. Il. iv. 373 Legate. Il. iii. 226; ix. arg. 3 Lengthful. Il. xi. 182 Lëopard. Il. xvii. 15 Lets=hindrances. Od. xiii. 38 Lewd = dissolute. Od. vi. 318 Lib = castrate. Hes. Bk. of Days. 41 Libertine = a freeman. Il. xvi. 50 Lightsome. Il. xvii. 319; Hes. Bk. ii. Likes = pleases. Il. vii. 29 Linne=flax. Il. ii. 459 Liquorous=lickerous, dainty. 280 List = wish. Od. iv. 799 Liveries = deliveries. Il. v. 529 Liverings = liver-puddings. Bat. 58 Loathes = creates disgust in. Il. xiv. 74 Look = appearance. Il. i. 200; v. 842 Loser = destroyer. Il. xviii. 109 Lucerns. Il. xi. 417, 421 (see note) Lurch = deceit. H. H. 336 Lust = wish. Od. xiii, 503 Luster = den. Od. xvii. 159 Lybberds = leopards. H. V. 120

M.

MACERATE. Epigram, p. 130, line 36 Malapertly = saucily. Juv. 135 Mall = beat. Od. xviii. 44 Mandilion = a sort of cloak. Il. x. 120 Mankind = masculine. H. V. 119 Manless = cowardly. Il. iii. 39. = inhuman. Il. ix. 64 Manlessly=inhumanly, Il. xxii, 405 Márine. Od. xxiv. 67 Marítimal = sea-side. Il. xxiii. 50; Od. v. 91 Mask (v. n.) = disguise. Il. v. 187 Masterful. Il. ii. 410 Mate (to) = oppose. Od. iv. 218 (see note) Maund = basket Od. vi. 105 Mazers = cups. Hes. Bk. ii. 564 Meated. Il. ii. 336 : viii. 443 Mechanicals = mechanics. Od. vi. 422 Memorised = remembered. II. iii. 488 Mere = entire, one's own. Il. vi. 183 et parsim Merit (v. a.) = to reward. Il. ix. 258 Met=measured. Il. iii. 327 Metalline. Od. xxiii. 233 Mettle=spirit. Il. xxiii. 561 Minion (in a bad sense). Od. xviii. 557; xix. 96 Ministress. Mus. 100 Misease. Il. xiii. 521; Od. xiii. 139 Miss=loss. Il. ii. 4; xiii. 683; Od. xiii. 325 Mittens=hedging-gloves. Od. xxiv. Moil = toil. Il. xxiii. 637 Moists (v. a.). Il. xxii. 428 Monied = converted into money. Il. xi. 590 Monster=show. Il. iii. 42 Mows=stacks. Od. xviii. 47 Mulct=penalty. II. iii. 485 Murrion. Il. x. 227 Muse = haunt of an animal. Il, xi. 368

N.

Natural = legitimate. II. iii. 259; xiii. 166; xvi. 182
Neat = pure. II. iv. 276
Neat = oxen. II. xviii. 480
Neesing = sneezing. Od. xvii. 732
Neglective. II. xiv. 356
Nephew = grandson. Od. xxiv. 690
Nervy. II. xvii. 253
Netify = polish. II. ii. Com. p. 56
Nock and nocked. II. iv. 133, 138; viii. 281
Noiseful. Od. xxiv. 553; Mus. 329

0

Objected = presented. Od. xi. 501 Observed = preserved. Od. x. 505 Occurrents (n. s.). Il. xi. 751; xxiv. 172 Ocular = visible. Od. xxiii. 115 Odd = unequalled. Od. viii. 397; xxii. 251 (see Addenda). Offend = strike. Il. xiii. 510

Ope (n. a.). Il. xii. 123 Opposed = opposite. Il. ii. 556 Opposite = in contest. Il. ii. 519 Opprobration. H. H. 605 Optimates. Il. ix. 322; Od. i. 386 Orby. Il. iii. 357 Ordure. Il. xxiii. 674 Ostent=prodigy. Il. ii. 277, 280; Od. ii. 249 Ostentful. Od. xv. 214 Ossifrage = osprey. Od. iii. 506 Osspringer = osprey. Il. xviii. 557 Otherwhere. Il. xviii. 450 Ought=owed. Il. xi. 608 Outray = to fly out. Il. v. 793 Outrays = outrageous. Il. xxiii. 506; Bat. 80 Outscape. Od. ix. 423 Outwrought. Il. xxii. 119 Overgo. Hes. Bk. i. 517 Overlaid = covered. Il. xxi. 379 Overpaise = overbalance. Hes. Bk. ii. 439 Overseen = deceived. Il. xiv. arg. 2 Overthwart = adverse. Il. xxi. 255 Overthwarts (adv.). Il. xxiii. 107 Overture = opening. H. H. 41 Il. ii. 736; Od. ii. 190 Owe = own. Oxy. Il. iv. 139

P.

Paise = weight, balance. Il. xii. 375, 430
Palfrey. Od. vii. 2
Palisadoes. Il. vii. 366; viii. 297
Palm = deers' horns. Il. iv. 124
Palm = palm of hand. Il. v. 879
Pantler = pantry-servant. Juv. 134
Paramour. Il. xvi. 46
Parcel-gilt. Od. xxiii. 438 (see note)
Parley. Il. iii. 86
Parricide. Od. iii. 262
Pashed = crushed. Il. xiii. 299
Passages. Il. xxiii. 579 (see note)
Pass (to) = surpass. Il. ii. 594; iii. 174; Hes. Bk. ii. 497
Penury = in want of. Od. xvi. 45

Perfume (to) Il. ii. 349; Od. xxiii. 74 Pervially = in passing. Bk. ii. Com. p. 75; xiii. p. 31 Petulancy = wantonness. Bat. 264 Picked = piked, pointed. Il. iv. 126 Pile = point, or barb of arrow. Il. iv. 139, 488; xi. 205 Pile = heap. H. A. 40 Pinch (to) = press on like dogs. 462; viii. 294; Od xix. 318 Pine (to), v. a. Il. iii. 194 Pined = worn out, withered. Il. v. 160 Pittance = small portion. Il. xi. 547 Plain = complain. Il. vi. 345 Plained = levelled. Il. xii. 42 Plaints = complaints. Il. xxiii. 32 Planky. Il. xii. 442 Plashing. H. H. 351 (see note) Plumed = plucked the feathers. xv. 697 Plumps=crowds. H. A. 213 Poitrils = pectorals. Il. v. 738; xix. Policies = schemes, stratagems. xxiii. 207 Polled-off=stripped off. Il. xvi. 113 Portly = grand. Od. iv. 487 Prease = press, passim Prefixed = foredoomed.Il. xviii. 414 Prejudice = loss. Il. ix. 351 Premonitions = notice. Od. ii. 321 Preposterously. Il. v. 584 (see note) Presence = demeanour. Il. iii. 186 Presents = represents. Il. xvii. 51 Prest = hired. Od. iv. 861 (see note) Prest = ready, passimPresumes = presumptions. Il. xi. 495 Pretermit. Il. xxiv. 79 Prevent (to) = anticipate. Il. v. 122; xvi. 793 Prey = booty. Il. ii. 205 Preyful. H. V. 115 Prise = booty. Il. i. 119 (see note) Prise = grasp. Il. iv. 139 Procinct = girding. Il. xii. 89 (see note) Profuse (to), v. a. = pour forth, waste.

Od. xxi. 156

Profused = poured forth. Il. xxiv. 295 Proin (to) = to lop off. Il. x. 397; Od. i. 302; xxiv. 300 Prollers = wanderers in quest of plunder. Od. xi. 490 Propensions = inclinations. H. to Earth, p. 117, line 12 Proper = its own. Od. vii 161 Proposing = holding out. Il. i. 14; v 471; xi. 554 Proud. See Od. xx. 235 (see note). =luxuriant, Od. xxiii. 289 Proyning = preening. H. to Phœbus, p. 110 Puft = puff. Od. v. 65; vi. 28 Pursenets. See Juv 190 Purveyed. Od. i. 180; iii. 646

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QUAINT=pretty. Od. xiii. 327 (see note)
Qualitied. Il. xiv. 104
Queach=thicket Od. xix. 610 (see note); H. A. 375; H. to Pan, p. 106
Quern=handmill. Od. vii. 139
Quick=alive, life. Il. vi. 296; xxii. 332
Quilt (to). Il. x. 230; Bat. 190
Quite (to) or quit=pay. Il. i. 95; v. 655; x. 23
Quitture=issue, discharge. Il. xiv. 7; xxiv. 374

R.

RACE=rase, scratch. II. iv. 158 et alihi
Raft=reft. II. xi. 332
Rage=power, inspiration. II. i. 66
Ramped=raged. Od. i. 291
Rampire=rampart. II. iv. 361; Od. vii. 61
Ranch=wrench, tear. II. v. 856
Randon. Od. v. 422
Rapeful. II. i. 251
Rapinous. H. H. 692
Rapt=snatched. Od. xvii. 618

Rapting. Bat. 417 Rapture = seizure. Od. xiv. 428 Rare = early. Od. vi. 422 Rate = estimation. Il. i. 109; xx. 287 Rates = qualifications. Il. iv. 275 Rates = consents, ratifications. Il. i. 509 Rate (to) = to ratify. Il. iii. 123 Ravelin. Il. vii. 289 Ravine = snatching. Hes. Bk. ii. 573 Ray = eye. H. H. 368 Rearfeast = latter portion of feast. Od. iv. 286 Reave (to) = take by violence. Od. Ep Ded. p. 10; Od. xvii. 106 Recoil=defeat. Il. xi. 666 Re-collect. Od. v. 617 Re-comfort. Il. xxii. 73; Od. xiv. 226 Re-cure = recovery. II. i. 436; v. 898 Recured = recovered. II. v. 896 Recureless. Il. xvi. 446 Recúsant. Mus. 227 Rédemptory. Il. i. 94 Redition = return. Od. vi. 486 Reddition = translation, explanation. Bk. ii. Com. pp. 56, 57 Reducers = bringers back. Od. xvi. 296 Refell=refute, repress. Il. ix. 36; Od. xxi. 120 Referred = gave back. Od. xviii. 221 Reflected = turned back. Il. iii. 358; vii. 229 : ix. 180 Reflection = turning back. Il. xviii. 404 Regiment=rule. Il. xvi. 168 Remember = remind. Il. xv. 31; Od. x. 592 Remorse = pity. Il. viii. 409; Od. iv. 341 Remorseful = compassionate. Il. viii. 208; Od. iv. 388 Remove=removal. Il. ii. 134 Rendry=giving-up. Od. xxi. 26 Renown (to), v. a. Il. i. 484; viii. 133 Renowmed. Il. iv. 311 Repair=resort. Od. vi. 207

Repeat = repetition. Il. xvi. 57

Repercussions. H. to Pan, 39

Repercussive. H. to Mother of Gods, p. 104 Reposed = replaced. Il. xiii. 591 Repoured. Il. x. 175 Repressions. Il. xi. 472 Reprise. Il. xvii. 130 Repulse (to) = repel. Il. xi. 514; Od. v. 570 Repulsive. Il. xvii. 233 Repurchased = regained. Il. xxii. Require = seek, enquire. Od. xx. 215 Reremouse = bat. Od. xii. 610 Resolved = informed. Il. iv. 37 Resound (n. s.). Il. v. 47 Respective = respectful Il. xi. 689; xiii. 373 Respectless. Od. iv. 390 Resty = restiff. Il. v. 234 Retire (to) = withdraw. Il. iii, 81; viii. 381 Retire (n. s.) = retreat. Il. xi. 662 Retreat = return. Il. ix. 143 Retreatful. Bat. 96 Return (to), v. a. = give account of. Il. ix. 580 Return (to) = restore, bring back. Od. xxi. 269 Revoked = called back. Od. xxiii, 5 Revoluble. Il. ii. 256 Rew = row. Il. vi. 256Rigging = tricking. H. H 512 Rock = distaff. Od. vi. 77, 479 Room = place. Il. xii. 360 Rout=rabble. Il. xv. 249; Od. viii. 150 Roy. Od. v. 140 Rub=chance. Il. xv. 245 Rue=pity. Il. xxi. 72 Ruff = angry mood, huff. Il. xxiii. 517 Ruffinous. Il. vi. 457 Ruin = fall. Il. xvi. 436 Ruinate (to) = subvert. Il. iv. 42; Hes. Bk. ii. 523 Rundled = rounded. Il. vii. 239 Rush (to), v. a. Il. v. 18 Ruts (v. a.) = routs. Od. xviii, 47 Ruth = pity. Il. ii. 20; vi. 419

S. SACKFUL = pillaging. Il. ii. 601 Sacring = consecrating. H. to Diana, Sad = heavy. Il. iv. 526 (see note) Saft = past tense of save. Il. v. 112; Od iv. 674 Saised = seised, filled with. H. to Moon, p. 119 Saker = falcon.Od. xv. 696 Sardinian = sardonic. Od. xx. 457 (see note) Sattled = settled. Od. xviii. 345 Say to take. Il. xix. 246 (see note) Scandalling. Od. xxiv. 616 Scape (see Escape). H. to Mercury, 14, p. 106 Seconded. Od. xxi. 320 Secure = careless. Il. x. 437 Secureful = protecting. Il. vii. 209 Security = carelessness. Il. xiii. 10 Seel (to) = sew up the eyes. Il. xvi. 314; Od. xiii, 118 Seemless = unseemly. Od. xx. 397 Seised of = in possession. Od. i. 340 Sence = seven. Od. xii. 518 (see note) Seres = talons. Il. viii. 212; Od. ii. 238 Several = separate. II. ii. 714 221

Severally = separately. II. viii. 348
Sewer=carver. II. xxiv. 558; Od. i.
221
Shame=modesty. Hes. Bk. i. 122
Shamefastness=modesty. Mus. 51
Shapeful. Od. xvii. 648
Shawms. II. x. 12
Sheaf=bundle of arrows. II. iv. 115
Sheath = shining appearance? Od. xviii. 231
Shent=disgrace. Od. xxiii. 341 (see

ii. 98, 99
Shots = reckoning. Od. i. 352; xi. 545 (see note)
Showed = appeared, Od. vi. 381
Shrewd = mischievous. Il. viii. 233
Shrewish. Il. iv. 497

Shive and shivers = slices. Hes. Bk.

Shittle=shuttle. Od. v. 86

note)

Spurry. Il. xix. 367 Shrikes = shricks. Il. vii. 403 Shrowd = den. H. H. 695 Sieged = besieged. Il. xi. 367 Sincere = pure, unmixed. H. A. 178 Skeane = a short sword. H. A. 819 Skiff. Od. v. 48 Slaughterous. Il. xxi. 27; Od. xxiv. Slick = smooth. Il. ii. 680 Slick (to). Il. xxiii. 2.9; Od. vi. 359 Smalls = ankles. H. V. 143 Smoke (to) = discover. Od. iv. 338; xi. 712 Snaky=serpentine. Il. ii. 779 Snew = past tense of to snow. H. H. Snore = snort. Il. x. 420Solemu = ceremonial, sacred. Solicited = vexed. Il. xvi 10 Solicitous = anxious. Il. xviii. 2 Sooth = truth. Il. iv. 343 Sorcerous = containing enchantments. Od. x. 376 Sorrel=reddish colour. Il. xi. 590 Sort = number (or as we say lot). Il. iv. 460; v. 461 Sort = fate. Il. xii. 331 Sort (to) = happen. Il. xxiii. 294 Sorted = fated. Od. xvii, 203 Soundful. Od. viii. 359 Spakey = specky, rotten. Juv. 273 Sparseth = disperses. Il. xi. 268 Spelt=a kind of corn. Od. iv. 803 Spersed. 1l. xi. 558 Spinster = a spinning woman. 428 Spiny=thin, thorny. Il. iii. 161 (see Addenda to third edition) Spiritful. Il. xii. 194 Spleen = anger. Il. iii. 103; viii. 420 Spleenless = kind. Od. xiii. 247 Spoil=spoiler. Il. iv. 467 Spoilful = destructive. Il. viii. 180; Od. iii. 437 Spring = race. H. A. 554 Spring (to) = produce. Il. xxiv. 494 Springall. Bat. 379 Sprout=shoot, offspring. Il. iii. 131

Spurs=incitements. Il. x. 103 Stablish = settle. Il. xi. 93 Stale=stele, shaft of arrow. Il. iv. 173 Stares = starlings. Il. xv. 541 Start = past tense of to start. xviii. 483; Od. ii. 581 States = princes. Il. ii. 69; Od. i. 329 Stead = place of a thing, such as homestead, navelstead, girdlestead, chamberstead Stere = to stir. Od. xxi. 324 Stern-part = breast (στέρνον). Il. iv. 568 Sterved = starved. Il. xviii. 144 Sting = impulse. Il. viii. 252; xiii. 233 Stitch=stich, furrow. Il. xviii. 495-7 Stomach = be angry, haughty. Il. v. 491 Stomach = courage. Il. ix. 335. Stonage. Hes. Bk. ii. 376 Stool-ball Od. vi. 139 Stoop (to), v. a. Il. vi. 408; xvii. 591 Strains = families, race. Od. i. 344; H. A. 231 Strait-laced = constrained. Il. xii. 426 Straited = straitened. Il. xiv. 28 Strakes=iron with which wheels are bound. Il. xx. 347 Strappled = entangled. Il. xvi. 438; H. H. 720 Streaked = stretched. Od. ix. 416; xii 148 Strip (to) = to pass by rapidly. H. A. Stroy = destroy. Il. xx. 37 Strouted = swelled. Il. 1. 464 Stub=short stock. Il. xxiii. 305 Study = deep thought. H. H. 546 Stupid = astonished, Od. xiii. 247 Stupidity = astonishment. Od. vi. 252 Submitted = placed under. Il xix. 258 Substanced. Od. iv. 119 Subtile=fine. Il ix. 629 Sumpture = splendour, expense. H. H. Suppliance = assistance. Il. viii, 321, = supplication. Il. xviii. 402

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Sweet = suite. H. H. 244 Swet=past tense of sweat. Od. iv. 48; xi. 64

T.

TAINT=blame. Il. xiii. 235 Taint = touch, attempt. Il. iii. 374 (see note); vii. 223 Taint (to) = to hit, touch. Il. viii. 259; xi. 478, 574; xiii. 449; Bat. 73 Take = overtake. Hes. Bk. ii. 511 Take-in (to) = conquer. Il. ii. 10, 54, 119 Tamrick = tamarisk. Il. x. 395 Tapish (to) = hide, seek cover. xxii. 158 Tapistries = coverts, hiding-places. H. to Pan, 25 Targeteers = armed with target. ii. 339; viii. 178 Tarriance = delay. Od. iv. 507

Taste (to) = to try, test. Od. xxi. 211 Temper (to)=to moderate. Od. vi. 497 Tendered = regard with kindness. Il. xxiv. 670

Tennis. Od. v. 431 Thankless = not grateful to. Il. iii. 12 Thirsted = desired. Il. v. 694; Od.

iii. 393 Thirsty = desirous. Il. v. 850 Thrall=bond, subject. H. H. 924; H. V. 181

Threaves = numbers. Il. xi. 477

Throat = voices, noises. Il. ii. 396

Thrumbs = ends of weavers' threads. Il. xvi. 20 Tiller = bow. H. A. 13 Timeless = untimely. Il. v. 557; vi. Tincture = colour. H. to Juno, p. 103 Touch = feeling. Il. xiii. 433 Transcended = climbed.Od. xvii. 377 Transcension = passing over. H. V. Trebled = whined. H. H. 645 Tress=trace. Il. xxiii. 412 Trim = order, disposition. Il. v. 365 Trim = geer. Od. v. 233; xiii. 228;

Throated = uttered. Il. xiii. 135

Trim = dress. Od. vi. 233 Troublous. Il. xix. 328 Trundlebed. Od. vii. 48 Truss=accoutrement. Il. x. 19 Truss (to) = to seize and wound. xxii. 124

H. A. 245, 318, 639

Trussed = harassed. Il. xii. 237 Tumble (to), v. a. Il. xi. 282; xii. 23 Tutoress. H. H. 929 Twinks = twitters. Od. xxi. 548 Twybill = a kind of halberd. Il. xv. 656

Tyring. See note on Il. i. 422

U.

Unaltered = unalterable. Od. v. 148 Unbuild. Il. xiii. 561 Unconquered = invincible. Il. x. 425; xvi. 451 Uncontained = irrestrainable. Il. i. 93 Uncontrolled = uncontrollable. Il. iii. 257Uncore = uncover. Od. xvii. 194 (see note) Undeadly. Il. xi. 390 Underdive. Od. xi. 198 Undergore. Il. xiv. 408 Il. xxi. 342 Underput. Undifferencing. H. H. 1006 Undiked. Il. xv. 341

Undisplaid = not to be discovered. H. H. 711 Unended = endless. Il. vi. 397 Unequal=unjust. Od. xiii. 28 Unexcogitable. H. H. 157 Unextinguished = inextinguishable. 11. xxii. 83 Unfiery. Il. vii. 84 Unfrighted = not to be frightened. 11. xvii. 286 Ungear (to). Il. xi. 536 Ungentle. Il. i. 337; Od. xi. 218 Unheired = without an heir. Il. v. 25 Unhorse. Il. iv. 325 Unimpeached = unimpeachable. vii. 267; ix. 383 Unleft = not left. Il. ii. 622 Unlettered. Il. ii. 774 Unmatched = matchless. Od. xi. 617 Unmeasured = immeasurable.78 et alibi Unpassionate = impartial. Od. x. 242 Unpleased = implacable. Il. ix. 538 Unrecovered = irrecoverable. Il. ix. 247 Unreached = that cannot be reached. Il xiii. 748 Unremorseful = unpitying. Il. ix. 597 Unremoved = firm, irremovable. Il. xvii. 379 Unreproved = irreproachable. Il. i. 87 Unresisted = irresistible. Il. viii. 122 Unrest. Il. xi. 340; Od. i. 641 Unruled = not to be ruled. 162; Od. iv. 925 Unsatisfying = unsatisfactory. H. to Pan, 71 Unsepulchred. Il. xxii. 331 Unsheath = pull out. Il. v. 705 Unsilenced = not to be silenced. Od. Ep. Ded. p. xlvi. Unsuffered = insufferable. Il. iii. 6 Unsure. Od. xvi. 493 Untained = not to be tained. Il. ii. 133 Unthought-on. Il. xxii. 331 Unthrifts. Hes. Bk. ii. 170 Untrussed = with hose untied. Juv.

Unturned = not to be turned. Il. viii. 165
Unvalued = invaluable. Il. i. 12
Upbraids (n. s.). Il. vi. 389
Upland = country. Il. xiii. 523; Od. i. 315
Uplandish = rustical. Il. xxiii. 43
Ure = use. Il. xvii. 545
Usually = wontedly. Il. ix. 507
Utter = outer. Od. iv. 24

V.

VaIL = to lower. Final poem to Odyssey, 10
Vall=ditch. II. iv. 479
Vanguard, II. iv. 267; viii. 188
Vaunt (n. s.) = boast. II. ii. 523
Vent (to) = to give birth to. II. xix. 97
Vent (to) = to give way to. II. xix. 406-7
Vinnoware = winnower. Hes. Bk. of Days, 66
Virtuous = valorous. II. xiii. 148
Voiceful. II. iii. 263
Voluntary = musical term. H. H. 851
Vulturous = voracious. Juv. 77

W.

Waggoness. Il. v. 838
Wan = wand. Od. xi. 163-4
Wavy. Il. ii. 446
Wayless = pathless. Od. ii. 547
Wealthy. Il. iii. 220; Od. iii. 478
Weed = dress. Il. ii. 33, &c., &c.
Well-rode = well-riding. Il. iii. 269
Wench = young woman. Il. i. 295;
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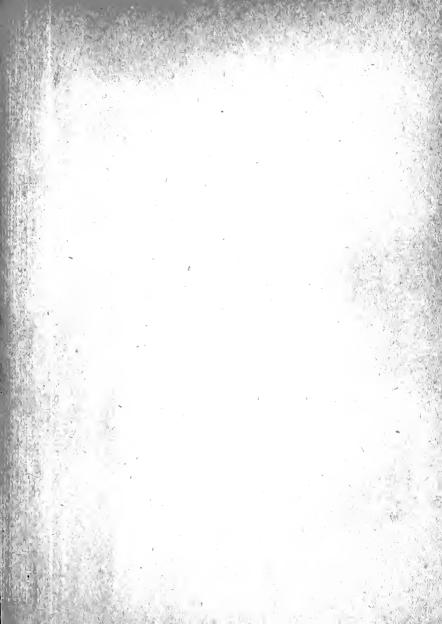
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Y.

YARE = ready, quick. Il. v. 727 Yet = while. Il. ix. 259 Yoted = soaked. Od, xix. 7







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